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PLAYBILL

IF YOU'RE home alone watching the Olympics on TV, not to worry. We have the best of Atlanta right here—namely, *The Women of Atlanta*, a hot and humid pictorial full of Southern comfort and sweet Georgia peaches. For those who excel at physical activities that are not exactly sports, we deliver *Hard Bodies*. Never mind gold medals, these iron maidens deserve their own special awards. **Shaquille O'Neal** has a softer touch than he did when he began smashing backboards, but his impact on the NBA is greater than ever. He just finished his best pro season and led the Orlando Magic on a title run. Now, as part of Dream Team III, he's looking for a gold medal to match his platinum rap records. **Kevin Cook** climbed onto a step stool and conducted a lively *Interview* with the premiere center, who describes the midnight escapades of groupies, the thrill of leaping from tall buildings and a rumored $140 million deal—not in Florida.

John du Pont, the balmy benefactor of U.S. Olympic wrestlers, is a dark footnote to the Games. When the U.S. team hits the mat, there will be one champion missing: gold medalist **Dave Schultz.** Du Pont is charged with his murder. **Mark Bowden,** staff writer at *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, exposes the bizarre story in *Deathlock*. "The wrestlers humored him," says Bowden, "and they bear some responsibility for his actions." Then we pass the torch to **Charles Plueddeman.** He put together the most exciting gear available for your own backyard Olympiad—including boxing gloves, a bow and arrow and even a javelin. Another star thrilling Atlanta is **Greg Maddux,** the Braves hurler with a perfect pitch—or three. He is not a power pitcher, as sportswriter **Tom Boswell** of *The Washington Post* reveals in *Controlling Force*. Rather, it's Maddux' accuracy and ability to alter speeds that baffle hitters. Boswell's profile brings Maddux' management of physics and psyches into sharp focus. In this month's fiction, *Physical* by **Joyce Carol Oates,** the harmony between mind and body is out of kilter. Oates' hero, Temple (as in "his body is a"), has a bad back. As his body and ego weaken, he reaches for his pretty female therapist. **Brad Holland** did the scoliotic artwork.

Anxiety and uncertainty are at the heart of modern tall tales. Social historian **Neal Gabler** followed these stories to their source in *The Lure of Urban Myths* and found a wellspring of sexual ambivalence: fear of AIDS, of bestiality and—as with the guy who provided carnal pictures of his new wife and best man to his wedding guests—of infidelity. **A.J. Garces** did the panel of illustrations. You can forget the stories you've heard about sex in Los Angeles, however. Our *20 Questions* with **Heidi Fleiss,** conducted by contributing chatmaster **David Rensin,** is all about putting the oak in Hollywood. She describes a $40,000 night and her criminally heavy sentence, then cuts Charlie Sheen down to size and gives Billy Idol his standard reaming. If that's not real enough for you, consider *"I'm Ready for My Come Shot Now, Dear,"* a humorous look at amateur porn videos by the courageous Contributing Editor **D. Keith Mano.** (**Mark Ulriksen** illustrated the piece.) Mano explains what's down and what's dirty—and what's poorly lit. Actually, the amateur market is the fastest-growing category of erotic video; knowing how your neighbors churn butter is a real kick. If you like variety—long, tall and golden or maybe even a heavy, stout treat—you can slake your thirst with *Small Beers Step Out* by the preeminent authority on malts and lagers, **Michael Jackson.** He reviews a selection of microbrews—flowery and malty, dark and red. Read it after you peruse the layout of Playmate **Jessica Lee,** a sunflower from Florida. The beer will cool down your overheated synapses.

BOWDEN

BOSWELL

PLUEDDEMAN

COOK

HOLLAND

OATES

GABLER

GARCES

RENSIN

MANO

ULRIKSEN

JACKSON

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PLAYBOY®

vol. 43, no. 8—august 1996

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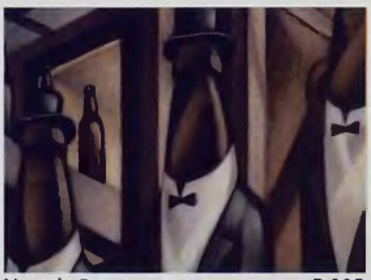

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COVER STORY

With our *Hard Bodies* pictorial we've just made this summer hotter. Personifying this month's theme of sports and sex is buff beauty Leeann Tweeden on ESPN's *Fitness Beach* (if you need a quick fix on the small screen). Her ultimate goal is the movies. Our cover was shot by Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag and styled by Traci Marmon. Thanks to Alan Bosshardt for styling Leeann's hair and makeup. Our exercised Rabbit appreciates this body of art.

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EYE OF NEWT

I can't begin to convey my disappointment in PLAYBOY for providing a platform to Molly Ivins. Her profile of Newt Gingrich (*Newt*, May) was a disrespectful and misguided portrayal of an American public official. I've always enjoyed your magazine for its balanced exchange of ideas, but this article was pure hatespeak. Ivins is a spiteful person who has resorted to discrediting someone who earned his own way.

Dave Jag
Manchester, New Hampshire

I'm a longtime fan of Ivins', and I can think of no person better qualified to give Newt his comeuppance.

B.F. Worden
Fort Worth, Texas

The art accompanying Ivins' profile of Speaker of the House Gingrich was objectionable and entirely inappropriate. Whatever your views about Gingrich or his party, he deserves more respect than that.

Chuck Stricklin
cws4@ra.msstate.edu
Starkville, Mississippi

Ivins' hatchet job on Speaker Gingrich was that rare combination of innuendo, half-truth and left-wing rant. Her existence is proof positive that God created more horses' asses than horses.

Paul Lonsdorf
Medford Lakes, New Jersey

Molly Ivins is articulate and intelligent, witty and insightful, attractive and humorous, and one of the sexiest women ever to grace your pages.

Donald Sieber
dsieber258@gnn.com
St. Michael, Minnesota

PLAYMATE REVISITED

As a submarine sailor in 1968, I saw all the latest Playmates several times a day as I headed aft to my watch station. Cynthia Myers (*Playmate Revisited*, May) wasn't just my favorite, she was the favorite of the rest of the crew as well. I can't tell you how many dreams I had about her as I went about my duties as a defender of the free world.

Lawrence T. Burdeno
<burdeno@digital.net>
Tampa, Florida

I'm one of the thousands of Vietnam veterans who drooled over Cynthia Myers' centerfold so many years ago. Thanks for bringing her back.

John Truesdale
olhippe49@aol.com
Slanesville, West Virginia

I can't tell which pictures were taken in 1968 and which are new. Cynthia Myers still combines sweet, girl-next-door innocence with nuclear-meltdown sex appeal.

R.D. English
Pine Bluff, Arkansas

A RAY OF LIGHT

What sort of man reads PLAYBOY? He's the same man who reads Ray Bradbury. I was delighted to enjoy the wit and wisdom in your May *Interview* of a living legend.

Dorman Nelson
Granada Hills, California

When I was in the sixth grade, I bought a science-fiction paperback titled *The Martian Chronicles* with my own money. For weeks, I saw golden-eyed Martians prowling in the dark. In 1990 I wrote to Ray Bradbury to thank him. Now I'm writing to thank you.

David Hoffee
Olney, Illinois

If, as Bradbury states, man's only purpose is to procreate, what should we make of Mahatma Gandhi? After fathering sons, he took a vow of celibacy and

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dedicated his life to peace and public service. Surely, man's potential is greater than his testosterone.

George Péquignot
Raleigh, North Carolina

As a brown American and a big fan of Bradbury's, I don't know what to think now. It's not just that he's hostile to affirmative action. It's wrong to assume that any group of people thinks the same way based on skin color. I'm smarter than that. Why isn't he?

Victor Sinclair
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Bradbury is able to see the world through the eyes of a child because he is unafraid to make observations restricted by conventional constraints. In an era of plastic clones, he is a breath of fresh air.

Hank Gac
Utica, Michigan

RENEGADE BRIDE

Thanks for making this college student very happy. Shauna Sand (May) is the most beautiful bride I've ever seen.

Robert Buczek
rab95005@uconnvm.uconn.edu
Storrs, Connecticut

I love PLAYBOY and its centerfolds. When I think about Miss May, all I can say is that Lorenzo Lamas lives every man's fantasy.

Mike Moyer
Wheat Ridge, Colorado

SUPERMODELS

A super tribute (*Supermodels*, May) to supermodels in a super magazine.

Jim Pignataro
<jpignataro@jerseyshore.com>
Tinton Falls, New Jersey

I lull myself to sleep with images of the gorgeous Stephanie Seymour and Carla Bruni. But I would have done anything to see Gabrielle Reece in your supermodels pictorial.

John Laurier
Calgary, Alberta

20 QUESTIONS WITH LOU DOBBS

Surely PLAYBOY, which has featured the incomparable Louis Rukeyser in two memorable interviews, should have known better than to suggest erroneously in *20 Questions* (May) that television business coverage could be dated from 1971 on NBC. By then, Rukeyser had already been ABC's award-winning commentator for three years (including serving as host of four acclaimed network economics specials) and, by 1970, had launched *Wall Street Week With Louis Rukeyser* on PBS. More to the point, while we welcome the many who have tried to follow in Rukeyser's footsteps over the years, the unique combination of wit and wisdom on *Wall Street Week* continues to attract by far the largest audience in the history of financial journalism—more, indeed, than the total combined audiences of every other money show on TV. This pioneer is still the undisputed champ.

Rich Dubroff
Executive Producer
Wall Street Week With Louis Rukeyser
Owings Mills, Maryland

PMS ANYONE?

Thanks to Asa Baber ("Diagnosis: Pussy-Whipped," *Men*, May) for PMS enlightenment. Now when I hear a female say, "I've got PMS," I can look her in the eye and say, "Don't we all."

Matthew LeMieux
Owings Mills, Maryland

ELECTRIC CARMEN

Keep your supermodels and your movie stars. There is a bright new star

and her name is Carmen Electra (*Electra!*, May). Prince knows how to pick a queen. I'm under her spell.

Peter J. Neri
Oxnard, California

You've done it this time. The Carmen Electra pictorial reminded me of the *Beavis and Butt-head* episode in which they checked out her video. All I've got to say is, "It's high noon on my sundial."

Jerry Kibbee
Manhattan, Kansas

Carmen Electra looks absolutely yummy in her pictorial.

Mike Laughlin
Blue Springs, Missouri

If I ever need shock therapy, I'll just have the doctor prescribe a great big jolt of Carmen Electra.

Scott A. Henderson
St. Joseph, Missouri

PLAYBOY'S HALL OF FAME

It's sad that Jerry Garcia had to die before he could receive a place in your Hall of Fame. Listening to Jerry play was magic.

David Kveragas
Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania

CAN FRIENDS DO IT?

It was disturbing to read Sari Locker (May) say the only two choices for an unwanted pregnancy are keeping the baby or an abortion. Shouldn't this sex educator have mentioned adoption?

Arch Davis
Morrill, Maine

This Sari, queen of the new generation, is nothing but a man hater. All her answers put responsibility or blame on men. What message is PLAYBOY sending?

Jeffrey Chern
Frisco, Texas

I applaud Locker for her responses to questions about HIV testing. Young people should know that when low-risk groups are tested, they can receive a high number of false positives. Individuals with positive HIV tests and minimal HIV-exposure histories should also get a Western Blot to rule out the possibility that the positive was true. Continue to provide sex education. It's important.

Richard Story
Santa Barbara, California

MEDIA

Stephen Randall's May *Media* column was fantastic. I read *You'll Never Make Love in This Town Again* and wondered who could shed a tear for those women. To write this book and disguise it as a warning or as a manifesto for abused women is an insult to women.

Ralph Greco
Clifton, New Jersey

COLLEGE RADIO

The Rise of Radio U. (May) made it clear that alternative music heard on mainstream stations is the reason for competition between college and commercial radio. If you tune in a commercial station and hear the same song four times every couple of hours, you get sick of it, no matter how alternative the artist is.

Roland Hilgarth
Lexington, Kentucky

GRAPEVINE

Thanks for your photo of Patcharee in the May *Grapevine* section. I had the good fortune to travel to Thailand twice and hadn't seen such beauty in quite some time. You brought back some wonderful memories.

Mike Gieseler
Waukegan, Illinois

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

SUNSET AND DIVINE

Divine Brown is off the street and on the road promoting her singing career, but she found time to make her stage debut at the Mitchell Brothers' O'Farrell Theater in San Francisco. Greeting her fans was the marquee's off-meter message HUGH GOT IT IN THE CAR, AND NOW SHE'S A STAR—and things went down from there. The show takes us back to a steamy night last summer on Sunset Boulevard, and the sex play climaxes with Divine going down on a woman portraying Hugh Grant. She takes "Grant's" strap-on—which is wrapped in a Union Jack rubber—and proceeds to, well, work it. There's more (think all-girl orgy), but trust us, Divine Brown's 14th minute of fame starts now.

JET STREAM

Southwest Airlines chairman Herb Kelleher is a competitive businessman. But we were unaware of how competitive until we noticed this quote in *Frequent Flyer*: "All my life I have set contests for myself. Even little ones. If I went to the bathroom, I would simultaneously start peeing and flush the toilet to see if I could combine both actions so they would finish at the same time."

SUPER-DUPER POOPERS

Gilbert and George are British artists who recently hung a show that featured 16 oversize photos of themselves in business suits alongside various arrangements of human waste. The exhibit, called Naked Shit Pictures, depicted piles of poop, rows of poop and various poop sculptures. One critic was moved to pronounce the show "deeply humanistic." Another wrote, "I feel compelled to remain in the presence of a disturbingly weighty vision of the world."

SCRUB REPORTERS

A posting on the Internet offered the results of a test given by journalism professor Larry Martel at Arizona State University. Martel asked his undergraduate students to identify "names every aspiring journalist should be able to recognize." The worst answers: *Alzheimer's*—imported beer; *Apartheid*—building in Athens; *Louis Armstrong*—first man on the moon; *Fidel Castro*—Palestinian leader (wife buys a lot of shoes); *ICBM*—Inter Continental Business Machines; *Vladimir Lenin*—concert pianist; *Sandra Day O'Connor*—actress on *L.A. Law*; *OSHA*—killer whale at Sea World.

DOWN THE KOHL CHUTE

One of the dishes in German Chancellor Helmut Kohl's new cookbook, *Culinary Travels Through Germany*, is called Palatine Sow's Stomach. The ingredients include a pound of pork, three pounds of ground meat, the aforementioned sow's stomach and clarified butter. No wonder they invaded France.

MAYBE IT WASN'T BABE'S YEAR

Oink-Oink Inc., a Detroit company with a name that makes us wonder how its employees answer the phone, buys pig penises from packing houses and markets them as pet treats. Oink-Oink is irked at the Department of Agriculture, which recently insisted that the porcine peckers be dyed green to identify them as being unfit for human consumption. U.S. Representative Joe Knollenberg (R.–Mich.) wrote in protest to the USDA on the company's behalf: "Oink-Oink is unable to use them because of this discoloration." Frankly, it's hard to believe that a dog with a taste for pig dick would be troubled by appearances.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

DOING THE DOG

Maybe it's only symbolic, but it's still a positive sign: According to the data-laden *American Averages*, American women eat more hot dogs than American men do. Why eat when we can watch?

MISLEADING CRACK

When Terry Casey, chairman of the board of elections in Franklin County, Ohio, called Federal Elections Commission staffer Gary Greenhalgh a "lying asshole," Greenhalgh sued for slander. However, the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals agreed with a lower court's decision to dismiss the case, noting the comment was rhetorical. The court reasoned that Casey did not mean that Greenhalgh's "anus was making an untruthful statement." Whew! All that without Johnnie Cochran—who should know.

DARWIN KNOWS BEST

Sounds like us in our youth. Danish scientists writing in *Nature* magazine reported the discovery of a minuscule organism that lives on the lips of Norwegian lobsters. The previously unknown *Symbion pandora* can reproduce either sexually or asexually—its digestive system "collapses and is reconstituted into a larva"—and its brain completely disappears during adolescence but comes back at the onset of adulthood.

MORTAL BELOVED

When Susan McLary, author of *Feminine Endings: Music, Gender and Sexuality* and recipient of a MacArthur Foundation "genius" grant, listens to the first movement of Beethoven's Ninth

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"It's so flat, it's the only town where you can watch your dog run away for three days."—TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS COACH PAT BURNS ON THE CHARM OF WINNIPEG

BARBOPOLY

According to *Playthings* magazine, the number of the ten best-selling toys of 1995 not related to Barbie dolls: 5.

IT'S A GUY THING

The number of men executed in the U.S. since 1976: 313; number of women: 1. The number of women on death row: 47; number of men: 3357. The percentage of women sentenced to death who have had their sentences reversed or commuted to life: 98.

DAVE CALVER

FACT OF THE MONTH

According to a new report published by the National Restaurant Association, 1994 was the first year that sales at fast-food restaurants ($87 billion) were higher than sales at full-service restaurants ($83.5 billion).

FEELING MUTUAL

Percentage of 401(k) retirement plan assets currently invested in mutual funds: 37; percentage in 1993: 26. Percentage of the $225 billion 401(k) funds that is invested in Fidelity or Vanguard funds: 50.

THE SKINNY ON FAT

According to a Harris poll, percentage of Americans aged 25 and older who were overweight ten years ago: 59; percentage of overweight adults today: 74; percentage of adults considered obese: 24.

CRACK HYPE

According to federal laws on illegal drugs, minimum number of grams of crack cocaine in possession of a user required for a mandatory sentence of five years and no parole: 5 (worth about $400). Minimum number of grams of powder cocaine punishable by the same sentence: 500 (worth about $10,000 wholesale).

BOOMER BUCKS

Number of baby boomers (Americans born between 1946 and 1964): 76 million. Percentage of boomers who owe more than they own: 40. Percentage whose personal net worth is more than $1 million: 2; more than $100,000: 19.

READING, WRITING AND ROBBING

According to a three-year survey by the Josephson Institute of Ethics, percentage of high school students who said they stole something from a store in the past year: 37. Percentage of college students who admitted stealing: 17. Percentage of the 11,000 high schoolers, college students and adults surveyed who said they gave at least one dishonest answer in the survey: 34.

BLONDE AMBITION

Percentage of American women born blonde: 16. Percentage of women who have blonde hair today: 33. Percentage of TV newscasters who are blonde: 64. Percentage of Miss Americas who are blonde: 65. Percentage of PLAYBOY Playmates who are blonde: 73.

GREASING THE WHEELS

Number of pages of scientific data on the fat substitute olestra submitted by Procter & Gamble to the Food and Drug Administration: 150,000. Cost of the study: $200 million.

CARFARE STATE

The number of weeks of median family income that were required to purchase a new car in 1971: 19; in 1995: 27. Percentage increase of median family income since 1971: 277. Percentage increase in average car cost: 445.

—PAUL ENGLEMAN

Symphony, she hears a concentration of energy "that finally explodes into the throttling, murderous rage of a rapist incapable of attaining release." Her attacks on the classical music legacy are espoused by a new wave of postmodern musicology. Edward Rothstein, a music critic who writes for *The New York Times*, has kept an eye on such interpretations. Among them are the outlandish charges that lovers of traditional music wallow in "homoeroticism," "phallocentric archetypes" and "projections of complex relationships of domination and desire." Yes, yes, yes—but what about that guy who always coughs during the piano solo?

ANOTHER MANUAL TRANSMISSION

Market analysts have discovered that lesbians are resoundingly drawn to purchase Subarus. Accordingly, new Subaru ads in gay magazines feature two woodsy women and the tag line: "It loves camping, dogs and long-term commitment. Too bad it's only a car." Too bad it can't make cappuccino.

COPIED TO A TEE

Golfers with an appreciation of the surreal will enjoy Tour 18, two courses in Texas that are made up entirely of replicas of famous holes. There's an ersatz eleventh at Augusta National, a faux fifteenth at Crooked Stick and a pseudo sixth at Riviera. Several of the copied cats have sued, citing such issues as trademark infringement. Tour 18 points out that you can't copyright land—especially, we might add, in Texas, birthplace of the silicone breast implant.

READING LAS VEGAS

At the 26th annual conference of the Popular Culture Association in Las Vegas, the paper that really made a splash was titled *A Review of Californication and Cultural Imperialism: "Baywatch" and the Creation of World Culture*. Dude!

YE OF LITTLE FAITH

The Door, a magazine that has cast a gimlet eye on religious activity for 25 years, has announced "the Ten Worst Losers of the Year." Heading the list is Robert Citron, for bankrupting Orange County by consulting a psychic and a mail-order astrologer on financial decisions. There's also Dolly Parton, for telling *McCall's*: "I believe in my cosmetics line. There are plenty of charities for the homeless. Isn't it time somebody helped the homely?" The ex–general manager of the Expos, Kevin Malone, made the roster by telling *Christianweek* that baseball is "controlled by Satan." And screenwriter Joe Eszterhas defended his movie *Showgirls* as a moral, feminist film. "Forgive me," he said, "but I think it's almost a deeply religious message on a very personal level."

WHAT COULD THESE GUYS POSSIBLY HAVE SHOWN TO CONVINCE MILLER TO GIVE THEM A BREWERY?

WOULD YOU BELIEVE THEIR BEER GUTS?

Not long ago, a small group of employees at the Miller Brewing Company showed the head brewmaster something that impressed the heck out of him.

Their beer guts.

No, not the jiggily kind. But rather, an intriguingly different vision for brewing beer.

The brewmaster admired their courage. But even more so their ideas.

And so, he decided to show them the door – to their very own brewery that is.

The Plank Road Brewery.

A little brewery on the edge (kinda like the guys) of the Miller property.

For their first beer, ICEHOUSE, the guys hit upon the notion of brewing their beer at below freezing temperatures to eliminate any watered-down taste.

Next, came Red Dog. A bold, yet uncommonly smooth creation which recently earned them the Gold Medal* at the 1995 Great American Beer Festival® in Denver.

And now, two new beers: Southpaw, a premium light beer double hopped for a one of a kind taste. And Northstone, an amber ale with a flavor and smoothness derived from 100% Pacific Northwest hops.

Looking back, you may wonder why a brewing giant like Miller even cared about four rebels with a different vision of beer.

Suffice it to say, as brewers themselves, Miller holds guys with beer guts in the highest esteem.

PLANK ROAD BREWERY

AGAINST THE GRAIN®

*Red Dog: Best American Lager.

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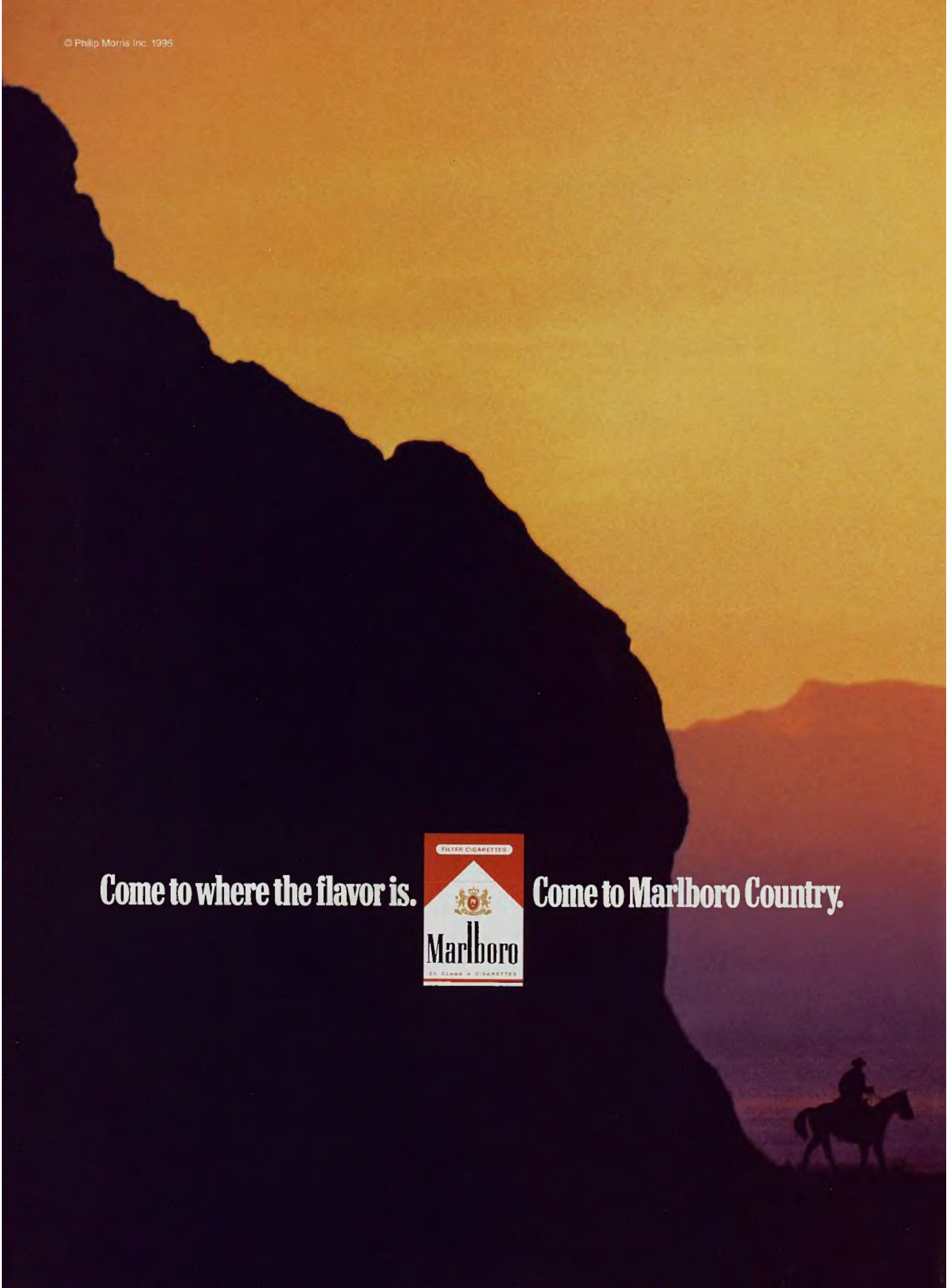

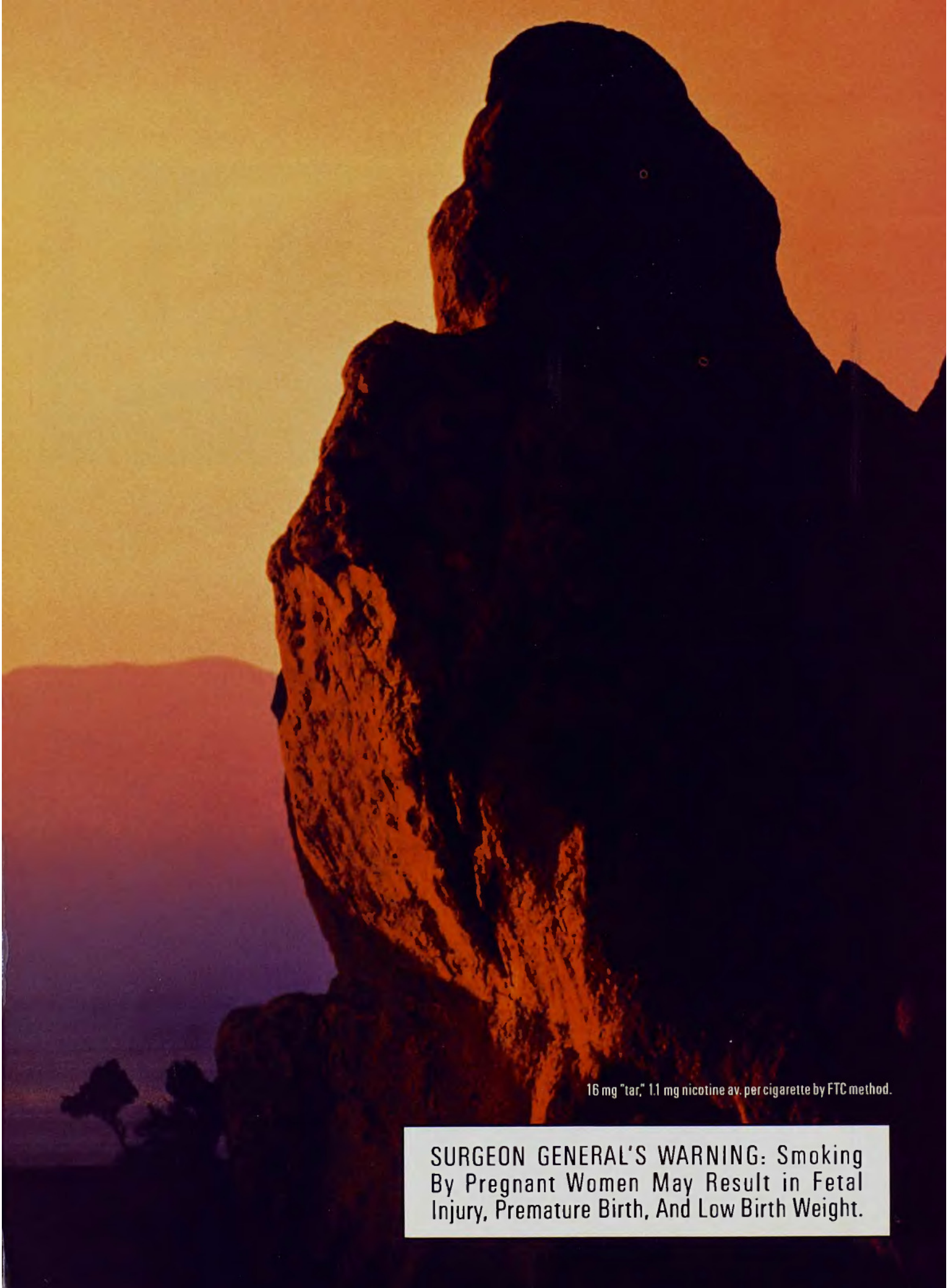

16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

SUPERSONIC SURFING

Waiting for a graphics-heavy home page to weave its layers onto your PC monitor is a snooze—even with the fastest modem. But high-speed access to the Net is happening in several ways. Local phone companies are beginning to make Integrated Services Digital Network connections more readily available. Running four times faster than a 28.8 modem, an ISDN line requires a $400 to $850 investment in gear and installation, and fees are about $20 per month. DirecPC uses a 24-inch satellite delivery system to get you online faster (400 kilobits per second), but you still have to send e-mail and other info back over standard telephone lines. Equipment for this pipeline costs about $700, with monthlies starting at $15. Similar speeds are expected with the DSS online delivery system that is due later this year from DirecTV and Microsoft. And if you are patient, the fastest access yet will be provided by cable modems, which promise two-way signaling speeds as swift as 30 million bits per second. (That means you will be able to download those sexy GIFs of Pamela Anderson in seconds versus hours.) Hardware companies such as Hewlett-Packard, Motorola, Intel and Toshiba are already gearing up production of the modem equipment. But first, cable operators will have to make billion-dollar upgrades to their systems. The incentive? Rebuilt fiber-optic cable lines will have the muscle to move more than 200 digital video channels along with the existing 80 channels of analog TV.

CRAIG JORDAN

TELENETTING

Computers still intimidate some people, so manufacturers are disguising them as home entertainment systems—complete with big-screen TVs. The Destination (recently introduced by Gateway 2000) combines a 31-inch Mitsubishi VGA monitor-television and a multimedia Pentium computer that resembles a rack-style VCR. With this $4000 setup, an entire basketball team could play a video game, surf sports sights on the Net or catch Scottie Pippen on *ER*, all from across the room. Mitsubishi plans to offer PC Light, a TV with PC functions, next year. Zenith is introducing a system called Netvision, featuring a built-in 28.8 modem as well as a cable modem port (about $1200). Thomson is readying a PCTV hybrid called Genius Theatre, which is built around a 36-inch monitor, Digital Video Disc changer and a menu system that integrates Starsight Telecast and Netscape. This smart set may even reduce vegetative viewing, as its guides will prompt you to investigate Web sites, chat rooms and TV shows related to the one you're watching.

PUNZ WOLFF

ANSWER THE TV!

Casio Phonemate has put an intriguing spin on the videophone. Its LT-70P lets you receive calls—and see callers—on your TV. The unit is about the size of a cable converter box and has a camera at the center and a camcorder jack that allows transmission of two feeds simultaneously. Although it doesn't offer true video (the first-generation machine sends fresh still images every 3½ seconds), the LT-70P reduces the jerky movement of current videophone technology. What's more, the system is flexible. You can split the transmission into quadrants, each displaying a different image; connect the hardware to your PC (think tax deduction) or use it as a surveillance device. To keep an eye on your business, place an LT-70P in a concealed spot, dial into its phone line from your laptop and (through another unit) you can see what's happening. You'll need two units, priced about $1900 each, to play cop. But as with videophones, TV conversations require that each party has his or her own gear.

WILD THINGS

Don't confuse Pilot with one of those annoying personal digital assistants. Yes, the pocket-size electronic organizer (pictured here) from U.S. Robotics combines standard PDA features, including a touch-screen display for viewing your daily schedule, a calculator and more. But it also comes with a docking cradle that connects to your PC or Mac for simple data synchronization at the push of a button. Priced around $300, Pilot stays juiced for several months on two AAA batteries and features a memory module and add-on ports for future modem and pager connections. • There will be plenty of beep-beep-beeping in Atlanta this month, as Motorola is providing 1200 members of Team USA with pagers so they can keep in touch with family and friends. Not surprisingly, Motorola is selling a limited-edition version of this alphanumeric pager, called the Olympager, for $339. It comes in patriotic blue and has a 30,000-character memory. • Looking for a fun place to stash your 3.5-inch floppy disks? Stuart Karten Design of Marina Del Rey, California won an Innovation '96 award from the Consumer Electronics Industry Association for its wacky Diskits Desktop Diskeepers. Made of colorful die-cut foam, Diskits come in several amusing forms, including an alligator, a shark, a mailbox and, our favorite, a hunk of Swiss cheese. The price: about $14 each—no discount for the holes.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 141.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

ON FILM, the title character in ***Moll Flanders*** (MGM) is played with spunk and spirit by Robin Wright, the gorgeous embodiment of Daniel Defoe's 18th century heroine. In fact, writer-director Pen Densham doesn't limit himself to Defoe's novel. He borrows freely from Fielding and Voltaire to limn this lively vintage portrait of a woman born in poverty but destined for a life of vice and infinite variety. Moll is an orphaned runaway who becomes a well-to-do benefactor's ward, a chambermaid, a prostitute and a devoted wife and mother before her checkered past pays off. While the story plays like a period soap opera, the atmosphere is lush and the actors know their stuff. Among them: Stockard Channing as Mrs. Allworthy, a conniving brothelkeeper; Morgan Freeman as the jaded madam's aide, who finds Moll's long-lost child and recounts her picaresque adventures in flashbacks; and John Lynch, memorable as Moll's true love, the starving artist who turns out to be a wealthy, renegade aristocrat. Such rags-to-riches costumed epics have become a cinematic staple, from *Forever Amber* to *Tom Jones*, and director Densham's colorful, entertaining *Moll Flanders* belongs in that lusty club. ¥¥¥

•

To create absorbing, intelligent, adult drama from the simple plight of a virgin on the verge is no mean feat. That's precisely the achievement of director Bernardo Bertolucci in ***Stealing Beauty*** (Fox Searchlight). Liv Tyler, in her star-making role, is Lucy, a 19-year-old American spending an idyllic summer with friends at a hilltop Tuscan villa. Most of the friends are mature sophisticates who knew her late mother, a flamboyant poet, and seem concerned about Lucy's confessed virginity. Aside from that minor embarrassment—confided to an ailing playwright (Jeremy Irons) who has come to Tuscany to die—Lucy also suspects that one of the males around her may be her biological father. Meanwhile, she eyes the younger men on the scene, in particular her hostess' handsome son, who gave her her first kiss when she visited the villa four years earlier. Tyler is natural and luminous and eloquently expresses youthful angst as well as optimism. Novelist Susan Minot's first screenplay burgeons with opportunities for a highly literate cast: Sinéad Cusack as the resident hostess, Donal McCann as her sculptor husband, Rachel Weisz as their willful daughter and D.W. Moffett as the daughter's crass New York lover. Stefania Sandrelli, Joseph Fiennes (Ralph's brother) and veteran French star Jean Marais flesh out the guest list. A behavioral study that builds with the easy rhythm of a sunlit Italian summer, *Stealing Beauty* is ultimately about cynicism, innocence, aging, growing up and ideal love. No thoughtful romantic will want to miss it. ¥¥¥¥

Channing and Wright: Vintage vice.

A prostitute's progress,
a virgin's rite of passage and
a pop star's untimely end.

•

It is not giving away too much to divulge that ***Homage*** (Arrow Releasing) concerns the murder of a sitcom star by a deranged admirer. That's where the movie begins, and the story's dark undercurrents unfold in flashbacks. Sheryl Lee (Laura Palmer on TV's *Twin Peaks*) has her best role ever as a screwed-up television star, Lucy Samuel, unsure of her self-worth when she goes home to visit her widowed mother at the family ranch in rural New Mexico. Opening old emotional wounds appears to be the sole purpose of the subsequent mother-daughter encounter. As the wry mom, a former teacher who seems to scoff at her daughter's popularity, Blythe Danner finds her resident handyman (Frank Whaley) equally troublesome—he's an eccentric math genius with no desire to excel in academe. Whaley is superb as the psychotic Archie, whose delusions lead him to believe that he is destined to possess Lucy. Before and after Archie kills Lucy, the local prosecutor (Bruce Davison) and a young Hispanic cop (Danny Nucci) show up in significant supporting roles. Tightly directed by Ross Marks from a stage-to-screen play by Mark Medoff (who wrote *Children of a Lesser God*), *Homage* sizzles with tension as a stylish minor work full of major surprises. ¥¥¥½

•

Writer-director Nicole Holofcener's diverting ***Walking and Talking*** (Miramax) is a colloquy between two New York women, Amelia (Catherine Keener) and Laura (Anne Heche). Amelia is concerned about her rejection by a video clerk she considers ugly, a friendly ex-lover who borrows money and tells her about his experiences with phone sex, and a seriously sick cat. She's also worried and a little jealous about best friend Laura, a therapist engaged to marry her live-in, Frank (Todd Field), but having erotic fantasies about her clients. An audience favorite at Sundance, *Walking and Talking* has sympathetic male characters—all subject to the wit, bitchery and honest emotion that make this feature worth a second thought. ¥¥½

•

The Spanish-subtitled ***Mouth to Mouth*** (Miramax) features an unemployed actor (Javier Bardem) who delivers pizza for a living until he discovers phone sex as an outlet for his particular talents. Wired up at an agency called the Hot Line, where his co-workers groan and suck lollipops to simulate oral sex, the ambitious Victor provides thrills to his customers, male or female. When he agrees to meet a closeted gay who calls himself Bill and a ripe-and-ready caller named Amanda (Aitana Sánchez-Gijón), things begin to get complicated. In the pivotal role, Bardem is a handsome hustler caught up in nefarious schemes about sex, blackmail and attempted murder. But all he really wants is to be cast in a Hollywood movie. *Mouth to Mouth* expends too much energy on broad humor and homoeroticism. It's a saucy Iberian burlesque with an extra screw loose. ¥¥¥

•

Writer-director Lisa Krueger's disarming ***Manny & Lo*** (Sony Classics) is a small gem polished at the Sundance Institute workshop, where films about women seem to thrive. Two motherless sisters on the lam from separate foster homes are portrayed persuasively by Scarlett Johansson as 11-year-old Manny and Aleksa Palladino as her tough-talking 16-year-old sister Lo. While fleeing in their mother's car, they sleep in model homes or camp out, steal gas and shoplift in convenience stores. Because Lo is pregnant they also decide to kidnap a maternity shop clerk named

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Better friends.
With the boar's flavors,
it never ends!"
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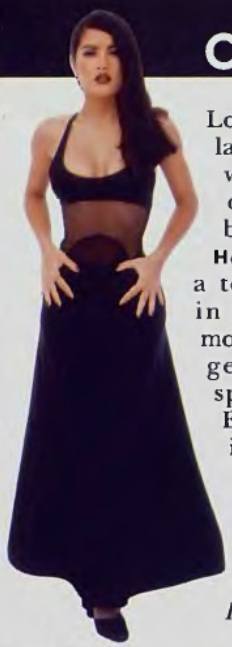


Hayek: Babe import.

Long before she launched a heat wave up north, drop-dead-beautiful **Salma Hayek,** 27, was a television star in Mexico. She moved to Los Angeles in 1990, speaking little English. Starting over as an extra, she worked her way up to memorable cameos in *Fair Game* and *From Dusk Till Dawn*, finally co-starring with Antonio Banderas in *Desperado* and with Laurence Fishburne and Stephen Baldwin in the action comedy *Fled*. Still to come are top romantic roles in *Breaking Up* and *Fools Rush In*.

"I was a bitch," Salma recalls of her role in the Mexican TV series *Teresa* that made her name, won her a best actress award and turned out to be a stepping-stone to Hollywood. "When I left for the U.S., everyone thought I was crazy. They said, 'Who does she think she is, Meryl Streep?'"

As a child, Salma's role model was Olympic gymnast Nadia Comaneci. "I was obsessed and began to train myself. Later, a trainer said I might make it to the Olympics if I moved away from home and practiced six hours every day. That's how I got it into my head about leaving my small town—going places, doing things."

Salma pinpoints her breakthrough as a TV guest spot on *Dream On* with Brian Benben. "I was a funny, sexy maid, and I must have done something right. I owe a lot to Brian. He gave me a tape of the dailies and told me to take it to an agent." The next day, she signed with William Morris.

"I've been lucky," notes Salma, who usually escapes ethnic stereotyping. Her latest triumph? "I was nominated by MTV for the best kissing scene, for *Desperado*. I thank Antonio's tongue for that." Salma won't discuss her offscreen liaisons. "I want to be known for my work. If I were in love, you'd need the FBI to find out about it."

Elaine (Mary Kay Place). The rest and best of the movie produces unexpected hilarity as the fugitive threesome hides out in an empty vacation home. Place, well remembered for her role on TV's *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, is a marvel as the ditzy hostage. Elaine, who identifies with her captors' problems, hobbles around the house cooking, tidying up and reproaching Lo for smoking and swearing. What emerges between the laughs is a tenderhearted fable about three emotionally needy people who are forging connections. Krueger ends it all abruptly, leaving her audience wanting more. ¥¥½

•

As a Yale graduate named John, a would-be writer working temp jobs in Los Angeles, Rory Cochrane is the key character in co-author and director George Hickenlooper's ***The Low Life*** (CFP Distribution). Cochrane plays it supercool in this edgy and knowing look at a segment of society that's cynical, young, smart and waiting to catch a wave into the mainstream. Meanwhile, they may earn their rent money by sorting credit-card slips. John connects with a couple of college pals at work and a dorky but friendly roommate from Modesto (Sean Astin). An alcoholic sexpot named Bevan (Kyra Sedgwick) is the free spirit he meets after he quits the credit-card routine to troubleshoot for a sleazy slumlord. John suggests she must be on Prozac. "Isn't everyone?" she retorts. Which pretty well sets the tone for Hickenlooper's gallery of up-to-the-minute eccentrics who fit somewhere between slackers and the hordes of frustrated, educated job applicants. ¥¥½

•

Leave it to offbeat British director Nicolas Roeg and screenwriter Allan Scott (his frequent collaborator since the 1973 erotic thriller *Don't Look Now*) to come up with something as sexy, strange and provocative as ***Two Deaths*** (Castle Hill). Set in an eastern European country a lot like Romania circa 1989—with revolution in the air and bullets whistling outside—the bizarre psychodrama unfolds during a dinner party hosted by a Dr. Pavenic (Michael Gambon, superbly authoritative as usual). It's truth time for all. One guest is exposed as an impotent wimp who abandoned his wife after he caught the good doctor mounting her; another confesses his odd sexual preferences. Pavenic himself embarrasses the guests by stripping his sullen, passive housekeeper Ana (Sonia Braga) in their presence and revealing every detail of the dark obsession that has made her his love slave. Or is Pavenic the slave and Ana the victor? This is a dinner of the damned, serving up dark revelations for dessert. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Butterfly Kiss (Reviewed 6/96) Imagine Thelma and Louise in the post-Prozac age. ¥¥½

Captives (7/96) Cheap drills for prison dentist Ormond and inmate Roth. ¥¥

Cold Comfort Farm (6/96) City mouse warms up her country cousins. ¥¥¥½

A Family Thing (6/96) Two aces—Robert Duvall and James Earl Jones—play the race card. ¥¥¥

Heavy (7/96) Liv Tyler debuts. ¥¥

Homage (See review) TV star and an admirer stir a fatal attraction. ¥¥¥½

The Horseman on the Roof (7/96) Vintage epic about love on the run from cholera. ¥¥¥

I Shot Andy Warhol (6/96) Lili Taylor plays the triggerwoman. ¥¥¥½

Lone Star (7/96) A complex, compelling Western murder mystery by John Sayles. ¥¥¥¥

The Low Life (See review) Young, single and at loose ends in L.A. ¥¥½

Madame Butterfly (7/96) He done her wrong in Puccini's opera, done quite right. ¥¥¥

Manny & Lo (See review) Teenage runaways and their hostage on a droll trip. ¥¥½

Moll Flanders (See review) Rags-to-riches saga—with Robin Wright and Stockard Channing as improper ladies. ¥¥¥

Mouth to Mouth (See review) Unemployed Spanish actor dallies with phone sex. ¥¥¥

The Pallbearer (7/96) Schwimmer carries this comedy with ease. ¥¥¥

A Perfect Candidate (7/96) How Oliver North blew his Senate race. ¥¥¥½

Rude (6/96) Black, blue, overdone look at inner-city angst. ¥¥

Somebody to Love (7/96) Doing the town with taxi dancer Rosie Perez. ¥¥

Someone Else's America (6/96) Desperate to assimilate, immigrants try and try again. ¥¥¥

Stealing Beauty (See review) Bertolucci with a vibrant cast and a memorable virgin. ¥¥¥¥

Stonewall (Listed only) Village people battle for gay-and-lesbian rights. ¥¥½

Twister (Listed only) Brilliantly scary special effects linked to a fairly foolish plot. ¥¥¥

Two Deaths (See review) Dark dishing at the dinner table. ¥¥¥

Walking and Talking (See review) Girl talk, but it moves along smartly. ¥¥½

Welcome to the Dollhouse (7/96) An 11-year-old outcast survives suburbia and tells us all about it. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

Not surprisingly, **Kenny Rogers'** video library includes all of his popular *Gambler* movies. "I don't make people watch them, though," says the bearded country-and-western giant. Instead, Rogers recently persuaded his girlfriend to rent Hitchcock's *The Birds* after telling her how much it terrified him when it was first released. "But we laughed all the way through it," he says. Rogers also enjoys the work of Goldie Hawn ("especially *Foul Play*") and early Eddie Murphy (*48HRS.*). But what strikes the perfect chord, says the Grammy-winning recording artist, is the "great filmmaking" of Spike Lee. "People say he's antiwhite," Rogers explains, "but I say he tells it like it is. He offends everyone who deserves to be offended." —DONNA COE

VIDBITS

All this hype about the upcoming Atlanta Olympiad and you still want more? Turner Home Entertainment offers a Summer Games double feature from acclaimed sports filmmaker Bud Greenspan. ***100 Years of Olympic Glory*** ($30) is a three-hour scrapbook of the Games' greatest stories—from Bob Beamon's record long jump in Mexico City to gymnast Olga Korbut's overnight superstardom in Munich; ***America's Greatest Olympians*** ($20) is a comprehensive who's who of Olympic athletes—and their finest moments. . . . This month, Rhino brings two cult TV hits to video: ***Kids in the Hall*** (two volumes, $9.95 each) compiles two hours of sketch-style irreverence from the funniest troupe to hit the tube since the Python boys. And hot on the heels of its big-screen bow, ***Mystery Science Theater 3000*** debuts on tape with three 97-minute episodes ($19.95 each), featuring Mike Nelson and his smart-aleck robot buddies as they're forced to stomach history's worst films.

VIDEO VEGAS

The recent tape releases of *Casino* and *Leaving Las Vegas* reveal that life is ultimately a gamble. They also tell us that, for filmmakers, Vegas is hot. But it always has been, hasn't it?

Bugsy (1991): Warren Beatty is Hollywood-obsessed gangster Bugsy Siegel in a tale of how the town was built. Leading lady Annette Bening became Beatty's real-life co-star shortly thereafter.

Lost in America (1985): Albert Brooks (who directed) and Julie Hagerty drop yuppiedom and hit the road, à la *Easy Rider*. Then they roll into Vegas, where Hagerty meets the roulette wheel. Oops.

Rain Man (1988): Cruise cruises into Vegas with idiot savant sib Hoffman, who obsesses on Judge Wapner and plane crashes while counting cards at blackjack. A hands-down winner.

Ocean's Eleven (1960): Sinatra and Rat Pack pals Lawford, Martin and Davis pull the big heist: five Vegas casinos at once. Angie Dickinson adds glamour to the gambit.

The Electric Horseman (1979): Redford is a washed-up rodeo star who gallops out of a Vegas hotel on the back of a $12 million Thoroughbred. Jane Fonda is the reporter who wants his story.

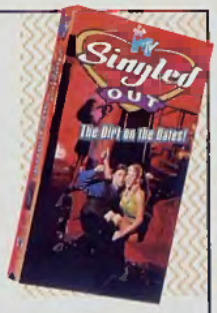
Honeymoon in Vegas (1992): Bettor beware: Before Cage can tie the knot with S.J. Parker, he loses her in a poker game to tough guy Caan. Great Vegas Strip scenes—though Parker stays clothed.

The Night Stalker (1971): Vampires on the strip? Darren McGavin is winning as a smartass journalist investigating a series of dicey, bloodletting murders in Las Vegas. Talk about high stakes.

Viva Las Vegas (1964): Showgirl Ann-Margret (Rusty) bets on romance with racecar driver Elvis (Lucky)—but their hip-swinging relationship was even hotter off the set. Great tunes.

The Only Game in Town (1970): Liz Taylor plays a Vegas chorus girl to Beatty's gambler in George Stevens' limp love story. Should have been called *Viva la France*—it was filmed in Paris. —DAVID STINE

HOT VIDEO DATE OF THE MONTH



Can't get enough of 1994 Playmate of the Year Jenny McCarthy on MTV's red-hot matchmaking game show *Singled Out*? Now there's ***Singled Out: The Dirt on the Dates!*** (SMV/MTV), a roving-camera travelog that follows the contestants on their actual outings. Can Kathleen deal with Mike's pierced tongue? Will Lisa dump Mark for the chef? Stay tuned.

LASER FARE

Breathtaking cinematography, anyone? Nestor Almendros' Oscar-winning camera work in ***Days of Heaven*** gets the letterbox treatment it deserves in Paramount's reissued disc ($40). Richard Gere's battle with Sam Shepard for Brooke Adams' affections—set against a turn-of-the-century wheat harvest—hasn't looked this good since its big screen bow in 1978. Also sparkling: Lumivision's Widescreen Special Edition of Australian director Simon Wincer's ***The Lighthorsemen*** ($60), beautifully photographed by Dean Semler. The director's cut replaces 15 minutes lopped off the tape release, adding flash to the tale of the Light Horse Brigade's battles in World War One Palestine. Wincer adds commentary on the secondary audio track. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
FOREIGN	***Shanghai Triad*** (the triangle: Thirties Chinese gang lord, his sexy mistress and his nephew; cinematically striking), ***Les Misérables*** (no music, no Valjean—but a rich, modern tale of a French rogue aiding World War Two–era Jews).
ACTION	***White Squall*** (seafaring prof Jeff Bridges trains shipload of boy sailors; soggy drama, but the storm scene is a killer), ***From Dusk Till Dawn*** (thugs Clooney and Tarantino kidnap Keitel and kin—vicious vampire stuff ensues).
BIOGRAPHY	***Wild Bill*** (Bridges again—better here as gunslinger Hickok; loads up on opium, whiskey and Ellen Barkin), ***Carrington*** (libertine flapper-era painter Emma Thompson bed-hops with, among others, Jonathan Pryce as Lytton Strachey).
DRAMA	***Georgia*** (stoned wannabe rocker Jennifer Jason Leigh staggers in footsteps of folksinging phenom sis Mare Winningham; tense), ***The Crossing Guard*** (Nicholson vows vengeance on hit-and-runner who killed his kid; directed by Sean Penn).
DOCUMENTARY	***Heidi Fleiss: Hollywood Madam*** (sex, gossip, celebs and backstabbing galore in acclaimed dishy exposé), ***Tie-Died: Rock 'n Roll's Most Deadicated Fans*** (inside look at Deadheads' 1994 cross-country trek; for serious Grateful Dead fans).

MUSIC

ROCK

HARD-TOURING singer-songwriter Ani DiFranco, at 25, is her own cottage industry, with eight self-produced albums on a profitable self-owned label. But the attraction to DiFranco's rapidly expanding, mostly female cult isn't her entrepreneurship—it's her music. Put off at first by the torrent of words and emotions, I was attracted by her departures from acoustic guitar accompaniment on 1995's *Not a Pretty Girl*. The new ***Dilate*** (Righteous Babe, P.O. Box 95, Ellicott Station, Buffalo, New York 14205) is even funkier. I don't know how she finds time to fall for all her gender-unspecified objects of romantic obsession. But she sure does find words for them: "I'm gonna stop on a dime and give you five cents change." This monster talent is in it for life. Catch up with her while you can still brag about it.

England's all-female quartet the Raincoats invented folk-punk in 1979, broke up in 1984 and were called back to the music wars by Kurt Cobain, who convinced his label to reissue their three studio albums. They have just released their fourth, ***Looking in the Shadows*** (DGC), for which Gina Birch wrote and sang half the songs, including *Pretty*, a wondrous and sly meditation on sex objects. Ana Da Silva's half is worthy, but the wondrous half wins.

My vote for best Nirvana imitation is Local H. On Local H's second album, ***As Good as Dead*** (Island), singer-guitarist-bassist Scott Lucas and drummer Joe Daniels have power, hooks and a fuck-you attitude. They have everything but the tortured genius. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

If you know Peter Wolf only as the Jaggerish motormouth who fronted J. Geils, ***Long Line*** (Reprise), his first solo album of the Nineties, may confound you. When he sounds like Jagger here, on tracks such as *Seventh Heaven*, it's the Jagger of *Moonlight Mile*. More than an R&B wannabe, Wolf has struck out in search of his own blues. The result bears more than passing resemblance to Van Morrison (especially *Rosie* and *Riverside Drive*). The biggest differences are the tempos. You can't motormouth at Van's meditative pace. Wolf rejects mysticism with jive vengeance on the title track, and in *Romeo Is Dead*, he uses grunged-up blues riffs to curse his own romanticism. Nevertheless, *Long Line* is an adult-rock triumph that presents Wolf as a man who's as sensitive and insightful as a 50-year-old should be. —DAVE MARSH

What would Jimi Hendrix sound like if he were alive today? Pretty much like guitarist Vernon Reid on his first solo album, ***Mistaken Identity*** (Sony). Reid's frenzied, punk-fusion riffs on *Cult of Personality* helped his black rock band, Living Colour, crack the mainstream in the late Eighties. Living Colour never quite lived up to its promise, but Reid's effort is an invigorating blend of rock, jazz and street beats. Somewhere, Jimi is smiling.

CAROLYN VAN HOSEN

DiFranco's funky new *Dilate*.

DiFranco breaks out, Reid and Richie make comebacks and Dick Dale hangs ten.

In *Third Stone From the Sun* Hendrix sang about never wanting to hear surf music again. But *Pulp Fiction* awoke a new generation to how hip surf instrumental classics (such as Dick Dale's *Misirlou*) can sound. Dale is back with ***Calling Up the Spirits*** (Beggars Banquet), a vital collection of skittering, reverb-drenched guitar gems. The secret behind Dale's sound is his liberal use of Middle Eastern scales, a by-product of his Lebanese ancestry. Every note has you imagining a bevy of belly dancers hanging ten in the Waikiki surf. —VIC GARBARINI

On ***Big as Life*** (Mercury), Hamell on Trial invents a new way to play guitar—thrash folk. It is orchestrated with such melodic sense and pounding rhythm that you don't miss the band (Ed Hamell is the sole member of Hamell on Trial). Reminiscent of Dylan's *Subterranean Homesick Blues*, Hamell's music rollicks with surreal and real subject matters. In one song, a friend robs a Kentucky Fried Chicken with a fork. For the next several decades, I plan to grovel at Hamell's feet for the song *Z-Roxx*, which could have been titled *Rock Critic's Lament*: "Band band band/I don't give a fuck about your/Band band band/I don't think you really understand/You're bland and oh so secondhand/Man oh man oh man." I've got it laminated for my wallet.

Birthplace of Los Angeles punk, the Masque was a small, dirty, dangerous club that provided a forum for lots of bands to create wonderfully raucous, brutally irreverent music. ***Live at the Masque: Vols. 1–3*** (Year One Records) captures the spirit of that first generation of punk in all its absurd and funny glory. Rock and roll hasn't had many moments cooler than Black Randy and the Metro Squad's *Loner With a Boner*. You want Seventies nostalgia? Try *Take That Quaalude Now* by the Eyes. How about teenage nihilism? *No God* by the Germs is as silly as it gets. Surprisingly well recorded when you consider that everyone was drunk, *Live at the Masque* should inspire antisocial behavior in a new generation of misfits. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

R&B

Starting with the Commodores and then as a multiplatinum solo artist, Lionel Richie helped define Eighties pop music. He crafted hit after hit, primarily ballads, for himself as well as for Diana Ross and Kenny Rogers. But Richie drifted into repetition and self-parody and his personal life became tabloid fodder, which obscured his many excellent compositions.

Richie's ***Louder Than Words*** (Mercury), his first album in years, is a worthy comeback. Most of the tracks on the 12-song CD are solid R&B excursions that reflect his Motown roots. Three songs, *Piece of Love*, *Change* and *Wanna Take You Down*, wed Richie's skills with musical motifs from Marvin Gaye. Perhaps the album's best song and performance is *Say I Do*, a classy, unhurried ballad about commitment that suggests the Isley Brothers, while *Don't Wanna Lose You* revisits the sound of the Commodores.

—NELSON GEORGE

COUNTRY

Merle Haggard's sound is hard to pin down. His music has ranged from country to Tin Pan Alley. The many sides of Haggard are present in the four-CD, 100-song boxed set ***Down Every Road*** (Capitol/Nashville). He learned from masters such as Lefty Frizzell and Bob Wills and obscurists such as minstrel yodeler Emmett Miller. The previously unreleased studio version of *White Line Fever* is just one standout track on this essential country music collection.

Country-folk singer Bob Neuwirth's ***Look Up*** (Watermelon Records, P.O. Box

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FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Ani DiFranco *Dilate*	8	8	7	5	8
Hamell on Trial *Big as Life*	7	8	9	5	9
Vernan Reid *Mistaken Identity*	7	9	9	6	7
Lionel Richie *Louder Than Words*	7	6	8	7	5
Peter Wolf *Long Line*	5	5	8	8	6

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS DEPARTMENT: A group of cellists at Finland's Sibelius Academy plans to record an album of **Metallica** songs. Says a spokesman, "Heavy metal has the sort of gutsiness that suits the cello."

REELING AND ROCKING: It appears that the **Hughes brothers** (*Menace II Society*, *Dead Presidents*) have the blessing of the **Hendrix** estate to do a film bio of **Jimi**. . . . **Burt Bacharach** and **Elvis Costello** wrote a song together for the **Alison Anders** film about the Brill Building, *Grace of My Heart*. . . . **Glen Ballard, Alanis Morissette's** co-writer and producer, has formed a production company. The first order of business is *Clubland*, a musical drama based on Ballard's screenplay. . . . **Tom Petty** will do the score and write songs for *She's the One*, a new movie from **Ed** (*Brothers McMullen*) **Burns**. . . . Studio 54 may open again—at the movies. Surviving coowner **Ian Schrager** has given permission for a film to be made about the legendary New York club. A German company is working on a documentary about the discotheque as well.

NEWSBREAKS: If you don't need visuals, consider getting the audio boxed set *The Beatles: In Their Own Words*, which contains interviews with the Fab Four and their families, friends and colleagues. For info, call Collectors' Choice Music at 800-923-1122. . . . **U2** plans to hook up with the Canadian promoter of the last two **Stones** tours for its own arena extravaganza in 1997. . . . **John Mellencamp's** next album, *Mr. Happy Go Lucky*, is due in stores this month. . . . **Sting's** 45-city tour will wind up in Houston in September. . . . Other summer tours to catch: "Black" Lollapalooza (with the **Fugees, D'Angelo, Tony Rich, Cypress Hill** and **Ziggy Marley**) will play amphitheaters. The *Warped* tour is the summer's strongest alternative package, with **311, NOFX, Pennywise, Fishbone** and the **Mighty Mighty Bosstones** among the 14 rotating acts slated. . . . **En Vogue** goes into the studio again in September. . . . We hear that **Trent Reznor** plans to do the next **Nine Inch Nails** record with producer **Rick Rubin**. . . . The Lollapalooza Internet ticket sale is the first ever online and the first step in Ticketmaster's ultimate plan to sell tickets online for all of its events. . . . **Elijah Allman**, son of **Gregg** and **Cher**, is recording his debut CD. . . . **T-Bone Burnett** is writing a new score for the **Sam Shepard** play *The Tooth of Crime*, which will open in New York next month. . . . The next **Black Crowes** CD, *Three Snakes and One Charm*, is set for release sometime this summer. . . . Organizers of the biggest annual AIDS fund-raising concert, *The Beat Goes On*, have moved the show to Washington in October to keep AIDS on the national agenda at election time. . . . We took a ride over to Cleveland this past spring to check out the Rock and Roll Museum. This **I.M. Pei**–designed building is a wonder, filled with light and air. The exhibits run the gamut from fascinating (artifacts from **Jim Morrison's** childhood) to amusing (**John Lennon's** report cards) to predictable (costumes à la the Hard Rock Cafes). We hope to see curated exhibits in the future that will trace specific periods or places (e.g., protest music, punks, Memphis). But the place was packed with visitors and well worth a road trip. . . . **Allen Toussaint** has launched his own label with his own CD, *Connected*. . . . Last, former **Doobie Brother** and **Steely Dan** member **Jeff "Skunk" Baxter** has been testing a new guitar device at the Lawrence Livermore Lab in California. Livermore, known for weapons, lasers and biotech, will now add music to its résumé. —BARBARA NELLIS

49056, Austin, Texas 78765) contains 16 songs recorded during a three-month trip to Vegas, Berlin and London. On the hard-driving *What's Our Love Comin' To*, Neuwirth sings a duet with rockabilly filly Rosie Flores. Patti Smith joins Neuwirth on the wrenching *Just Like You*. The most revealing track is *Nashville*, a ballad of musical alienation sung by a true hillbilly. —DAVE HOEKSTRA

Influenced by Springsteen, Jackson Browne and Peter Gabriel, Nashville songwriter Gretchen Peters embodies her characters. Roseanne Cash could learn a lot about literary-country synthesis right here. On ***The Secret of Life*** (Imprint), Peters delivers intricate intimacies. *The Uncivil War* is a classic about a divorce. This is at least as much rock as it is country, but mainly it's smart and emotionally compelling. —DAVE MARSH

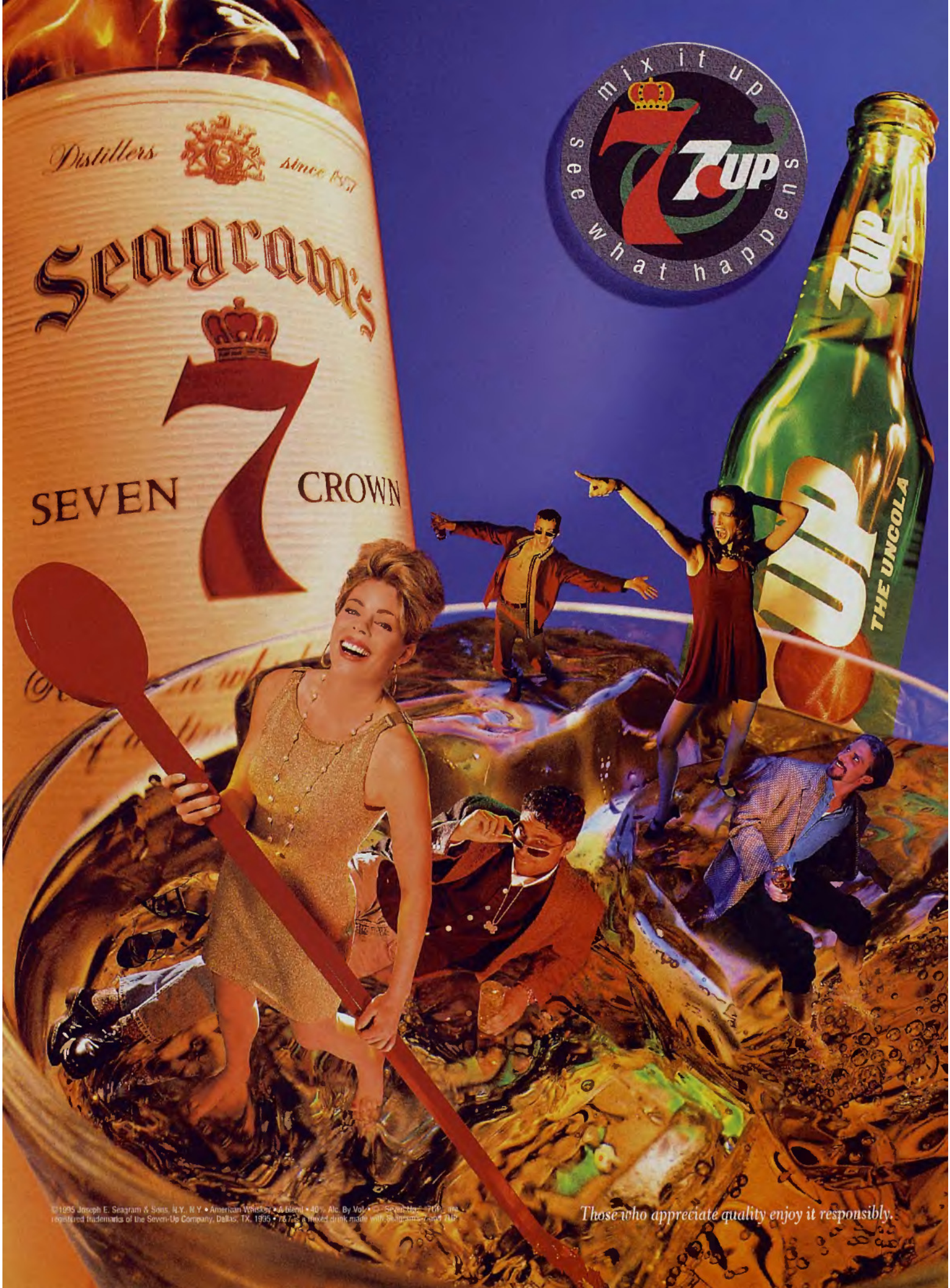
JAZZ

On a recent radio program, the Panama-born pianist Danillo Perez spoke of an inherent Latin feel to the music of bebop composer Thelonious Monk. Perez puts his words into action on ***Panamonk*** (Impulse), applying Afro-Caribbean rhythms to seven Monk tunes. He mambos in the footsteps of trumpeter Jerry Gonzalez, who has also salsafied Monk's music. Perez' appreciation for Monk's piano voicings and rhythms makes the Latin connection clearer and the hybrid seamless. —NEIL TESSER

Inviolate is one of the many funk-jazz ensembles to surface in the mid-Nineties. This New York–based quartet has created a self-titled four-song EP (Inviolate Recordings, 290 Riverside Drive, Suite 2D, New York, New York 10025) that's more song-oriented than most of its contemporaries. *Theresa Lies in Ecstasy*, an original composition, has a tight focus and smart flute playing provided by Victor E. Also worth a listen is a cover of Stevie Wonder's *Jesus Children of America*. —NELSON GEORGE

The Complete Prestige Recordings (Prestige) is a nine-disc showcase for multihorn improviser Eric Dolphy, one of the greatest talents of the Sixties. Dolphy is as lyrical and searching as John Coltrane and as funky and witty as Ornette Coleman. And his range is as diverse as Miles Davis'. What's more remarkable is that these sides represent two years of recording—that's nearly one third of Dolphy's brief career. —DAVE MARSH

Pianist Ahmad Jamal's percussive dynamics were an inspiration to Miles. Now in his 60s, Jamal has released ***The Essence, Part I*** (Birdology). It's powerful and endearing, an example of his best rhythmic melodicism. —VIC GARBARINI



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STYLE

NEW COLORS ON THE BLOCK

Each season, menswear designers introduce one new must-have item. This fall it's the simple knit pullover with bold, color-blocked stripes or panels. Designer Matthew Batanian offers a ribbed wool-and-angora zip-front polo model in three color variations—black with a chocolate-brown or charcoal chest panel, and forest green with an olive panel (each $150)—as well as a wool zippered cardigan with panels in black, red and olive ($150). Wilke-Rodriguez takes a casual approach with its cotton-and-nylon knit crewneck in orange with a slate-blue chest stripe (shown here) and vice versa ($145). The design duo of Richard Edwards offers a unique take on the look. Its merino wool crewneck has contrast-color raglan sleeves in combinations of navy, camel, gray, charcoal, black and cream ($150). Made of wool jersey, Austyn Zung's knits are supersleek in mixes of black, orange and cream ($220, also pictured). And when the weather gets cooler, there's Nicole Farhi's England-born turtleneck made of cozy cotton chenille with an off-white chest panel (about $200).

HOT SHOPPING: ATLANTA

Atlanta has been whipped into shape for the Centennial Olympic Games July 19 to August 4, which will feature about 10,000 athletes from 197 nations. To go for shopping gold, check out the Little Five Points area. Wish (447 Moreland Ave.): Funky club-culture fashions and recycled Seventies clothing. • The Junkman's Daughter (464 Moreland Ave.): Unusual jackets and bowling shirts, plus cigars and a tattoo parlor. • Stratosphere Skateboards (1141 Euclid Ave.): Check out the cool running suits and hats from Pervert, and X-Large colored jeans and watches. • Throb (1140 Euclid Ave.): Alternative streetwear in vinyl, latex and leather. • Criminal Records (466 Moreland Ave.): Stocks a great selection of indie rock CDs, comic books and pop-culture zines.

CLOTHES LINE

The self-important announcer **Phil Hartman** plays on the hit sitcom *Newsradio* wouldn't be caught dead in the navy "Joe's Rent-a-Boat" T-shirt and Gap flannel boxers the actor lounges in around the house. As Hartman, an ex–graphic designer, says, "I know instantly what I like." That includes "the slight retro feel and crepe wool" of his blue three-button Donna Karan suit. But for a guy who's "constantly fighting those 20 pounds," Hartman must beware of double-breasteds. "They make me look like a gift-wrapped refrigerator." He does go for Armani ties, especially a wine-colored one with small green trapezoids, and prefers police shoes or Doc Martens.

IN THE DUST

British soldiers arrived in colonial India wearing crisp white uniforms that turned light brown after being exposed to the dry earth and muddy waters. The Indians dubbed the color khaki—Urdu for "dust"—and the name has become synonymous with practical, comfortable pants. Dickies 874 work pants are the quintessential khakis. They haven't changed in 75 years and are still affordable at $20 to $30. Double-pleated chinos, such as Columbia Sportswear's cotton Portland pants ($38), look good enough for the office—especially casual Fridays. Nautica's cotton twill Storm Pants ($78) have flapped cargo pockets on the legs and slanted front pockets. There are also the flat-front utility pants from Polo Jeans by Ralph Lauren, made of a washed cotton ($48). Calvin Klein's two new takes on khakis include flat-front chinos and five-pocket jeans-style pants (both $85).

THE POSTGAME SHOW

You push papers all week, then try to make up for it in a Sunday softball marathon. On Monday, you're sore and tired. To revive for another go-around, try a muscle soak or rub. Olbas Sport Massage Oil with eucalyptus, peppermint and clove essential oils helps loosen muscles to prevent injuries. Tonic Body Gel from Decleor is a greaseless massage cream with ingredients such as witch hazel that cool the skin. Klaus Heidegger's All-Sport Muscle Rub is spiked with cedar, pine and other fresh scents. Calvin Klein's Escape for Men Muscle Soak contains soothing Epsom salts, while Philosophy's Physical Therapy Bath Soak is formulated with eucalyptus oil, sage oil and pine.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

LEATHER JACKETS	IN	OUT
STYLES	Urban blazers; peacoats; slim, James Dean–style jackets; shirt jackets	Country car coats; rhinestone-cowboy buckskins; studded motorcycle looks
FABRICS	Soft deerskin and calfskin; reversible leathers; combinations of leather, nylon and shearling	Overly textured pebble grains; processed nubuck; distressed or antique leather
COLORS AND DETAILS	Black and rich chocolate brown; streamlined pockets; epaulets	Earthy colors such as rust and forest green; whipstitching; bulky bellows pockets

Where & How to Buy on page 141.

A MAN'S GUIDE *to buying* DIAMONDS

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1. Relax. Guys simply are not supposed to know this stuff. Dads rarely say, "Son, let's talk diamonds."
2. But it's still your call. So read on.
3. Spend wisely. It's tricky because no two diamonds are alike. Formed in the earth millions of years ago, diamonds are found in the most remote corners of the world. De Beers, the world's largest diamond company, has over 100 years' experience in mining and valuing. They sort rough diamonds into over 5,000 grades before they go on to be cut and polished. So be sure you know what you're buying. Two diamonds of the same size may vary widely in quality. And if a price looks too good to be true, it probably is.
4. Learn the jargon. Your guide to quality and value is a combination of four characteristics called *The 4 C's.* They are: *Cut,* not the same as shape, but refers to the way the facets, or flat surfaces, are angled. A better cut offers more brilliance; *Color,* actually, close to no color is rarest; *Clarity,* the fewer natural marks, or "inclusions," the better; *Carat weight,* the larger the diamond, usually the more rare.
5. Determine your price range. What do you spend on the one woman in the world who is smart enough to marry you? Many people use the *two months' salary guideline.* Spend less and the relatives will talk. Spend more and they'll rave.
6. Watch her as you browse. Go by how she reacts, not by what she says. She may be reluctant to tell you what she really wants. Then once you have an idea of her taste, don't involve her in the actual purchase. You both will cherish the memory of your surprise.
7. Find a reputable jeweler, someone you can trust, to ensure you're getting a diamond you can be proud of. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. Avoid Joe's Mattress and Diamond Discounters.
8. *Learn more.* For the booklet *"How to buy diamonds you'll be proud to give,"* call **1-800-FOREVER,** Dept. 21.
9. Finally, think romance. And don't compromise. This is one of life's most important occasions. You want a diamond as unique as your love. *Besides, how else can two months' salary last forever?*

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

WALTER MOSLEY returns to the adventures of detective Easy Rawlins in ***A Little Yellow Dog*** (W.W. Norton). This time, we find Rawlins off the streets, working as a custodian at a junior high school, with two adopted kids (and no wife). He's keeping his nose clean, not drinking, not hanging out and not doing detective work.

Rawlins quickly becomes involved with a beautiful teacher. When she asks a love-struck Rawlins to take care of her little yellow dog, the trouble begins. The following day, a dead body is found in the schoolyard, the sexy teacher is on the lam and Rawlins is back on the streets trying to clear himself of murder.

Mosley's mysteries take us to places in black culture where few white readers have ever been. The streets of Watts and South Central during the uneasily integrated mid-Sixties are meaner than anything Raymond Chandler wrote about.

The outlandish story of Maurice Girodias' erotic publishing house, Olympia Press, is told in entertaining detail by John de St. Jorre in ***Venus Bound*** (Random House). Girodias' publishing career began with art books during the Nazi occupation of Paris and flourished with the postwar "DBs" (dirty books) of his Traveler's Companion series. A group of distinguished expatriate British and American writers—Gregory Corso, William S. Burroughs and Chester Himes—cranked out erotica for Girodias while enjoying the bohemian life of Paris in the Fifties.

Olympia Press also published literature such as Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita* and Burroughs' *Naked Lunch*—books that provoked history-making censorship cases. St. Jorre describes the deal-making shenanigans that were behind *The Story of O* and Terry Southern and Mason Hoffenberg's novel *Candy*. He credits Girodias as an avant-garde publisher, but also reveals the unscrupulous business tactics that engendered the lawsuits which resulted in Girodias' eventual loss of the publishing company.

There is a bittersweet quality to Tom De Haven's novel ***Derby Dugan's Depression Funnies*** (Metropolitan), which captures the zaniness of comic strip cartoonists' lives along with the bleakness of the Thirties. The story is narrated by Al Bready, a cynical scriptwriter who churns out story lines about a lovable orphan and his talking dog for cartoonist Walter Geebus. De Haven's affable style of storytelling illuminates this peculiar world of artists, inkers and writers. The ideal added touch comes from Art (*Maus*) Spiegelman's clever creation of a Derby Dugan strip.

Enthusiastic scholarship is brought to two books about offbeat sports: Daniel Duane's ***Caught Inside: A Surfer's Year on the California Coast*** (North Point/Farrar, Straus & Giroux) and Michael Ray Taylor's ***Cave Passages: Roaming the Underground Wilderness*** (Scribner). Grabbing for his youth, 28-year-old Duane quits his job and heads for the water with his uncle's old wet-suit. Like Henry David Thoreau on a surfboard, he embraces the poetry of Monterey Bay and researches surfing lore. This book is filled with anecdotes about big waves, great whites and nasty wipeouts, as well as the history of Spanish explorers along the California coast.

Mosley's *Little Yellow Dog*.

Mosley's new Easy Rawlins adventure, plus sports books that ride big waves and explore great caves.

Taylor is a law school dropout who decides to pursue his passion for caving. He takes us deep into the mysterious world beneath the surface of the earth. He climbs down into caverns in Mexico, Jamaica, China and all over the U.S. (including the Old Croton Aqueduct in New York) with many great cavers. (The word spelunker is shunned by practitioners of the sport.) His description of a cave dive in which Sheck Exley died 900 feet underwater is a chillingly candid warning about the dangers of the sport. But most of Taylor's geologically informed reports are imbued with the wonder and exhilaration of the vast underground spaces.

Some of the younger siblings of the Sisters in Crime have sinister summer offerings. Karen Kijewski's savvy detective, Kat Colorado, returns in her seventh mystery, ***Honky Tonk Kat*** (Putnam). When one of Colorado's friends, country music star Dakota Jones, begins receiving hate mail, it is chalked up as a badge of celebrity. When someone sends her a bouquet of dead roses, the game becomes much more personal. To protect her friend from a stalker, Colorado joins her tour. She makes it her job to find the potential killer and keep Jones from falling apart.

Going Local (Hyperion) is Jamie Harrison's sequel to her first mystery, *The Edge of the Crazies*. In this book she reintroduces her engaging hero, archaeologist-turned-sheriff Jules Clement. One Fourth of July, Clement is back on the job in Blue Deer after a month's hiatus when he gets a call about a tent floating in the reservoir. The trouble begins when Clement discovers two bodies zipped inside.

One of the most exciting literary revival series since the rediscovery of Jim Thompson's novels is Old School Books from W.W. Norton, a group of novels about the black experience in America from the Fifties through the Seventies. John A. Williams' ***The Angry Ones*** is a tough story about interracial sex and racism. Charles Perry's ***Portrait of a Young Man Drowning*** details life inside Brooklyn street gangs. ***Corner Boy*** is a portrait of a drug dealer by Herbert Simmons. According to the series' editors, they will continue next season with books by Chester Himes, Henry Van Dyke, Robert Deane Pharr and Clarence Cooper Jr.

BOOK BAG

Music Festivals From Bach to Blues (Visible Ink Press), by Tom Clynes: This guide to the best fests in North America takes you from the Charlie Parker jazzfest in New York to the B.B. King Homecoming festival in Indianola.

Stud: Architectures of Masculinity (Princeton Architectural Press), edited by Joel Sanders: Do buildings express sexuality? This collection of illustrated essays about the decorations in men's bedrooms (including a PLAYBOY apartment) argues that concrete can exude testosterone.

Does Anyone Have a Problem With That?: "Politically Incorrect's" Greatest Hits (Villard), by Bill Maher: A funny collection of jibes, jokes and tidbits from his hilarious late-night show.

The American Barbershop: A Closer Look at a Disappearing Place (Face to Face Books), by Mic Hunter: This exhaustive and insightful study of the small-town barber is illustrated with 100 photographs. Who knew there was so much history in a shave and a haircut?

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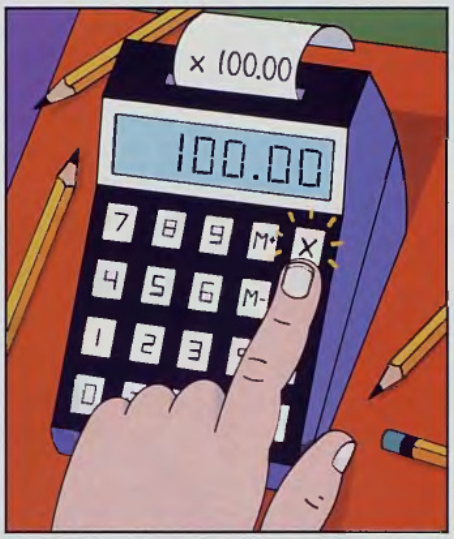
MEN

By ASA BABER



IT TAKES A VOUCHER

The American family is in trouble for one reason only: kids. If there were no children to care for, it would be doing fine. You could have two hard-working, ambitious, well-dressed people, a husband and wife who follow the advice of Martha Stewart and take good care of themselves and their house and espresso machine and Stair Master. But add kids to that mix, and what do you get? Disaster: diapers, insolence, sleep deprivation, attention deficit disorder, sugar blues, the terrible twos and educational crises.

It is time for adults to admit that kids are nothing but a costly pain in the butt. Helpless in their earliest years, irritating as preteens, rebellious from then on, they are also expensive beyond belief. And unfortunately, you can't exterminate them as you would a nest of vipers. Not these human termites. Even if they go off to college, most kids move back home eventually.

The fact is that children are our grossest national product. They do not fit in a corporate economy. They add nothing of value and cost a fortune. Sure, the American family is falling apart, but it's getting exactly what it deserves.

Consider the hopelessness of your typical subhuman 18-year-old male. Of what use is he in our glorious economy? He rides a skateboard or a bike, shaves his scalp completely or never cuts his hair, carries a boom box and plays music by Rancid, Green Day, Offspring, Wu-Tang Clan, Pennywise and Coolio. He wears a baseball cap backward (but note that he rarely goes to a game). He can usually be found hanging around 7-Eleven parking lots while he consumes soft drinks, beer, cigarettes, potato chips and other substances parents don't need to know about. He is the proud owner of several tattoos, one or more earrings for one or more pierced ears and ragged clothes that are neither glamorous nor color-coordinated.

Look at the faces of that boy's parents as they read my description. See them clutch their copies of Hillary Clinton's *It Takes a Village* ever closer to their sentimental hearts. Watch them send a check to public TV in hopes that *Sesame Street* will babysit yet another generation of deviants. Hear them bemoan the agonies of America's young people. Isn't it touching?

I have news for you, Mr. and Ms. America: It doesn't take a village to raise a child. It takes a voucher.

Folks, it is time to turn the act of parenting into a moneymaking business so the American family can thrive again. It is time to bill our children for the services we render them. Within the context of every child's life, we should practice hard-nosed capitalism.

To help us, I have prepared a Universal Parenting Contract. It is a simple but effective document that I plan to copyright and submit for publication. Here is a preview of some of its basic points:

(1) Every parent will receive a minimum wage of $100 an hour. Why? Because we say so. Do you think a newborn baby in a delivery room will argue with you as you smear ink on his or her little palms and place them on the Universal Parenting Contract? Sign that infant up before he or she can sass you, I say.

(2) Remember the principle that guides the UPC: If you drive your kids into debt when they are young, their hearts and minds will follow. Believe me, there is nothing more invigorating than glaring at a recalcitrant four-year-old while pointing at the parenting contract on the wall and saying, "A few years from now, when you can actually read that sacred covenant, you will find that you signed your life away at birth, buster."

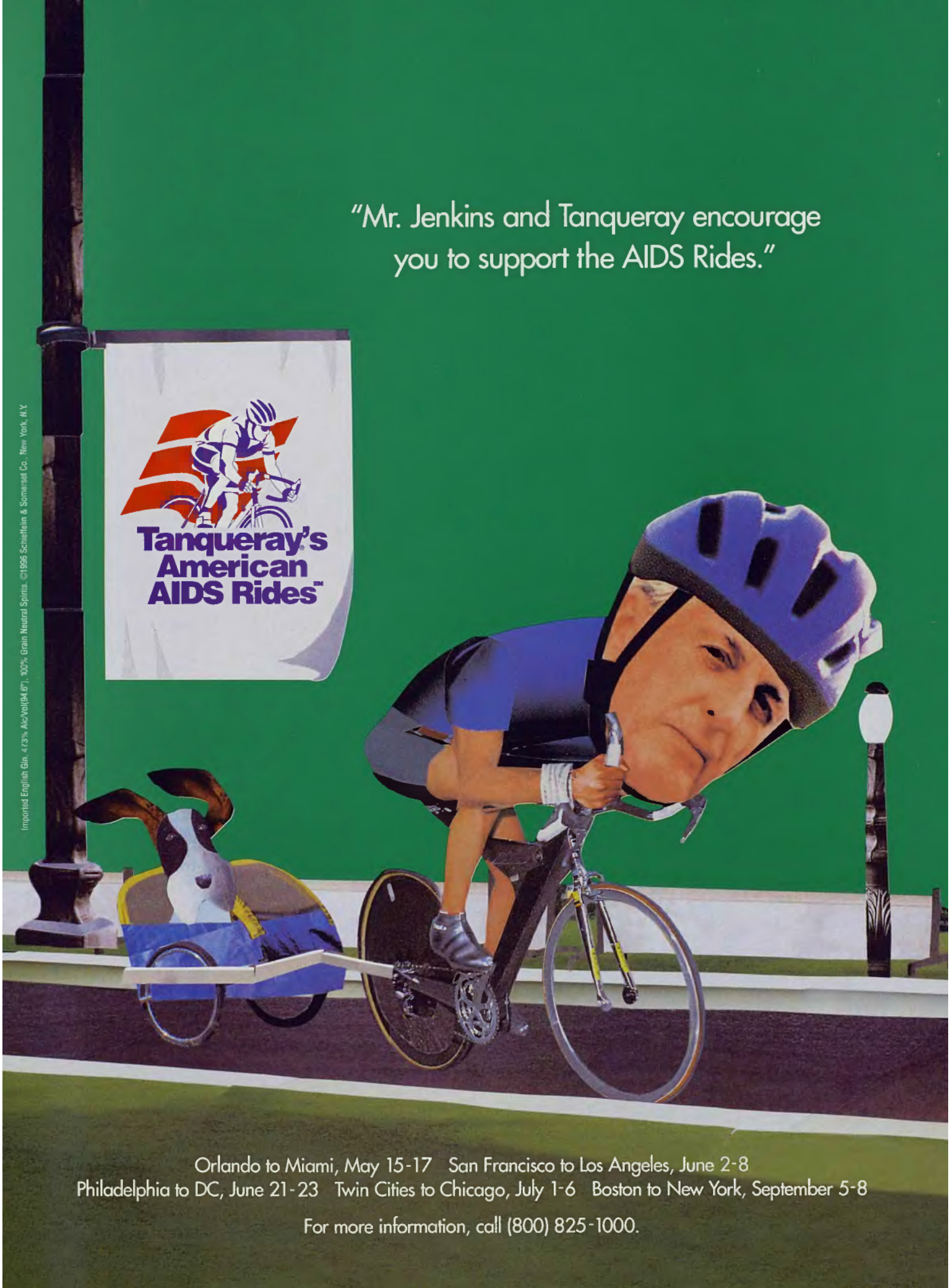
(3) Check out the numbers: With a legitimate contract, you and your spouse will get at least $200 an hour, 24 hours a day, for 18 years or more. That means you will make $4800 a day, $1.7 million a year. Where else can you make that kind of money?

(4) The parenting contract authorizes additional charges for services that are above and beyond the call of duty. Extra-dirty diapers run $7.50 each. If a child is ill and requires more attention, that's another $500 a day per parent. Contagious diseases are billed at a flat $3000 per day per disease. If the kid relapses, double your fee.

(5) Given the various charges that can be tacked on to the bill, kids will owe their parents $2 million a year on average. If your slacker hangs out at home on his skateboard until he's 20, your bill to him will be a cool $40 million. That's not counting supplemental charges that can add millions of dollars of indebtedness to a young life—things such as an excessive-noise tax on the boom box ($14 per decibel) and fees for wake-up calls ($6 each), false permissions for school absences ($750 each) and bailing a youngster out of jail in the middle of the night ($4000 plus bail).

(6) Some young people will probably whine a lot and claim they signed an unenforceable contract—long before they could understand what they were signing—that put them in financial servitude. That's OK. If they sue you, bill them. The courts are run by adults, many of whom are parents, so the kids don't stand a chance. If they go to the national media with their story, relax. Who's going to promote them and their cause? We adults stick together, and a few rug rats and porch monkeys can't break through our solid censorship.

But all is not lost, because I have a dream: I see a typical American family—a father, a mother, a son and a daughter—sitting around the dinner table with a beautifully cooked turkey at its center. The parents are beaming and the children are smiling, and on the wall behind Mom and Dad, by the old cuckoo clock, hang two framed copies of the Universal Parenting Contract. I know those kids are going to have the bestest dinner in the whole wide world, and it's going to cost them only $672.39 apiece—unless they want dressing and gravy, too.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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My girlfriend claims that an old boyfriend once gave her poison ivy while they were having sex, before he had any symptoms. Can this really happen?—D.B., Dallas, Texas

Why not? Many men who get poison ivy inadvertently spread it to their genitals when they urinate, and from there it can spread just about anywhere. One physician who misdiagnosed a patient's burning, swelling lips as herpes or an allergic reaction later discovered that she'd gotten poison ivy when she gave her boyfriend a blow job after he'd been hunting. She spent the next few weeks battling a rash and blisters on her lips. His case was more severe.

The first time I fooled around with my new girlfriend, she gave me a hand job that nearly rubbed my penis raw. She was trying so hard to please me that I couldn't bring myself to say anything. Is there a good way to escape in this situation?—L.J., Detroit, Michigan

A good way to escape a hand job? That's a new one. A few minor adjustments and you'll be a lifer. If your girlfriend wants to please you, she'll appreciate knowing that, like her, you need lubrication for maximum enjoyment. Produce that tube of hand lotion or oil you keep by the bedside for when she isn't around and masturbate for her. That's the quickest way to teach someone what turns you on. If your girlfriend is a fast learner, she'll soon be caressing the length of your erection, fondling your balls and fingering that sweet spot underneath the head of your cock. When she feels daring, ask for a switch-hitter: After slowly bringing one of her hands down from the top of your cock to its base, she starts at the top again with the other hand just as she releases with the first. In the meantime, encourage her to dance around the pole. A lover who kisses you gently on the neck or chest or inside your thighs while saying "Your cock feels so good" and "I love to stroke you" may be surprised at how easily she can turn you to putty (most of you, anyway). If you can manage to lift your head, use some of the excess lotion to massage her breasts.

During the Seventies, when the conversion to solid-state electronics was well under way, a neighbor held fast to his tube-type amplifier, believing the sound was superior. Where do you stand in the tube-versus-transistor debate?—D.E., Minneapolis, Minnesota

Aren't you the guy who asked whether we preferred Mac or Windows? Every amplifier—tube or transistor—distorts sound by piling unwanted tones onto the notes passing through it. The nature of these harmonics is what distinguishes tubes from transistors: Tubes tend to add "even-order" harmonics, which are musically innocuous (some say pleasing), while transistors emphasize "odd-order" harmonics, creating an edgier sound. Tube circuits are also much simpler than solid state; some believe that translates into a purer sound. Of course, transistors have their mass-market advantages—they are smaller, more durable and less expensive. Which produces better sound? The debate rages on, but it's interesting to note that some high-end solid-state designers admit they strive to duplicate the warmer tube sound (and a few do a decent job of it). Many artists and sound engineers won't record or mix with anything but tubes; most casual listeners seem content with solid state, perhaps because they haven't heard better.

What are the odds you'll get a woman pregnant if you have unprotected sex with her every day for a month?—T.R., Fort Worth, Texas

Researchers calculate that fertile women who have unprotected sex once a week over the course of their menstrual cycle have about a 15 percent chance of pregnancy, those who have sex every other day a 33 percent chance and those who have sex daily a 37 percent chance. Those are good odds only if you're trying to have a kid.

After a few years of celibacy, I'm with a great guy who is very enthusiastic during our lovemaking. But now that I'm having sex regularly, I've noticed that my orgasms aren't so intense as when I masturbate. Is there a reason for this?—R.T., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Several. Foremost is that when you masturbate, you know exactly what turns you on. You maintain control over the pressure, rhythm and speed to get the job done most pleasurably. Also, intercourse often doesn't involve direct stimulation of the clitoris (ask your boyfriend to lend a hand, or add your own). To some extent, however, the power of your orgasm may have something to do with your partner's technique. Many men seem to think that female orgasm is a signal for them to begin thrusting as fast as possible. Although that sort of intensity can be a turn-on in some situations, more often a woman would prefer a slow, gentle, rhythmic thrust as her climax approaches—much like what she does with her fingers when masturbating. Years ago, one sex expert offered this analogy: "A man who starts to pound his partner unmercifully as soon as she begins coming is, in a way, doing to her vagina what we do to our noses when we stop a sneeze by pressing hard with a finger on the upper lip." Slowing down allows your boyfriend to feel your excitement through his erection (a very erotic experience in itself), and it allows you to feel your own climax more intensely.

What are you supposed to do when a waiter hands you the cork from a bottle of wine? I've seen people sniff it, but what do they smell that prompts them to send the wine back? Until I figure this out, I'll just keep nodding and smiling as if I know what I'm doing.—K.A., Omaha, Nebraska

The smell of the cork is a good early warning if something is dramatically wrong. At its best, the cork can yield an attractive preview of condition and quality. If the cork is dry and cracked, air may have oxidized the wine. A damaged cork may also indicate biotic problems. Before you reject a bottle by its cork, check the bouquet of the wine. If there seems to be a problem and it doesn't disappear quickly, send the bottle back.

I am 35 years old and my erect penis measures about five and a half inches. I've always been insecure about my size, and lately have seen a lot of ads for penis-enlargement surgery. Do you recommend it?—G.S., New York, New York

This is one of the most common questions asked of the Advisor, and we're always amazed at what some men are willing to risk to add a measly inch to their normal-sized, functioning penises. Thousands of men have had globs of fat injected into their dicks or ligaments sliced to create the illusion of greater length, and certainly some have been satisfied with the results. But when things go wrong during cosmetic penis enlargements, they really go wrong, which makes us wonder about anyone who would recommend or perform the procedure. In 1994 a surgeon in Miami was convicted of manslaughter after a patient bled to death following cosmetic surgery that included a penis enlargement. More recently, Dr. Melvyn Rosenstein, who claims to be "the world's leading authority

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

on penile surgery," had his license suspended after a judge ruled he was negligent and incompetent. More than 40 of his former patients claim that he botched their surgeries so badly that they suffer from symptoms including intense pain, scarring, deformities, loss of feeling, decreased sexual function and a decrease in size. If Dr. Rosenstein was the world's leading authority, how confident does that make you about the other guys?

My girlfriend and I enjoy watching adult films together. The other night she asked me why so many of them have lesbian scenes, and I wasn't sure. Do you know?—A.A., New Orleans, Louisiana

The simple reason is that men enjoy watching sensual scenes involving women because they're sensual and involve women. There's also the common male fantasy that the women are waiting for Godot—and you're Godot, and you'll arrive only slightly late, and you'll have a hard-on. Lesbianism is often viewed as the kinder, gentler side of homosexuality: Women have sex with each other because they're horny; men have sex with each other because they're unbalanced. That's hogwash, of course, but it's one of the cultural misconceptions that allows female homosexuality to be a staple in straight porn. Not every guy enjoys girl-girl scenes, perhaps because the women often seem to have a better time together than they do with the leading man. But since these are fantasy lesbians (real lesbians aren't waiting for any heroes, and they sure as hell aren't having sex to turn you on), we've always viewed the interludes as a great chance to pick up some tips. Maybe girl-girl scenes are just a quiet campaign by porn actresses to get better sex for all women.

Remember "Deep Thoughts," those offbeat observations by Jack Handey featured on *Saturday Night Live*? One of them was, "A question that's never been answered to my satisfaction by the Playboy Advisor is, 'What kind of stereo system works best in hell?'" As a fan of both "Deep Thoughts" and your advice, I thought I'd ask for him. What kind of stereo system does work best in hell?—B.L., Jersey City, New Jersey

You don't need a stereo system in hell. It has Muzak.

In July a reader asked why more airlines don't have digital kiosks so shuttle travelers can check their e-mail or send faxes. I wonder the same thing about hotels. More than once when traveling I've found that the hotel has removed the plastic release clip from the phone jack so that I can't plug in my laptop. If there is an extra jack, it's usually behind the bed or a dresser across the room from the desk. Is there any way to find out if a hotel is computer-friendly before I check in?—T.R., Los Angeles, California

If a hotel has broken the plastic release clip so you can't remove the phone cord, it's trying to tell you something. Many hotels use a digital phone system, and plugging an analog modem into it could damage their system or your modem. When you check in, ask the front-desk clerks how you can connect. Often they will have an open jack behind the counter that you can use for emergency downloading. That doesn't solve the problem of how to connect from your room, but as more travelers carry their work in hard drives rather than briefcases, you should see more hotels making changes. In its most recent guide to U.S. hotels, Zagat Survey lists nearly 660 establishments (of 2000 surveyed) that offer in-room jacks or computer centers for guests. On the Internet, software developer Otto Krauth is polling laptop users to compile a similar list. Point your Web browser to http://www.sfu.ca/~okrauth/survey.html.

You missed the point in May when a reader complained that his girlfriend would consent to anal sex only if she could slide a dildo into his anus. What his girlfriend is really saying is that she doesn't want to have anal sex. If she wants to broaden her boyfriend's sexual horizons by introducing him to anal penetration, that should be considered on its own merits.—F.C., Fort Leavenworth, Kansas

You're right. We read the situation as an exchange of pleasure, but his girlfriend's quid pro quo may have indeed been a quid pro whoa.

Two days after my 54th birthday I had surgery to correct an enlarged prostate, and now I have something called retrograde ejaculations. Instead of the semen squirting out of my penis, it is discharged into my bladder. My girlfriend at the time was delighted when I climaxed during fellatio and there was no longer any semen for her to spit out. But now I wonder if the fact that I can't ejaculate contributed to the demise of the relationship. My new lover can't figure out why I'm reluctant to let her give me a blow job. I also wear a condom for fear she will discover my secret. Should I tell her?—G.M., Phoenix, Arizona

Yes. While ejaculation has its charms, you have a nice calling card of your own: You're a self-cleaning lover. Our guess is your girlfriend will be curious but not condemning.

How can you tell if you're drinking a good blended Scotch whiskey?—B.L., Oakland, California

A fine blended whiskey should taste slightly different each time you sip it. One sip could be slightly peaty, another slightly dry, another slightly peppery. In theory, blended whiskeys combine the best qualities of various malts.

I have a problem meeting women. My friends says it's the way I dress. I almost always wear black clothes and sunglasses because they reflect my mood. I know this may work against me, but I'm not interested in dressing preppy. What do you think?—R.L., Atlanta, Georgia

Black works for some guys—look at what it did for Johnny Cash—but you have to lose the glasses (and the angst). Women have to be able to see your eyes; the perceptive ones will realize that you're sincere and approachable. You shouldn't change your style to fit anybody's mold, but first impressions count for something, no matter how unfair that may seem. We can understand why most women don't jump at the chance to meet some gloomy sumbitch. So lighten up. Another problem with black is that when she turns off the lights, she may not be able to find you.

What's the best way to break in a new softball glove?—J.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan

Pour a small amount of leather conditioner or glove oil on a dry, clean cloth and work it into the pocket and back of the mitt. Allow the leather to dry for at least 24 hours. Wipe off any excess oil, then play catch for ten to 15 minutes to stretch the pocket and allow the glove to conform to your hand. Finally, position a ball in the pocket and tie or rubber-band it closed for a few days. Store your glove with a ball in the pocket, and don't oil it more than once or twice a season.

I often share my sexual fantasies with my wife. But when I ask about hers, she says she doesn't have any. I thought everyone had fantasies. Is she telling the truth?—D.R., Cleveland, Ohio

Not everyone finds it a snap to share their fantasies, in part because their desires may not jibe with their partner's. Your wife's daydreaming, for instance, may not involve an empty hot tub, Madonna and a wheelbarrow of fruit cocktail. Instead, she could fear you'll be disappointed to hear her fantasies may involve "boring" stuff like wine, dinner, song, massages, caresses and no obligation to do anything but enjoy herself as you please her. (Only she knows for sure, of course.) If your wife insists she has no fantasies, try to create one for her. You may be surprised at what she asks for next.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to advisor@playboy.com. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at http://www.playboy.com/faq, or check out the Advisor's new book, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*

Blown Away

asset forfeiture meets front-seat fellatio

By JAMES BOVARD

Hugh Grant's tryst with Divine Brown in a white BMW may have been the most publicized sex act of 1995, but it did little to affect our freedom. John Bennis' quest for front-seat fellatio, on the other hand, made legal history.

On October 3, 1988 Detroit police swooped down on an 11-year-old Pontiac sedan parked on a street frequented by hookers. Inside, Bennis and a prostitute were engaged in a consensual sex act. The police interrupted before the prostitute finished and before she was able to collect her fee. Bennis was arrested for gross indecency. Then, adding insult to sodomy, the Wayne County prosecutors, enforcing a 1925 Michigan law, declared the Pontiac to be a public nuisance and confiscated it.

It was business as usual in Detroit, where nearly 3000 cars were confiscated in 1995 in an effort to crack down on men who patronize hookers. The state keeps the profits from the car grabbing, which may explain the popularity of the practice.

Unfortunately for the state, the coowner of the Pontiac was Tina Bennis, John's wife. Outraged that the state confiscated the car even though she had no guilt or complicity in her husband's illicit escapade, she filed suit. The case ended up in the lap of the U.S. Supreme Court.

On March 4 of this year the Court shocked almost everyone by endorsing the seizure. Chief Justice William Rehnquist, who wrote the majority opinion in the 5–4 split, based his decision on an 1827 case involving the seizure of a Spanish pirate ship that had attacked U.S. vessels. Regrettably, Chief Justice Rehnquist did not explain the legal equivalence of piracy in the 1820s with freelance fellatio in the 1980s. The car did not attempt to perform oral sex on Bennis (i.e., it was not the tool of a crime), nor was it the fruit of a criminal enterprise. The vehicle was not used to transport contraband (unless the Court views the product of an orgasm as a controlled substance). The Pontiac was simply the location of the crime.

Rehnquist ruled that since the property had been involved in breaking the law, there was no violation of due process in its seizure. The issue of takings (uncompensated government seizure of private property under public domain) was therefore irrelevant. "The government," Rehnquist decreed, "may not be required to compensate an owner for property which it has already lawfully acquired under the exercise of governmental authority other than the power of eminent domain."

During preliminary arguments the Justice Department attempted to imply that Tina Bennis had known or should have known of her husband's intent. (Did he say, "Honey, I'm going down to the corner for a blow job. Can I get you anything?" Did he stock up on Scotchgard?) The feds never bothered to supply evidence for this claim.

Justice John Paul Stevens issued a dissent that shows how much arbitrary power the Supreme Court grants government agents:

"For centuries prostitutes have been plying their trade on other people's property. Assignations have occurred in palaces, luxury hotels, cruise ships, college dormitories, truck stops, back alleys and backseats. A profession of this vintage has provided governments with countless opportunities to use novel weapons to curtail its abuses. As far as I am aware, however, it was not until 1988 that any state decided to experiment with the punishment of innocent third parties by confiscating property in which, or on which, a single transaction with a prostitute has been consummated."

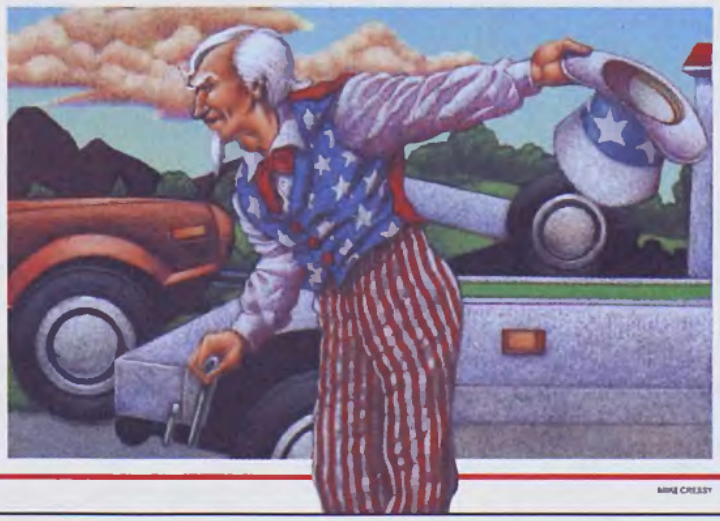
Where does the government's right to seize property from innocent third parties end? One law professor saw the possibilities immediately: "Most major hotels in this country have seen an act of prostitution or two. Get the police to make a prostitution bust at each of these hotels. We then seize the hotels and sell them at auction. There are about 6000 such hotels with an average value of $30 million each. That produces about $180 billion in revenue, about the size of the annual deficit."

The Supreme Court's ruling is producing copycat forfeiture legislation in other cities and states. A few weeks after the decision, a headline in the *Chicago Sun-Times* declared: TOO LOUD, TOO LATE, YOU LOSE YOUR CAR.

"Crank up your car stereo obnoxiously loud—lose your car. Proposition a prostitute—lose your car. Hang out after curfew—lose your car, or your parents' car."

The chief justice should have issued a warning to be attached to all car titles:

Purchaser hereby recognizes and accepts that if the owner or any other person using this auto engages in sexual relations in the vehicle, the title to the property automatically transfers to the nearest law enforcement agency.



MIKE CRESSY

CONGRESSIONAL SEX COPS

washington hates sex

By DAVID FRIEDMAN

Washington was once a sexy place, a place where the lust for power was, in fact, lusty. There was a president who shared a mistress with a mafioso, a congressman who chased a stripper into the Tidal Basin, a senator who kept a sex diary with more entries than *Leonard Maltin's Movie and Video Guide*. We expected movers and shakers to move it and shake it now and then. This made perfect Freudian sense: big ego, big id, big deeds, big needs. "Power is the ultimate aphrodisiac," Henry Kissinger said 25 years ago. He wasn't complaining.

It's a different Washington now. Gone are the sex-positive policy wonks of the recent past. Gone is Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders—not so much a martyr to masturbation as to candor. Welcome to the antierotic politics of the Nineties, as practiced by the Senate sex cops and members of the House antihedonism committee who made Elders' fall inevitable. These puritans are in the Capitol blanching at Bill Clinton's lust for lounge singers and writing legislation that threatens the most personal liberty of all—the freedom to define, practice and make educated decisions about your own sex life.

If passed, the bills presented by this antierotic faction will ensure that the next generation of American youth is as ill-informed about sex as its grandparents were. Senate Republicans made this a priority in their welfare-reform proposal, which cuts assistance to undernourished children but provides a tenfold increase in spending for abstinence courses for teenagers. "We can't help you," these senators are telling the poor, "but you can help us. Stop breeding!"

The sex-ed courses supported by this bill will, if past performance is any guide, be abstinence-based antisex courses. Many have been written by "educators" from the religious right. Most have distorted medical science to teach that premarital sex leads to sickness or death. They have offered little instruction about birth control other than to exaggerate the failure rate of condoms. Many have asserted that AIDS and herpes are nature's ways of correcting immoral sexual behavior. They have portrayed adolescent girls as manipulative sluts or helpless victims and teenage boys as sperm-crazed zombies—all the while claiming the moral high ground.

The abstinence course known as "Choosing the Best," for example, teaches that AIDS can be easily contracted through kissing, that latex condoms are ineffective against sexually transmitted diseases and that anyone foolish enough to trust a condom should wash his genitals immediately afterward with—and I swear I'm not making this up—Lysol.

THE ANTISEXUAL SPIRIT LIVES IN THE SMALL MINDS OF A SMALL GROUP OF MEN IN CONGRESS

Our elected officials say they're fighting a war against AIDS, wasteful spending and the deterioration of family values. But here they are setting aside funds for courses that are ideologically driven and scientifically bankrupt, that use fear and shame to put children at increased risk of HIV infection and that will probably result in more teen pregnancies—and we already lead the industrialized world in those categories. Maybe Congress is really at war with kids.

There are other bills that would lead you to think so. Senator Dan Coats (R–Ind.) has introduced the Responsible Parenthood Act, which would ban federal spending on birth-control clinics for students and increase funding to "enhance the role of religious organizations in solving problems relating to adolescent pregnancies." The Elementary and Secondary Education Act, now law, bans federal funds for "programs designed to encourage sexual activity, for condom-availability programs and for sexuality- and HIV-education programs that do not present the health benefits of abstinence."

And in what may be the broadest attack yet on sex education, Representative Steve Stockman (R–Tex.) has introduced the so-called Child Protection and Ethics in Education Act. The bill calls for a congressional investigation into charges that Alfred Kinsey, author of *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, "employed systematic sexual abuse of children" to obtain some of his data. According to the Family Research Council, a conservative think tank, this alleged abuse involved multiple-orgasm experiments on children ranging in age from five months to ten years. If this charge is proved, the bill bans the use of federal funds to support any teaching based on Kinsey—which, according to Stockman, means virtually every comprehensive human-sexuality course, AIDS-education program and Family Life course taught in the U.S. The logic is that if Kinsey's methodology was tainted, so is sex education.

"But the Kinsey Institute has never carried out sexual experiments on children," says John Bancroft, its current director, "either during Alfred Kinsey's time or since." Bancroft concedes, however, that the sole source for much of the childhood-orgasm data in *Sexual Behavior* was the diary of a pedophile. "Kinsey believed that the evaluation of human behavior could not be based on scientific inquiry alone," Bancroft explains, "and that evidence of how people actually behave should also be taken into account. Kinsey strove for objectivity by ensuring his informants'

anonymity—and by avoiding any value judgments of their behavior."

The charge against Kinsey in particular, and sex education in general, has been around for 15 years and has yet to be proved by anyone—least of all its champion, Judith Reisman, the longtime antiporn crusader who was a witness for the prosecution at the Robert Mapplethorpe obscenity trial in Cincinnati. Not surprisingly, she is now advising Stockman.

That Reisman has the ear of Congress is only one bit of evidence that homophobia is alive and well on Capitol Hill. Representative Peter Hoekstra (R–Mich.) chaired a hearing last winter titled "Parents, Schools and Values." Hoekstra said his intent was to stress the role parents play as moral exemplars to their children. Instead, the committee heard from one Claire Connelly, a lesbian and self-appointed anti–gay-hedonism activist from Ventura, California, who testified—without providing documentation—that $3 billion in federal funds earmarked for AIDS education and support services was, in fact, being spent to "establish meeting places for gay and bisexual men to have trysts."

It wasn't long ago, you'll recall, that a parent and lawyer named Dan Quayle said, in two different speeches, that there are too many single moms and too many lawsuits in America. One can only marvel, then, at the chutzpah of the Parental Rights and Responsibilities Act, introduced by Senator Chuck Grassley (R–Iowa) and loudly supported by Quayle and Senator Bob Dole (R–Kansas), which would enable—even encourage—parents to sue school boards if a teacher says anything in class the parents don't like.

Recently, parental rights groups such as the Eagle Forum, headed by terminal do-gooder Phyllis Schlafly, have virtually inundated school boards with lists of subjects that should not be taught without written permission from parents. Sex and homosexuality, of course, are high on the lists. So are divorce, witchcraft, suicide and something called creative problem solving. Witchcraft and suicide alone should eliminate half of Shakespeare.

So far, most boards have ignored the lists. But in a troubling incident that took place recently in California, a kindergarten teacher agreed to preview episodes of *Sesame Street* to make sure Bert and Ernie, who live together, did not promote homosexuality. And in Merrimack, New Hampshire the school board voted to ban instruction or counseling that offers homosexuality as a "positive lifestyle alternative."

The Parental Rights Act would not only legitimize such absurdities, it would also allow federal judges to require school boards to create a designer curriculum for anyone who asked—fundamentalist Christians, Afrocentrists, people who hate algebra. This bill represents an unprecedented imposition of federal control over local school affairs and would become one of the largest unfunded mandates of all time—two things conservatives are supposed to be against. "Why must school boards kowtow to parents who belong to fringe groups?" asks Michael Simpson, an attorney for the National Education Association, which is fighting the bill. "That isn't democracy. That's chaos."

SCULPTURE BY LARRY NOBLE

Well-organized chaos, actually.

These attacks are happening on many fronts, and they're all connected. From the school-board official fighting to stop sex education to parents screaming for school vouchers so they can send their kids to private schools at public expense to state legislators passing bills that require women to see a counselor before getting an abortion—no matter who's launching the attack, says Roger Evans, litigation director for the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, "You can trace a direct line back to organized extremists of the religious right. There's a monster out there, and its head is the Christian Coalition."

This monster maintains a beastly disregard for the truth. In Council Rock, Pennsylvania the Coalition took aim at a sex-ed program that had been in the public schools for years. According to Leslie Kantor of the U.S. Sexuality Information and Education Council, an organization that monitors such disputes, the Coalition sent a letter and questionnaire to parents asking if they would want their children exposed to something called the "Orgasm Game." The questionnaire claimed that the Orgasm Game was part of Council Rock's sex-ed curriculum and that in it students described their orgasms and then solicited tips from classmates on how to make those orgasms better. There was one problem with all this: There was no Orgasm Game. It was a total fabrication. In the end, students (many of whom had taken the sex-ed course) and parents joined forces to thwart the Coalition.

If only our politicians were as strong-minded. Instead, the monster has intimidated far too many of our elected officials—people who now think they are doing the public's business (and God's work) by snooping into our private lives and leaving our children ignorant about sex in the midst of an AIDS epidemic.

Few in Washington have the guts to stand up to the religious right, despite Pat Buchanan's failed candidacy. And Pat Robertson's. And Oliver North's. And Michael Huffington's. Despite all these defeats, the antisexual spirit lives on in the small minds of a small group of men walking the halls of Congress, thinking about sex in the worst way.

So far, the moral mafia has advanced its puritanical agenda without much press scrutiny. It is time to shine a light on the mob and its activities. Maybe, like cockroaches, the mob will scatter.

READER

DICKHEADS

The one-sided, narrow-minded "Dickheads, Inc." (*The Playboy Forum*, April) fails to mention the millions of dollars the so-called environmental groups (Sierra Club, Nature Conservancy, et al.) receive from corporations, grants and the federal government. These groups are out to destroy private-property rights and to stop vehicular recreation on public land in order to further their personal goals. I am a member of People for the West, and I enjoy exploring off-road areas in that part of the country. I have been locked out of millions of acres because of the exploitation of the Endangered Species Act by powerful green groups. Yes, PFW does accept corporate donations, and they account for more than 50 percent of its $1 million annual budget. Compare this with the Sierra Club's yearly budget of $40 million, or the Nature Conservancy's $250 million projection. These days, green means the almighty dollar, power and greed.

Derek Cooper
Ridgecrest, California

Of the Sierra Club's $40 million budget, less than 0.12 percent comes from federal grants. Less than ten percent of the Nature Conservancy's $250 million budget comes from taxpayer funds. Our point wasn't who gives or takes—it was to expose the name game played by flacks.

It's the greenies who have cornered the market on lies, distortions and bad science, not People for the West. PFW is supported by its members, who work in ranching, mining, logging and other vitally important fields that greenies want to eliminate. As for the wolf-in-sheep's-clothing analogy: My understanding is that researcher Barry Clausen found no record of terrorist activities by wise-use groups in the past 12 years but turned up $11 million in losses from 120 documented incidents of terrorism and violence by environmental and animal rights groups in the U.S. and Canada. The war on the West is not about spotted owls or salmon or protecting the environment. It is a plan to force people off their land so greenies can play with their wilderness areas, bioreserves and other biotoys. Green radicals are working hard to eliminate the Constitution and plunge our nation into feudal government.

William Jud
Fredericktown, Missouri

People for the West is exactly what it claims to be. We are not attempting to deceive anyone. We represent a coalition of agriculture, livestock grazing, mining, oil and gas production, recreation, timber harvesting and water development interests. And we are damned proud of it, for these interests are the economic backbone of many Western communities. PFW advocates a balanced, multiple-use public lands policy. I agree with Robert Wieder's assertion that many environmental organizations are merely fronts for massive real estate schemes, aimed at taking title to and exploiting as much public land as they can dupe their idealistic members into paying for. PFW is on their enemy lists.

Gary Shaw
Chapter President
People for the West
Mancos, Colorado

Wieder must have caused a few uncomfortable moments for the fat cats crouched behind their cardboard grassroots causes. Since I read that article, they seem to be popping up everywhere. Here's another corporate scam to add to his list: The Competitive Long Distance Coalition and NTS Marketing launched a "grassroots" lobbying effort to influence Congress on behalf of those who make long-distance phone calls. But the grass roots turned out to be weeds—the campaign was a thinly veiled corporate-backed drive.

Nikki Woods
Naples, Florida

Wieder is right. But "astroturf lobbying" is too mild a term for this type of activity. For several years, I have been trying to coin the following word to denote astroturf lobbying: pornoganda, defined as the obscene misuse/abuse of language in order to deceive, mislead, defraud or otherwise conceal the truth. I consider pornoganda more obscene than pornography.

Clyde Wilkes
Bisbee, Arizona

SPECIAL DELIVERY

James Bovard's "Stand and Deliver" (*The Playboy Forum*, April) is interesting, but it seems to leave the reader with a

FOR THE RECORD

PROFILES IN COURAGE?

"When gunfire broke out on Ruby Ridge that summer day, every member of the team came under fire at some point. They all responded in a courageous and professional manner, defending themselves and protecting their fallen comrade. For their exceptional courage, their sound judgment in the face of attack and their high degree of professional competence during this incident, I hereby present the Robert Forsyth Act of Valor Award."

—UNITED STATES MARSHALS SERVICE DIRECTOR EDUARDO GONZALEZ DURING AN AWARDS CEREMONY ON MARCH 1. HONORS WERE GIVEN TO FIVE MARSHALS INVOLVED IN THE 1992 RUBY RIDGE SHOOT-OUT WITH RANDY WEAVER AMONG THEIR HEROIC FEATS: FATALLY SHOOTING 14-YEAR-OLD SAMMY WEAVER IN THE BACK AND ALSO KILLING HIS DOG

RESPONSE

sense of helplessness. I am a member of Citizens for an Alternative Tax System, a volunteer, grassroots, nonprofit organization that seeks to eliminate the IRS and replace federal income taxes—including estate, gift and excise taxes—with a retail national sales tax. A bill proposing this change has been sponsored by members and supporters of the Congressional National Sales Tax Caucus. Its primary authors are Representative Dan Schaefer (R–Col.) and Representative Billy Tauzin (R–La.). House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Bill Archer (R–Tex.) also supports the bill and says his goal before he leaves Congress is to tear the income tax out by its roots and throw it on the side of the road. Bovard's tales are only a few examples of why income tax and the IRS should be trashed. Only then can we implement a fair and simple tax. Every U.S. taxpayer should learn about and support the effort to pass this historic new legislation. CATS can be reached at 800-767-7577.

Ashley Lewis
Austin, Texas

OK, I admit it. I subscribe to PLAYBOY for the same reason every other college kid does: to decorate the dorm room walls. However, after reading "Stand and Deliver," I was sure I had discovered the true gem of your publication, namely, James Bovard. Bovard exhibits a convincing, well-researched style rarely achieved by other journalists. His topics possess flavor, validity and tangibility. At a time when our nation's policy makers are drastically out of touch with the public, Bovard serves as a conduit between government and citizen. I now look forward to the *Forum* as eagerly as I do the centerfold.

Douglas Lund
Manhattan, Kansas

Thanks for "Stand and Deliver." I've often been tempted to write "Infernal Revenue Service" on my tax check but have always chickened out. I'm glad someone had the guts to print some of the rotten stuff the agency gets away with. One thing is for sure: It has created an avalanche of misery. Kudos and a double martini to you, Mr. Bovard.

K. Geesey
Atglen, Pennsylvania

DINNER IS SERVED

In response to your "Whips and Gravy" item (*Newsfront, The Playboy Forum*, April), I am pleased to inform you that the restaurant called School Dinners (which combines food with good old-fashioned discipline) has opened in Belfast. It's a relief to know that, on occasion, small minds, politics and overzealous zoning can be overcome for the common good.

Mark Walton
Holywood, Northern Ireland

Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).*

Aids Watch

In April, *Esquire* magazine ran an item that warned readers: "Watch Your Mouth." The Healthwatch reporter had "newly urgent advice" for all men: Oral sex with women posed a possible means of HIV transmission. According to the reporter, several clinicians had reported treating "increasing numbers of infected men whose only risky behavior was cunnilingus."

We treated this news with some skepticism. After all, how many men in New York perform only cunnilingus? And how likely was it that such a person would come into contact with one of the 16,000 women with AIDS in NYC?

The Centers for Disease Control won't dismiss the possibility of contracting HIV through cunnilingus. But certain factors—such as studies that show HIV inhibitors in saliva—may explain the low incidence of orally transmitted HIV among gays.

The New York City Office of AIDS Surveillance wouldn't rule out the possibility, but they sent us numbers that spoke volumes. New York had a total of 64,475 male diagnosed AIDS cases by December 1995. Approximately 97 percent of the cases could be traced to known routes of transmission: through unprotected sex with gay or bisexual men or with intravenous drug users, through sharing needles during IV drug use or through blood transfusions. Only 756 of those cases resulted from heterosexual activity. The heterosexual figures didn't separate noncoital sex as a route for transmission.

If cunnilingus represented a high risk, we wondered, how many lesbians had reported HIV infections? The Lesbian AIDS Project sent us some interesting materials. One article in the December 1986 *Annals of Internal Medicine* featured a case of a woman who apparently caught the virus from her lesbian lover (an IV drug user). The two had oral and digital contact during menses, and both women had suffered vaginal bleeding from traumatic sexual activities.

In 1991 the CDC had found 164 women with AIDS who reported having sex exclusively with females. Of the 164 women, 152 were intravenous drug users. The remaining 12 had apparently received tainted blood during transfusions.

In 1992 *The Journal of Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndromes* studied 511 women who have sex with women. Of the 470 bisexual women, only 13 were HIV-positive. These 13 reported a number of high-risk activities—including unprotected vaginal and anal sex with men and IV drug use. None of the 41 lesbians—who claimed no high-risk behavior—were infected.

That's it. You do the math.

—TERRY GLOVER

SEX AND DANGER

a new wave of erotic fiction by women pushes the limits

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Good writing changes the way we view the world and makes the familiar seem new. A few sentences of good sexual writing can grab your libido by the throat, producing an erection so startling it feels as if you've switched hands.

We have always dog-eared the good parts, and even the so-so parts, to see if a writer had stumbled on a new approach to the oldest pastime. Over the past few years there has been a renaissance of sexual writing—mostly from female short-story authors. Now, two such women have graduated to the big leagues, tackling novels that are drenched in sex.

In the first chapter of Susanna Moore's *In the Cut* (the title refers to slang for "being in a woman"), Frannie, a language teacher, witnesses a backroom blow job in a dubious New York City club. A redheaded woman kneels in front of a man. He watches Frannie while she watches him:

"He did not turn away. And he did not stop her. She made another little moan, just to let him know that she was getting tired, and he put his hands on top of her bobbing head, bunching up the red hair, gripping her, letting her know, letting me know that he was about to come and he didn't want her to fuck it up by suddenly deciding to lick his balls."

Frannie watches the resulting orgasm: "She began to slow down as he came, and I thought, This girl knows what she's doing."

So, we might add, does the guy. Such is life. You find a guy you can identify with and the next thing you know, he's a suspect in a murder. The redheaded fellatrix is found "disarticulated" the next morning. Frannie's involvement with the detective investigating the murder offers an analysis—not of a serial killer's style, but of sexual styles in general.

Watching the detective cruise the streets of New York, the heroine of *In the Cut* wonders: "He was slow, deliberate, confident. One foot on the gas, one foot on the brake. He didn't honk his horn or call anyone an asshole. I wondered if he fucked that way."

She finds out soon enough:

"He turned me around and bent me over the desk, yanking my skirt around my waist, and pulled aside my underpants and pushed his finger, fingers, all of his fingers inside me.

"'You're soaking wet,' he said. He pulled my arms behind my back, holding my wrists together.

DAN YACCARINO

"There was the sound of a belt buckle banging against the side of the desk, and then the sound of a zipper. The handcuffs were on the desk, near my face.

"The telephone rang in the room outside.

"With one hand, he pushed against the small of my back and with the other hand he took his penis and slid it up and down between my buttocks, wetting me, rubbing his penis with his hand, wetting it too. And then he began to open me, first one finger, and then two, preparing me, teasing me, patiently expert, until I could feel it softening, expanding. 'That's right,' he said, feeling it too. 'Give it up.'

"'What are you doing?' I whispered. Even though I knew. It was as if I had to pretend that I did not know what he was about to do to me.

"'Give it up,' he said again and pushed himself into me with a sudden low moan, the force of it, the quick pain, causing me to call out. He held me tightly by the hips, moving me slowly then faster, moving deeper, taking one hand away for a moment to wipe the base of my spine, wet with perspiration, taking my hips again, his fingers pressing into my bones, keeping me close to him. There was the sound of his breathing and another deeper, harsher sound I had not heard before as he rose slowly to orgasm, heedless of me, heedless of the men in the room outside."

She then masturbates as he tells her what he did to her and how much she liked it, and she comes.

The heroine of this novel is annoyingly passive; she is fascinated by the deliberateness of sex. A chameleon, she adapts to her partner's lead. In a phone call, he tells her exactly what he likes about her cunt, how when he cups her, the clitoris leaps into his hand, the sign of a good lover. She pushes her hand into her underwear and discovers exactly what he means.

The narrator has a friend, Pauline, who shares her obsession with sexual styles. Pauline, having chased away one lover too many, wonders if she is too sexually aggressive. The two have a wonderful and arch conversation over drinks:

"'What exactly was it that you wanted Mr. Kaplan to do?' I ask.

"'I think it was to fuck me from behind.'

"'What an unreasonable request.'

"'You know,' she said dreamily, 'I can

remember every man I ever fucked by the way he liked to do it, not the way I liked to do it.'"

The price for such behavior: Pauline becomes the serial killer's next victim.

The detective investigating the crimes has his own views about sexual style: "Some women are terrible blow jobs. No rhythm. No sense of cock." What a wonderful phrase. Praise your lover using this phrase and see if it changes the way she performs oral sex.

Critics—people who get paid to find the good parts—have tried to put labels on these novels. Those who like the new genre call it "transgressive fiction" (deliberately crossing perceived boundaries of taste, custom or sanity) or "moral pornography" (sexual writing that makes the reader question his or her own behavior, or the relation between the sexes).

"SOME WOMEN ARE TERRIBLE BLOW JOBS."

That was the sort of language used to justify this past summer's hot new read by the newest member of the cliterati, A.M. Homes. Initially her new book, *The End of Alice*, had been rejected by its publisher; that buzz alone was enough to launch the book.

Homes' book also studies one man's aggressive sexual style. Unfortunately, this character is a sexual predator, a pedophile convicted of murdering a neighbor's child. What was merely forceful male sexuality in *In the Cut* becomes something else in *The End of Alice*. Homes takes us into the aberrant male sexuality of prison, describing an act of rape:

"He takes a tube of (bartered) jelly from his pocket and spreads my legs; his hands on the insides of my thighs, prying, pulling until my legs unlock—this is something still difficult to do voluntarily, without help, encouragement. He squirts jelly onto his fingers, rubs it for a moment to warm it, then slides one or two digits into my ass, greasing the path; sometimes his other hand is on my belly when he does this, sometimes he is pulling on my cock, but today he jiggles my balls and laughs. I see him getting harder. This is not exactly punishment; it is not torture. It is an experience I deserve (need). I am the woman. I lie here and he fits himself into me. In order to survive I must relax. I feel him inside. I feel him against my entrails and am, as always, most impressed. I breathe, I feel Clayton's weight and understand both the comfort and fear of suffocation. I feel my cavity fill with his fluid and know that for hours it will slowly run out of me. I will feel him in me longer than he will feel me around him."

Is that transgressive enough for you? Homes does allow her narrator revenge. Later in the book he impales Clayton while singing *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

For Homes, a sense of cock, or rather a sense of the masculine, is simple: He who penetrates is male.

We are somewhat amused by all the attention paid the male organ in erotic books written by women. In literary circles it matches the passing of the Olympic torch. But we aren't sure what to make of this obsession with anal sex. It seems clear that a great description of anal sex almost guarantees a spot on the best-seller list. But maybe something else is going on. The books recall a certain literary one-upmanship that used to be the domain of male authors. Norman Mailer, who was born with a sense of cock, once had a character grandly fuck a maid, moving from vagina to rectum and back. Harry Crews, no doubt aware of Mailer's precedent, had a redneck character in *A Feast of Snakes* offer this commentary on a sex act: "Love is taking it out of your mouth and sticking it in your ass. But true love, goddamn true love, is taking it out of your ass and sticking it in your mouth."

Obviously, literature loves to shock, to take the reader for a stroll along the sexual frontier. Earlier this year even the once-staid *New Yorker* published a story with a graphic anal sex scene. Homes pushes sexual imagination over the borders of age and bodily fluids. It's not the specific act (anal sex) but the desire to be graphic that drives the novel.

"NO SENSE OF RHYTHM. NO SENSE OF COCK."

In Homes' book, the pedophile character corresponds with a teenage predator. She is not articulate. In one sentence she describes an afternoon with her younger friend: "And then we did it."

"Did what?" rages the pedophile. "What did you do? Did it. Done it. What does that mean? Why does no one tell me anything anymore?"

The End of Alice gives us fevered expansions of a deranged mind. The pedophile imagines his correspondent taking a young boy into her backyard. He imagines what happens next:

"Her brassiere gives way, comes undone, firing him backward, sliding him out and off and into the dirt. For a second his pillar, his pole, lights up the night, red, hot, glowing like molten steel, like the rumored reindeer's nose. But as quickly as it's flashed, she's upon it, bouncing up and down. Shimmy, shimmy, shake. How quickly it is done. She leaves him laid out in the grass and moves over to the sprinkler, spreading herself over it, working the water whip back and forth beneath her. With the tiny teeth, the tickle of a tongue, she water picks her pussy, sighing under its spray. Both breasts in hand, she tilts her hips back and forth, rocking, coming not just once but in a set, a small series of cataclysmic constrictions. It is something to see, to watch, the work of an artisan. Beneath her, as her hips continue to sway, the water automatically turns itself off."

A woman writing about a man writing about a girl having sex with a boy. Such moral pornography has less to do with our questioning of the relations between the sexes than it does with simply trying to figure out where we are. In this quest for style, what is male? What is female? What is adult?

For all the controversy, these books by women are grounded in one clichéd assumption about male sexuality—that arousal inevitably leads to violence. And they reinforce the old warning that a sexually adventurous woman will pay for her indiscretion. The narrator of *In the Cut* ends up sliced and diced in a fishing shed. Two of the women in *The End of Alice* attempt suicide (one succeeds). And seductive little Alice is herself beheaded. Is that what is meant by deconstruction?

When Bret Easton Ellis disarticulated a character in *American Psycho*, the National Organization for Women called for his head. To NOW's dismay, the controversy simply helped boost the sales of what was otherwise a forgettable novel. And we recall that feminists objected loudly to Nicholson Baker's superb *Fermata*, a novel in which no one dies at all. The lead character simply stops time now and then to examine women's underwear and other private parts. (He actually falls in love with one woman because of the similarity between her French braid and her pubic hair.)

There is a double standard here: When a male author commits fictional violence against female characters, it leads to claims of misogyny. But when a female author posing as a male character commits fictional violence against a female character, it leads to claims of art.

Sex equals danger, sex equals death? Hey, girls, lighten up.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

MONKEY BUSINESS

NASHVILLE—*Politicians in the state that gave us the Scopes Monkey Trial debated but finally defeated (for now) a bill that would allow public schools to fire*

teachers if they taught evolution as fact. Earlier the State Senate had passed a resolution that encouraged businesses and schools to post and obey the Ten Commandments. In the neighboring state of Alabama, officials were busy affixing a disclaimer to biology textbooks that warns against "the unproven belief that random, undirected forces produced a world of living things."

NO ADULTS ALLOWED

COLUMBUS, OHIO—*After a lone patron complained, the Metropolitan Library removed 29 books and five audiotapes of Anne Rice's erotic "Sleeping Beauty" trilogy. The books and tapes had been available for three years, but the library recently revised its policies to exclude "pornography" from its collection. To justify the removal, the library director pointed to reviews (including one in* PLAYBOY*) that describe the trilogy as pornographic.*

INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI—*The town library turned down an offer to host a traveling exhibit to celebrate Banned Books Week. "USA Today" ran a headline that read* BANNED BOOK EXHIBIT BANNED, *but the library director insisted there simply wasn't room for the 12-book display.*

DATE-RAPE DRUG

TALLAHASSEE—*Florida and Texas are considering tougher regulation of the sedative Rohypnol, also known as "roofies" or "the date-rape drug." Especially when combined with alcohol, the drug can make a person punch-drunk or can knock him or her out cold for hours. (Shortly before his suicide, Kurt Cobain overdosed on roofies and champagne.) Although Rohypnol is legal by prescription in 60 nations (including Mexico), U.S. Customs has banned its import. The Drug Enforcement Administration also plans to champion harsher penalties for possession.*

GROUND ZERO

BALTIMORE—*Last year, Robert Pate was sent to prison for smuggling marijuana between Baltimore, Philadelphia, Newark and Toronto. As often happens in drug cases, prosecutors seized Pate's home and bank accounts. Now they also want his 117,705 frequent-flier miles. A judge agreed to consider the request, and Pate doesn't plan to fight it. "He's in prison," explained his attorney. "He's not going anywhere."*

FLOWER POWER

SEATTLE—*Police arrested the author of a book on the history and use of opium and charged him with the distribution of "illegal" narcotics—for two dried poppies he purchased at a flower shop. "This stuff grows everywhere," argued author Jim Hogshire's lawyer. "If they're not busting Martha Stewart for this, why him?" Hogshire, who was also charged with possessing a weapon (an unloaded rifle found in a closet), spent three days in jail before being released on bond. He said one cop asked him during the raid, "With what you write, weren't you expecting this?"*

COURTING TROUBLE

PITTSBURGH—*There's more than one way to get rid of a romantic rival. A convicted robber was granted a new trial after a judge ruled that the prosecutor in his 1988 case had a conflict of interest: He was having an affair with the defendant's girlfriend. Testimony revealed that the couple had had sex in a parked car the same day the prosecutor and the accused negotiated a plea bargain and sentence. Said the spurned convict, "She's an evil temptress, and he's a dog."*

JUDGMENT DAY

TALLAHASSEE—*In the latest episode of Christian Coalition disorder, an entrenched "family values" politician in Florida was arrested while receiving a $22 blow job outside a busy shopping center. The Christian Coalition of Florida had anointed State Representative Marvin Couch with a perfect rating during his two terms, a record now besmirched by four solicitation charges. Announcing his resignation, Couch said he needed to spend more time with his wife and six children.*

SMILE! YOU'RE BUSTED

LONDON—*Believing that surveillance fights crime, officials in England have installed some 400,000 security cameras throughout the country. And an enterprising video producer has released a 45-minute tape of juicy footage culled from the spying technology. "Caught in the Act" includes trysts in a parking garage, an elevator and a supply closet, armed robberies, car accidents and shoplifters. While British lawmakers expressed outrage, the producer says the tape "makes the point*

that Big Brother is getting out of hand." The money has been nice too: "Caught" sold 60,000 copies in its first few weeks of release. The producer's previous video compilations include "Police Stop!" and "Executions."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

(Advertisement)

YOU CAN MAKE UP TO

$9,800 in 24 Hours!

Dear Friend,

I made $9,800 in 24 hours. You may do better!

My name is John Wright. Not too long ago I was flat broke. I was $31,000 in debt. The bank repossessed my car because I couldn't keep up with the payments. And one day the landlord gave me an eviction notice because I hadn't paid the rent for three months. So we had to move out. My family and I stayed at my cousin's place for the rest of that month before I could manage to get another apartment. That was very embarrassing.

Things have changed now. I own four homes in Southern California. The one I'm living in now in Bel Air is worth more than one million dollars. I own several cars, among them a Rolls Royce and a Mercedes Benz. Right now, I have a million dollar line of credit with the banks and have certificates of deposit at $100,000 each in my bank in Beverly Hills.

Best of all, I have time to have fun. To be me. To do what I want. I work about 4 hours a day, the rest of the day, I do things that please me. Some days I go swimming and sailing—shopping. Other days, I play racquetball or tennis. Sometimes, frankly, I just lie out under the sun with a good book. I love to take long vacations. I just got back from a two week vacation from—Maui, Hawaii.

I'm not really trying to impress you with my wealth. All I'm trying to do here is to prove to you that if it wasn't because of that money secret I was lucky enough to find that day, I still would have been poor or maybe even bankrupt. It was only through this amazing money secret that I could pull myself out of debt and become wealthy. Who knows what would have happened to my family and me.

Knowing about this secret changed my life completely. It brought me wealth, happiness, and most important of all—peace of mind. This secret will change your life, too! It will give you everything you need and will solve all your money problems. Of course you don't have to take my word for it. You can try it for yourself. To see that you try this secret, I'm willing to give you $20.00 in cash. (I'm giving my address at the bottom of this page.) I figure, if I spend $20.00, I get your attention. And you will prove it to yourself this amazing money secret will work for you, too!

Why, you may ask, am I willing to share this secret with you? To make money? Hardly. First, I already have all the money and possessions I'll ever need. Second, my secret does not involve any sort of competition whatsoever. Third, nothing is more satisfying to me than sharing my secret only with those who realize a golden opportunity and get on it quickly.

This secret is incredibly simple. Anyone can use it. You can get started with practically no money at all and the risk is almost zero. You don't need special training or even a high school education. It doesn't matter how young or old you are and it will work for you at home or even while you are on vacation.

Let me tell you more about this fascinating money making secret:

With this secret the money can roll in fast. In some cases you may be able to cash in literally overnight. If you can follow simple instructions you can get started in a single afternoon and it is possible to have spendable money in your hands the very next morning. In fact, this just might be the fastest *legal* way to make money that has ever been invented!

This is a very safe way to get extra cash. It is practically risk free. It is not a dangerous gamble. Everything you do has already been tested and you can get started for less money than most people spend for a night on the town.

One of the nicest things about this whole idea is that you can do it at home in your spare time. You don't need equipment or an office. It doesn't matter where you live either. You can use this secret to make money if you live in a big city or on a farm or anywhere in between. A husband and wife team from New York used my secret, worked at home in their spare time, and made $45,000 *in one year.*

This secret is simple. It would be hard to make a mistake if you tried. You don't need a college degree or even a high school education. All you need is a little common sense and the ability to follow simple, easy, step-by-step instructions. I personally know a man from New England who used this secret and made $2 million *in just 3 years.*

You can use this secret to make money no matter how old or how young you may be. There is no physical labor involved and everything is so easy it can be done whether you're a teenager or 90 years old. I know one woman who is over 65 and *is making all the money she needs* with this secret.

When you use this secret to make money you never have to try to convince anybody of anything. This has nothing to do with door-to-door selling, telephone solicitation, real estate or anything else that involves personal contact.

Everything about this idea is perfectly legal and honest. You will be proud of what you are doing and you will be providing a very valuable service.

It will only take you two hours to learn how to use this secret. After that everything is almost automatic. After you get started you can probably do everything that is necessary in three hours per week.

Here's what newspapers and magazines are saying about this incredible secret:

The Washington Times:
The Royal Road to Riches is paved with golden tips.

National Examiner:
John Wright has an excellent guide for achieving wealth in your spare time.

Income Opportunities:
The Royal Road to Riches is an invaluable guide for finding success in your own back yard.

News Tribune:
Wright's material is a MUST for anyone who contemplates making it as an independent entrepreneur.

Success:
John Wright believes in success, pure and simple.

Money Making Opportunities:
John Wright has a rare gift for helping people with no experience make lots of money. He's made many people wealthy.

California Political Week:
...The politics of high finance made easy.

The Tolucan:
You'll love...*The Royal Road to Riches.* It's filled with valuable information...only wish I'd known about it years ago!

Hollywood Citizen News:
He does more than give general ideas. He gives people a detailed A to Z plan to make big money.

The Desert Sun:
Wright's *Royal Road to Riches* lives up to its title in offering an uncomplicated path to financial success.

PROOF

I know you are skeptical. That simply shows your good business sense. Well, here is proof from people who have put this amazing secret into use and have gotten all the money they ever desired. Their initials have been used In order to protect their privacy, but I have full information and the actual proof of their success in my files.

'More Money Than I Ever Dreamed'

"All I can say—your plan is *great!* In just 8 weeks I took in over $100,000. More money than I ever dreamed of making. At this rate, I honestly believe, I can make over a million dollars per year.

A. F., Providence. RI

'$9,800 In 24 Hours'

"I didn't believe it when you said the secret could produce money the *next morning.* Boy, was I wrong, and you were right! I purchased your *Royal Road to Riches.* On the basis of your advice, $9,800 poured in, in less than 24 hours! John, your secret is incredible!"

J. K., Laguna Hills, CA

'Made $15,000 In 2 Months At 22'

"I was able to earn over $15,000 with your plan—in just the past two months. As a 22 year old girl, I never thought that I'd ever be able to make as much money as fast as I've been able to do. I really do wish to thank you, with all of my heart."

Ms. E. L., Los Angeles, CA

'Made $126,000 In 3 Months'

"For years, I passed up all the plans that promised to make me rich. Probably I am lucky I did—but I am even more lucky that I took the time to send for your material. It changed my whole life. Thanks to you, I made $126,000 in 3 months."

S. W., Plainfield, IN

'Made $203,000 In 8 Months'

"I never believed those success stories...never believed I would be one of them...using your techniques, in just 8 months, I made over $203,000...made over $20,000 more in the last 22 days! Not just well prepared but simple, easy, fast...John, thank you for your *Royal Road to Riches!"*

C. M., Los Angeles, CA

'$500,000 In Six Months'

"I'm amazed at my success! By using your secret I made $500,000 in six months. That's more than twenty times what I've made in any single year before! I've never made so much money in such short time with minimum effort. My whole life I was waiting for this amazing miracle! Thank you, John Wright."

R. S., Mclean, VA

As you can tell by now I have come across something pretty good. I believe I have discovered the sweetest little money-making secret you could ever imagine. Remember—I guarantee it.

Most of the time, it takes big money to make money. This is an exception. With this secret you can start in your spare time with almost nothing. But of course you don't have to start small or stay small. You can go as fast and as far as you wish. The size of your profits is totally up to you. I can't guarantee how much you will make with this secret but I can tell you this—so far this amazing money producing secret makes the profits from most other ideas look like peanuts!

Now at last, I've completely explained this remarkable secret in a special money making plan. I call it "The Royal Road to Riches". Some call it a miracle. You'll probably call it "The Secret of Riches". You will learn everything you need to know step-by-step. So you too can put this amazing money making secret to work for you and make all the money you need.

To prove this secret will solve all your money problems, don't send me any money, *instead postdate* your check for a month and a half from today. I guarantee not to deposit it for 45 days. I won't cash your check for 45 days before I know for sure that you are completely satisfied with my material.

$20.00 FREE!

There is no way you can lose. You either solve all your money problems with this secret (in just 30 days) or you get your money back *plus* $20.00 *in cash* **FREE!**

Do you realize what this means? You can put my simple secret into use. Be able to solve all your money problems. And if for any reason whatsoever you are not 100% satisfied after using the secret for 30 days, you may return my material. And then I will not only return your original UNCASHED CHECK, but I will also send you an extra *$20.00 cashiers check* just for giving the secret an honest try according to the simple instructions.

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SWORN STATEMENT:

"As Mr. John Wright's accountant, I certify that his assets exceed one million dollars." Mark Davis

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THE SMOOTH GIN IN THE BUMPY BOTTLE.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SHAQUILLE O'NEAL

a candid conversation with the future of basketball about his lust for action, the miracles of wealth, his fears about the olympics and why he still can't sink a free throw

Shaquille O'Neal was ascending into heaven. That's how it seemed to the fans reaching for him as he climbed the steps to the VIP lounge at the Embassy, an Orlando nightclub. It was supposed to be a small, private party, but a radio station had passed the word and half the town showed up. The line stretched nearly half a mile as thousands of people waited three hours for a glimpse. When he arrived, dressed like a titanic leprechaun in a bright green suit and matching derby, the crowd surged forward and tore off the club's glass doors.

The occasion: O'Neal's 24th birthday.

The phenomenon: Shaqmania, which he can't escape even on "quiet" nights on the town. Never one to shun the spotlight, O'Neal sports a tattoo of the Superman logo. He says the S is for Shaq. Another tattoo reads The World Is Mine, and this summer, at least, it's no idle boast: The recent NBA season was O'Neal's most impressive in four All-Star years as the Orlando Magic's center of attention. With $17 million a year in endorsements and with a megamillion-dollar contract pending, he trails only Michael Jordan and Mike Tyson on the jock-wealth list. This month O'Neal will share the spotlight at the Olympics in Atlanta, where he is the pivot of Dream Team III. His fame is such that the Magic pays a security expert to deal with Shaqmania on road trips. O'Neal has been mobbed in Athens, Tokyo, Hong Kong and London. The hoopster–rap star ("Shaq Diesel" went platinum and his second CD, "Shaq-Fu," went gold)–pitchman (Pepsi, Reebok, Taco Bell) is also an actor ("Blue Chips" with Nick Nolte) who has a new movie. He stars in "Kazaam" as a joking, rapping genie. In short, he's typecast.

The film exemplifies O'Neal's style. It is a blend of seeming opposites, a joint effort by Disney and the rap conglomerate Interscope. But just as O'Neal makes his backboard-shattering dunks seem fun rather than fierce, he thinks he can make happy rap without losing the hip in hip-hop. It wouldn't be the first unlikely mix for the man who has been called "a cross between Bambi and the Terminator," just the latest installment in a goofy, all-American melodrama—his life.

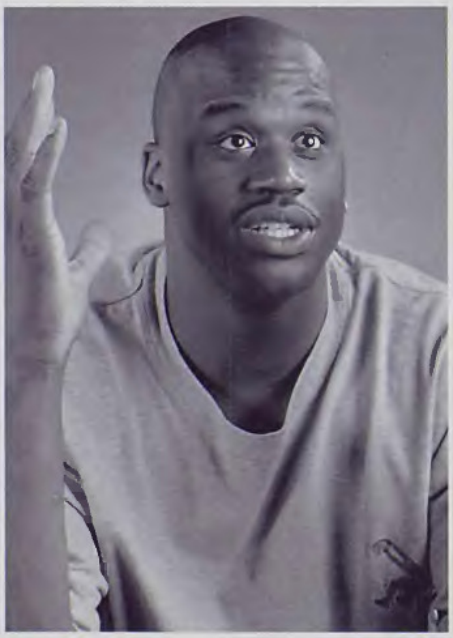
In the 1991–1992 season, the year before O'Neal hit the NBA, Otis Thorpe led the league with 162 dunks. Rookie Shaq nearly doubled the record. In 1993–1994 he set a new mark with an absurd 387 dunks. Hall of Famer Bill Walton called him "a combination of Wilt Chamberlain and Magic Johnson," an irresistible force with unstoppable charm. O'Neal seemed to have leaped out of nowhere direct to center stage. In fact, he had spent a troubled youth half a world away before making his mark.

Shaquille Rashuan O'Neal, whose first and middle names are Islamic for "little warrior," was born in Newark, New Jersey on March 6, 1972. His father soon disappeared. His stepdad was an Army sergeant who moved the family to a U.S. Army base in West Germany when O'Neal was a sixth grader. That's where college coach Dale Brown taught a clinic, spotted young Shaq and asked, "How tall are you, soldier?"

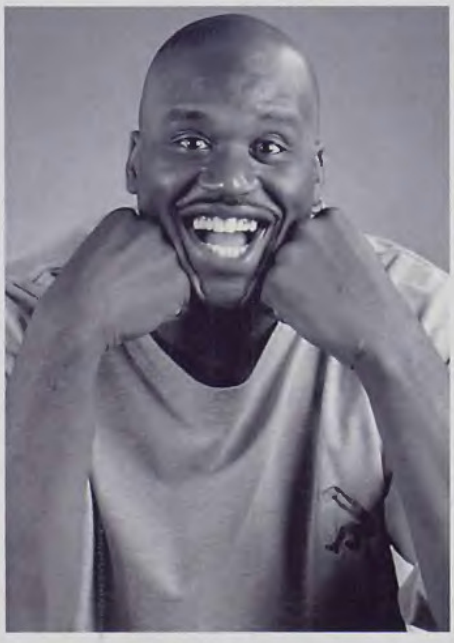
"I'm not a soldier, sir. I'm only 13."

After his stepdad was transferred to Texas, O'Neal led San Antonio's Cole High to the state title. He signed on with coach Brown at Louisiana State University and averaged 13.9 points per game as a freshman. By his junior year he was averaging 24.1 points, but opposing teams had adopted a strategy still seen in the pros: In the hack-a-Shaq defense, two or three or four defenders swarm O'Neal whenever he touches the ball. He skipped his senior year at LSU to join the NBA, where such tactics are technically illegal—which simply means more sophisticated. The number one pick in the 1992 pro draft was supposed to be the salvation of the pitiful Orlando Magic. Pepsi and Reebok committed $30 million in endorsement fees before O'Neal played his first NBA minute.

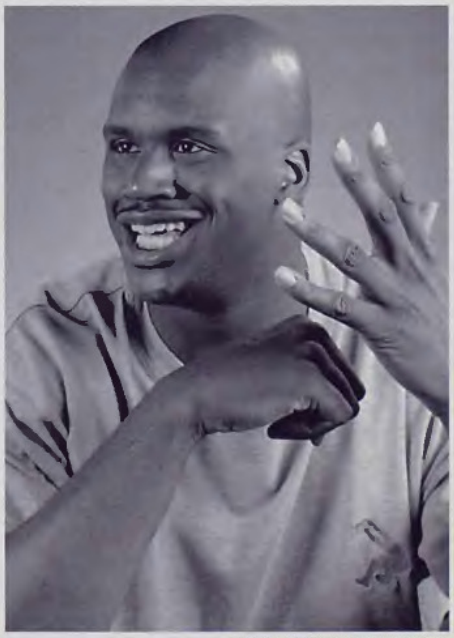
As a Magic rookie he tore down the rim on



"Dream Teams I and II set such high standards, people almost expect us to slip up. That's why I don't want to start. I want to be the sixth man. That way you get big applause when you go in."



"I used to jump off roofs and try to fly. I'd land on stacks of cardboard. Even on swings—you know how you swing real high and jump off at the top, and for a second you're flying? I could do that all day."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY C.J. WALKER

"Sometimes I dunk so hard it hurts. Especially if a guy tries to block it. I'll think, Let's see if I can break his fingers on the rim. It can really hurt my hands, but I don't feel it till after the game."

a ferocious dunk. And not just the rim. In a long, loud, nearly slow-motion process, the rim crumpled, followed by the backboard and finally by the steel-reinforced goal support. The NBA hired engineers to fortify goals around the league. More important, the woeful Magic improved from 21–61 to 41–41. That off-season the Rookie of the Year had a small part in the hoops film "Blue Chips," starring Nick Nolte. O'Neal didn't make the first five in the credits, but his fame was jumping fast. Posters for the film read NOLTE–SHAQ.

In 1993–1994, his second pro year, O'Neal averaged 29.3 points, second in the league to San Antonio's David Robinson. Orlando made the playoffs for the first time. A year later O'Neal again averaged 29.3, this time winning the scoring title. His 11.4 rebounds per game were the league's third best. He led Orlando to the NBA finals, where the Magic lost to Hakeem Olajuwon and the Houston Rockets. After that series Olajuwon called Shaq "the future of this league."

As his basketball skills improve, O'Neal's fame grows. He's a natural force who never appears to work hard, yet last summer he sweated with fitness trainer Billy Blanks and got stronger than ever. His seemingly listless, earthbound playing style can shift instantly into mad spells of dunking, driving, shot-blocking genius. He is the sports world's top colossus, but like Wilt Chamberlain before him he can't master his game's simplest task: The guy can't hit a free throw.

We sent Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook** *to meet him at his home outside Orlando, just down the road from Disney World. Cook reports:*

"Casa Shaq is a 22,000-square-foot mansion jammed with fan mail, pinball machines, computer games and life-size figures of movie monsters. It's as if Tom Hanks' character in 'Big' became an NBA All-Star. O'Neal's music studio and putting green are under construction. When Shaq is there, everything seems in perspective. After all, this is a man who wears a 22EEE shoe and a size 52 shirt (or XXXXL). His four dogs' names are all pop references: Thor, Shazam, Prince and Die-Hard.

"Since O'Neal is a starstruck superstar, one wall of his TV room is covered with the framed jerseys of dozens of other famous jocks, his heroes. Two of these mementos bear the number 32, which is also Shaq's number. One is Magic Johnson's Laker jersey, inscribed, 'To the most versatile big man ever. Keep rappin'.' Another 32 is a USC jersey, signed 'Peace,' from O.J. Simpson.

"Our most exciting moments took place about 3200 miles west of the Shaq Shack. One day in Long Beach, California, where he was working on a Taco Bell commercial, I waited three hours for the interview session he'd promised. But filming ran late, and Quincy Jones, Shaq's dinner date, was waiting for him in Beverly Hills, 45 minutes north. There was only one way we could talk: I would drive Shaq to Beverly Hills. Unfortunately I had a midsize rental car. Fortunately Shaquille was game: He squashed his seven-foot frame into the car, his knees almost touching his forehead, and held my tape recorder to his lips so the car's noise wouldn't cover our talk. Then his agent Leonard Armato, whom we were to follow to Beverly Hills, took off like a comet in his black Mercedes Benz, forcing me to hop curbs and run red lights to keep up. There was no time for seat belts. The car chase continued as Armato hit the freeway and zipped between speeding cars. A few times we were inches from a crack-up. I saw the next day's headline: SHAQ BRUISES THUMB—UNKNOWN MAN DIES. *But we squeaked through, and Shaquille, who can be monosyllabic on an ordinary day but responds well to danger, talked openly about the unlikely transformation of a once clumsy boy into an athletic conglomerate."*

PLAYBOY: We almost crashed on the freeway, but you never blinked.

O'NEAL: Nothing scares me. I'm an action guy. Scuba diving, bungee jumping, motorcycles—I'm there. I bungeed off a crane in Orlando and loved it. I'm getting a new motorcycle, too, a specially made, really big Harley.

I was clumsy. Always flunked gym, right up to high school. Even now I can do only about ten push-ups.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't your contract forbid dangerous hobbies?

O'NEAL: Yes. I'm not allowed to skydive, ride motorcycles, stuff like that. But I like going fast. I wiped out on a moped in Hawaii, rubbed a bunch of skin off my leg. My Harley will be a lot faster than any moped, but I won't get hurt. And I am going to skydive.

PLAYBOY: So you've violated your $41 million contract with the Magic? What if you get hurt and they quit paying you?

O'NEAL: They could. I would still go skydiving.

PLAYBOY: What other stunts have you tried?

O'NEAL: Parasailing in Mexico. A boat pulls you almost 100 miles an hour and you go hundreds of feet up in the air. Then you come down and hit hard. You could break your leg. But I always approach things thinking, What's the worst thing that could happen here? With parasailing the worst thing is landing wrong, so I concentrate on turning at the last second, hitting the water with the side of my leg. One thing about me, whether I'm sailing or cycling or jumping my Sea-Doo like a crazy man: I know how to land.

PLAYBOY: And you'll bet $41 million on it.

O'NEAL: I'm not a worrier.

PLAYBOY: Now you've landed a starring role in the Olympics. Can you cover the 50-point spread against Lithuania?

O'NEAL: Dream Teams I and II set such high standards, people almost expect us to slip up. That's why I'm telling Lenny Wilkens I don't want to start. I want to be the sixth man. That way at least you get big applause when you go in.

PLAYBOY: Will you get emotional at the medals ceremony?

O'NEAL: Nah. The Olympics is a job. It's my job to kick some butt and bring back the gold. Maybe have some fun with the guys.

PLAYBOY: You outplayed Michael Jordan in this year's All-Star game, but he got the MVP award. Were you pissed?

O'NEAL: A little. With the game in San Antonio I figured David [Robinson] would play unbelievably and be the MVP. But he got off to a slow start and nobody took over the game, so I thought, Let me. I hit three fadeaways, got a big dunk late, thought I was a shoo-in. Then politics took over. But it's cool, it's over now. Me and Jordan, man, we're friends. He came to me after the game with the trophy under his arm. He said, "Here, take it. You deserved it." But I said no. I don't want to win MVP like that. I want the system to give it to me.

PLAYBOY: Why would the writers voting on the award want to slight you?

O'NEAL: Maybe it's my size. People think big guys have it easy, that we don't even have to try. But I just congratulated Jordan that day. The guy still amazes me. A few guys can surprise you—Magic, Charles—but Jordan, with his quickness, does stuff you can't practice, things you can't even dream of. My rookie year, the first time we played Chicago, the first play I ever faced him, he blocked my shot. I think he was actually flying.

PLAYBOY: You had another embarrassing moment last season when your pants came off. Nobody caught it on film and you wouldn't tell reporters who pantsed you.

O'NEAL: It was Jordan. I was going up, but he grabbed my shorts. I had to go change in a huddle. That stuff happens a lot. I get held, pushed. Guys like to lean on my arm, pin it to my side so I can't rebound. If you watch close you'll see it almost every play. I just don't usually lose my pants.

PLAYBOY: One NBA coach says you get hacked and smacked—"tormented"—more than any player in history.

O'NEAL: I won't take it forever. I'm stronger than ever now, and it's on my clock to stop the abuse. I won't give any warning, either. One night I'll just go crazy and start breaking up people.

PLAYBOY: This year?

O'NEAL: (*Grins*) If I tell you it won't be a

You bet you can!

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surprise, will it?

PLAYBOY: We'll come back to hoops. Tell us about your new job in movies.

O'NEAL: *Kazaam.* I play a hip-hop rapping genie with an attitude. He's half human, half magic, so you never know what he'll do. I wanted to make a children's movie because my target audience is four to 14, and I'm still a child myself. I always say that deep down inside I'm ten years younger than my actual age. So I really just turned 14.

PLAYBOY: Shaq hits puberty—could that cause earthquakes?

O'NEAL: I can feel it coming on.

PLAYBOY: Will you fret about reviews, or are you worry-free as an actor too?

O'NEAL: It's my first starring role, so I told everybody on the set, "If it's not right, tell me." I don't want Siskel and Ebert blasting me.

PLAYBOY: How did they like you as a college dunkster in *Blue Chips*?

O'NEAL: Thumbs up.

PLAYBOY: How many times have you seen *Blue Chips*?

O'NEAL: A million. I sat in my house and watched it over and over till I wore the tape out. Because it was cool, but also to study the movie and what I did in it. It's a basketball role, so I didn't have to act much, but I thought, The kid's OK.

PLAYBOY: What's your method? Do you try to feel your character's emotions?

O'NEAL: Nick Nolte, who played my coach in the movie, amazed me with how he could turn his emotions on and off. In one second he'd go from tears onscreen to joking around when the camera was off. Now I try to do that. I think about simple feelings: mad, sad, happy. To get pissed off I'll think about losing all my money. To be happy I'll think, I just won $800 million! To be sad I'll think my girlfriend dumped me.

PLAYBOY: Has that happened?

O'NEAL: Of course not.

PLAYBOY: Do you talk acting with your neighbor Wesley Snipes?

O'NEAL: I'm not a versatile actor like Wesley or Denzel Washington. Wesley could play a gangster, a cop, a lover, anything. I'll probably always be a basketball player or a silly comedian.

PLAYBOY: You sound wistful.

O'NEAL: I get a lot of scripts. There was a good one I turned down—they wanted to make me a gangster, a killer. But I'm a role model. Too many of my fans are little kids. Action films, though, they're different. My all-time favorite movies are *New Jack City* and the *Godfather* films. Seen 'em a hundred times. I want to make *Terminator 3*. I've told Arnold we'd be great beating each other up, tearing up the city.

PLAYBOY: Schwarzenegger looks huge to most of us. Does he seem puny to you?

O'NEAL: Just normal. But his muscles are big.

PLAYBOY: Do you ad-lib or stick to the script?

O'NEAL: It depends on the director. On *Blue Chips* Billy Friedken was lenient. He said, "Have fun with it." I didn't do anything great. One line was, "Somebody owes me a hundred dollars," and I said, "Somebody owes my ass a hundred dollars."

PLAYBOY: You put your ass on the line.

O'NEAL: It added a little. My best ad-libs are in commercials, though. In my first one for Reebok, where I need a password to go in with the legends—Wilt, Walton, Kareem, Bill Russell—the line was no good: "Speak softly and carry a big stick." I made it, "Don't fake the funk on a nasty dunk." Now I tell all the companies I deal with to make the ads funny. I'm a comedian. For the Pepsi commercial where I want a drink but the little boy won't give me one, I remembered a Coke ad from when I was little, the one where Mean Joe Greene gave a kid his jersey. We kind of played off that but made it funny—the kid tells me, "Don't even think about it."

PLAYBOY: Unlike most jocks, you have equity in the companies you flack. That gives you more creative control. What ad ideas have you vetoed?

O'NEAL: Shaqzilla. I turned down a King Kong ad, too. I said no, I'm more versatile than King Kong. Ad agencies get paid a lot to create commercials, but I turn most of them down. The ad guys get mad, but they don't like to challenge me. They go to the Reebok or Pepsi people and complain.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you veto an NBA ad?

O'NEAL: When I was a rookie they wanted me to tell kids to stay in school. How could I do that when I left LSU a year early? So we compromised. They changed the line to, "Stay in high school."

PLAYBOY: What is it that makes a good commercial?

O'NEAL: Don't talk much. Make a funny face, then say a good one-liner. I'm always trying to think of great ones, like "Make my day." My Pepsi ad had a pretty good one-liner. I run through all the old-time TV shows and then say, "Who says there's nothing good on TV?"

PLAYBOY: You develop spin moves in workouts with Hakeem Olajuwon. Do you practice funny faces too?

O'NEAL: Sure. I work at everything. As a kid I thought I would be on TV someday, so I mocked commercials and watched myself in a mirror. I still try different faces and deliveries in the mirror.

PLAYBOY: Anything you won't endorse?

O'NEAL: I was offered a couple hot dog commercials, but then Jordan came out with his hot dog ad, so I said no. Didn't want to be a follower. I turned down the Shaqdanna, a head rag. One company wanted to bottle my sweat and sell it as cologne. They were going to call it EOS, Essence of Shaq. I'm no marketing genius, but I don't think millions of people want that.

PLAYBOY: Your candy bar, Mr. Big, keeps selling despite its close resemblance to a turd.

O'NEAL: Mr. Big is a cross between my favorite candy bars, Whatchamacallit and Milky Way. I must have taste-tested hundreds of them.

PLAYBOY: How many did you reject?

O'NEAL: None.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the NBA's marketing?

O'NEAL: It works. If I were a kid I'd have the top guys up on my wall—Jordan, me, Charles. Telecommunications are so powerful now, we're known all over the world. I did a clinic in Greece one summer; there were supposed to be about 1500 people there but 34,000 showed up. I dunked and the crowd went crazy. I had to run and hide in the locker room. With me, some of it's the comedy. People like funny faces. Some of it's my size and even my name. Shaq is so easy a two-year-old can say it. As far as the NBA goes, I think Jason Kidd might be the next big name.

PLAYBOY: What about an older name? We take it you never had Bill Laimbeer's poster on your wall.

O'NEAL: He was a flopper. That's a guy who sees me coming 800 miles an hour and falls down, trying to get a foul. Guys who can't play, flop. Laimbeer was the worst.

PLAYBOY: He liked shooting free throws. That's not exactly your style—this year you're hitting fewer than half your free throws. Why?

O'NEAL: I don't concentrate. I practice them a lot and always hit them in practice, but in games I keep missing. I have to concentrate harder.

PLAYBOY: Rick Barry, one of the best foul shooters ever, shot them underhanded. He thinks you should too.

O'NEAL: That's a horrible suggestion. I would never shoot them underhand.

PLAYBOY: It looks girlish, but aerodynamically it's the best way.

O'NEAL: Never.

PLAYBOY: How about the theory and practice of dunking?

O'NEAL: It's the best way to score. Sometimes I dunk so hard it hurts. Especially if a guy tries to block it. I'll think, Let's see if I can break his fingers on the rim. It can really hurt my hands, but with all the adrenaline I don't feel it till after the game, and by then it's OK. The points are on the scoreboard.

PLAYBOY: This year you hit your first three-pointer.

O'NEAL: That was great. I have an NBA video game at home where you can be Shaq or Scott Skiles, the guard who shoots the threes. I'm always Skiles. This time, real life, time was running out, I threw it up and I knew it was in. Knew it, felt it—it's mine.

PLAYBOY: Come on. It banked in.

O'NEAL: Yeah, but I called glass.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any friends on

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enemy teams?

O'NEAL: I started a group of us, the Knuckleheads. Kind of the NBA bad guys. Not just Orlando players like me and Dennis Scott, but Litterial Green, Rod Strickland, the unusual guys. We let Rodman in. He gets away with a lot—pushing and grabbing—that I'd get called for. He's cool, though. We'll see each other and say, "Get over here, knucklehead!" But I had to retire from the Knuckleheads because I'm a role model. So they have no leader now. I guess Rodman will have to take over.

PLAYBOY: What did you think when Magic Johnson rejoined the Lakers? Were you concerned about getting AIDS?

O'NEAL: I was. But when Magic came back the league sent a doctor around to all the teams. He told us the ways you can get AIDS. He told us to be careful. But you can't get it from sweat, and if you're bleeding and the other guy has a cut too, the odds are still that you won't get it. There were people with HIV who came with the doctor and told their stories. It's helpful, it makes you think. I mean, who can you trust? AIDS has definitely changed the way of life around the league. Guys are more careful. The thinking is, If you don't know someone, then maybe you shouldn't, you know? I always practice safe sex.

PLAYBOY: Every single time?

O'NEAL: Well, almost.

PLAYBOY: Is sex different for a man who's 7'1", 320 pounds?

O'NEAL: No. Women like big men. We can protect them.

PLAYBOY: Were you always so confident with women?

O'NEAL: Nope. I lost my virginity late. I was 17, in college already. I wasn't too awkward about it, but I wasn't a big sex man. One night I was out with the boys and I met a girl. She was older. She had an apartment in Baton Rouge. That's where it happened and it was OK, but just OK.

PLAYBOY: You've said that you sometimes intimidate women.

O'NEAL: Some are scared of my size. I can see it in their eyes. But they don't have to be. I won't bite.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any advice about women?

O'NEAL: Be nice to them. Don't b.s. them, because they're smart. Give them what they want.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about the two nude women who knocked on your hotel room door.

O'NEAL: That's a good rumor, but it never happened. Women do ask me to sign their panties, though. And one woman broke into my house when I was sleeping, came into the bedroom and started climbing me. I'm trying to wake up, spinning around, but she's hanging on my neck, saying, "Oh, you're so great!" Finally the police came.

PLAYBOY: Other than being climbed at dawn, what turns you off?

O'NEAL: Fast-talking women. Heavy make-up. And I don't like women approaching me. I like to do the choosing. A woman needs a sense of humor too. One girl I dated was beautiful, but she had no humor at all. I had to get out of there.

PLAYBOY: At your birthday party a woman looked at you and said, "A horny Shaq, that would be a force of nature." Reaction?

O'NEAL: It's reasonable. But I'm not looking around. I've had the same girlfriend for five years.

PLAYBOY: You're very secretive about her—the woman you call "my wife."

O'NEAL: Well, maybe we're secretly married. She was going to college in Texas, but she just graduated. Now she's chilling out with me at home.

PLAYBOY: Are you monogamous?

O'NEAL: I'm faithful. I can look at a roomful of women and it doesn't turn me on. But faithful depends on your situation. Ours is, "You be honest and so will I."

PLAYBOY: Ever break anyone's heart?

O'NEAL: I couldn't bring myself to hurt a girl's feelings. I'd do crazy things instead. Act silly, burp at the table, anything to irritate her so she'd break up with me.

PLAYBOY: You were more direct as an NBA matchmaker. Didn't you tell the Magic to trade for your brilliant teammate Penny Hardaway?

O'NEAL: He'd worked on *Blue Chips*, too. That's when I saw how good we could be together. I went to the front office and told them I had analyzed everything, that I wanted to win and this was how to do it. They listened. Certain guys have always had that kind of influence. Magic, Larry Bird. That was when I went up to that level.

PLAYBOY: Orlando traded the rights to Chris Webber, who has had a troubled career, for Hardaway, who's now an All-Star, and got three draft picks to boot.

O'NEAL: I look like a genius, don't I?

PLAYBOY: But you've made noises about leaving Orlando. You may be a free agent by the time this interview appears. Don't you feel any obligation to the Magic after helping shape the club's roster?

O'NEAL: Not really. I did the right thing at the time. If I go to another club, I'll feel I helped this one get better. And if I go, it won't be to another team that needs rebuilding. It'll be one like Orlando is now, one that's doing things right. Because I want to win. Soon.

PLAYBOY: Everyone suspects you're headed for the Lakers.

O'NEAL: [*Winks*] Los Angeles is a very nice town. I really like the climate. I'd never go where it's cold and snowy.

PLAYBOY: Bad news for Minnesota.

O'NEAL: Sorry, Timberwolves.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that your asking price is $140 million?

O'NEAL: I can't say. There's going to be a

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negotiation and I need to maximize my value. My agent may start out saying I want $600 million. The other side might say, "Oh, maybe $300 million," and we would come down.

PLAYBOY: It's an economic conundrum—finding the market value of a unique commodity.

O'NEAL: Right. See, I collect things—weird, one-of-a-kind things. I have a pair of mink-lined alligator boots and I don't even know what they cost. I didn't ask. Because a guy making mink-lined alligator boots in my size, 22EEE, can charge whatever he wants. He's the only one doing what he does. It's like the other night when I got to the hotel after the game and I was thirsty, but the stores were closed. This is Charlotte in the middle of the night, the middle of nowhere, but they're smart and they know they've got you. So the hotel charges $1.75 for a Pepsi. I mean, please! If there's a store open that night, another Pepsi anywhere, they'd bring the price down. But it's late and you're thirsty, so you pay it. That's economics.

PLAYBOY: If you got a $140 million contract, would you have enough money?

O'NEAL: Not really, because I wouldn't get it up front. It's paid over years and years, so it doesn't get me all that much closer to my goal.

PLAYBOY: Which is?

O'NEAL: To have $100 million clear by the age of 28.

PLAYBOY: That sounds realistic.

O'NEAL: If I can get to $500 million I plan to give each of my relatives half a mil.

PLAYBOY: Do they know that?

O'NEAL: They didn't until now. But I'm fairly generous with them. I'm always giving my sister money, so one time I made her work for it instead. I paid her $300 to make me a peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

PLAYBOY: What's a lot of money to you?

O'NEAL: Five hundred million. I may have to win the lottery.

PLAYBOY: You play the lottery?

O'NEAL: I play scratchers. I get five of my friends, I tell each one to buy 20 tickets, and if we win we'll split it up. So far our biggest win is one dollar. We don't even cash those in. I won't cash one in for less than $100.

PLAYBOY: How do you bet the financial markets?

O'NEAL: I don't gamble. That's how greedy people lose their money, by trying to make $2 million into $100 million. I don't need to make $100 million that fast. I earn it. Mostly with the government. The Treasury has most of my money.

PLAYBOY: So, do you read *The Wall Street Journal*?

O'NEAL: No, I get a monthly statement from my people. What I got, what I spent, what I saved. I'm doing well for a young millionaire in my age group, better than most of them. I don't like to speculate. The stock market is so up and down it scares me. I keep more than half my money in Treasury bills. That way I don't have to worry about interest rates; I just stay with my four, six percent. I don't get much back percentagewise, but it adds up.

PLAYBOY: As in four percent of $10 million is $400,000.

O'NEAL: So I got my money in the government with President Clinton, got my T-bills with Bill.

PLAYBOY: Who advises you on financial matters?

O'NEAL: The business side of my crew is six people. There's Leonard Armato, my agent, who handles the big stuff. Dennis Tracey, my personal assistant, takes care of the day-to-day. Lester Knispel, my tax genius, does most of my money. My mother does the fan mail. My cousins Joe and Ken, two guys I took out of the ghetto to teach them responsibility, they work in my businesses too. My crew is named Twism. It stands for the world is mine. We all have matching tattoos.

PLAYBOY: Even Mom?

O'NEAL: Well, not Mom.

PLAYBOY: Your investments include Reebok, which provided a sheaf of stock options as a signing bonus, plus exclusive deals on candy, souvenirs and other Shaqabilia. What else?

O'NEAL: My Pepsi deal made me part owner of Pepsi South Africa. I have a third of it. Whitney Houston has another third. I'm not sure exactly what it's worth, but it's a lot and it could get huge.

PLAYBOY: Do you keep a lot of cash around? How do you pay the pizza man?

O'NEAL: I pay my own bills, sign the checks myself. I keep my checking account filled to $100,000. That way I can keep up with the bills, maybe buy a car.

PLAYBOY: What's your current net worth?

O'NEAL: Don't know, don't want to look. It seems petty to look, to count your money all the time. Still, I don't think I'm overpaid. Firemen, cops, teachers, those people are underpaid. But I didn't make the salary structure. I just gave it a ride.

PLAYBOY: What's the last thing you didn't buy because of the price?

O'NEAL: A Rolls-Royce. They wanted $275,000, and I don't think you should pay more than about $60,000 for a car. Got six of them now. One has a plate that says SHAQ-FU, one says DUNKON-U and one, the Van of Def, says SHAQ ATTAQ. All with good stereo systems, which I will spend money on. The system in my Suburban cost $60,000. The one in the Van of Def cost $150,000—a lot more than the van cost. That's my priorities.

PLAYBOY: Is wealth what you expected it to be?

O'NEAL: Pretty much. It means you don't have to wait to get your toys.

PLAYBOY: As a kid, what did you want to be when you grew up?

O'NEAL: A stuntman. I studied stunts on TV. I actually used to tape plastic bags over my hands, jump off roofs and try to fly. I'd land on stacks of cardboard boxes. I was always thinking about flying. Even on swings—you know how you swing real high and jump off at the top, and for a second you're flying? I could do that all day.

PLAYBOY: Were you always a jock?

O'NEAL: No, I was clumsy. Always flunked gym, right up to high school. Even now I can do only about ten push-ups. I had size but couldn't climb a rope or wrestle. Actually, I wasn't allowed to wrestle after the time I got mad, threw a boy down and broke his wrist.

PLAYBOY: How did he make you mad?

O'NEAL: He was winning.

PLAYBOY: You were clumsy and strong.

O'NEAL: It turned out I had Osgood-Schlatter's disease. That's a bone disorder where your body grows too fast. The joints in your legs can't catch up. My knees hurt all the time. And because I was different the other kids called me names. Bigfoot. Shaqueer. That made me a bully. I had to show how tough I was, knock people out. In sixth grade a boy told on me, so I waited for him after school. He tried to sneak out, but I caught him. Punched him in the face, almost killed him. He swallowed his tongue, went into convulsions. And I didn't try to help him. I just ran.

PLAYBOY: You were scared.

O'NEAL: I don't get scared. But things got worse—it turned out his father was an Army officer.

PLAYBOY: And you were an Army brat, weren't you?

O'NEAL: My dad was a drill sergeant, Sergeant Philip Harrison. I grew up in Newark, then we went to a base in Germany. I hated it there. I was clumsy, I stuttered. I stayed home and watched a lot of TV. Tom and Jerry, Spider-Man, *Good Times*, Bugs Bunny. One guy I liked was the Hulk, the guy who just got mad and went wild.

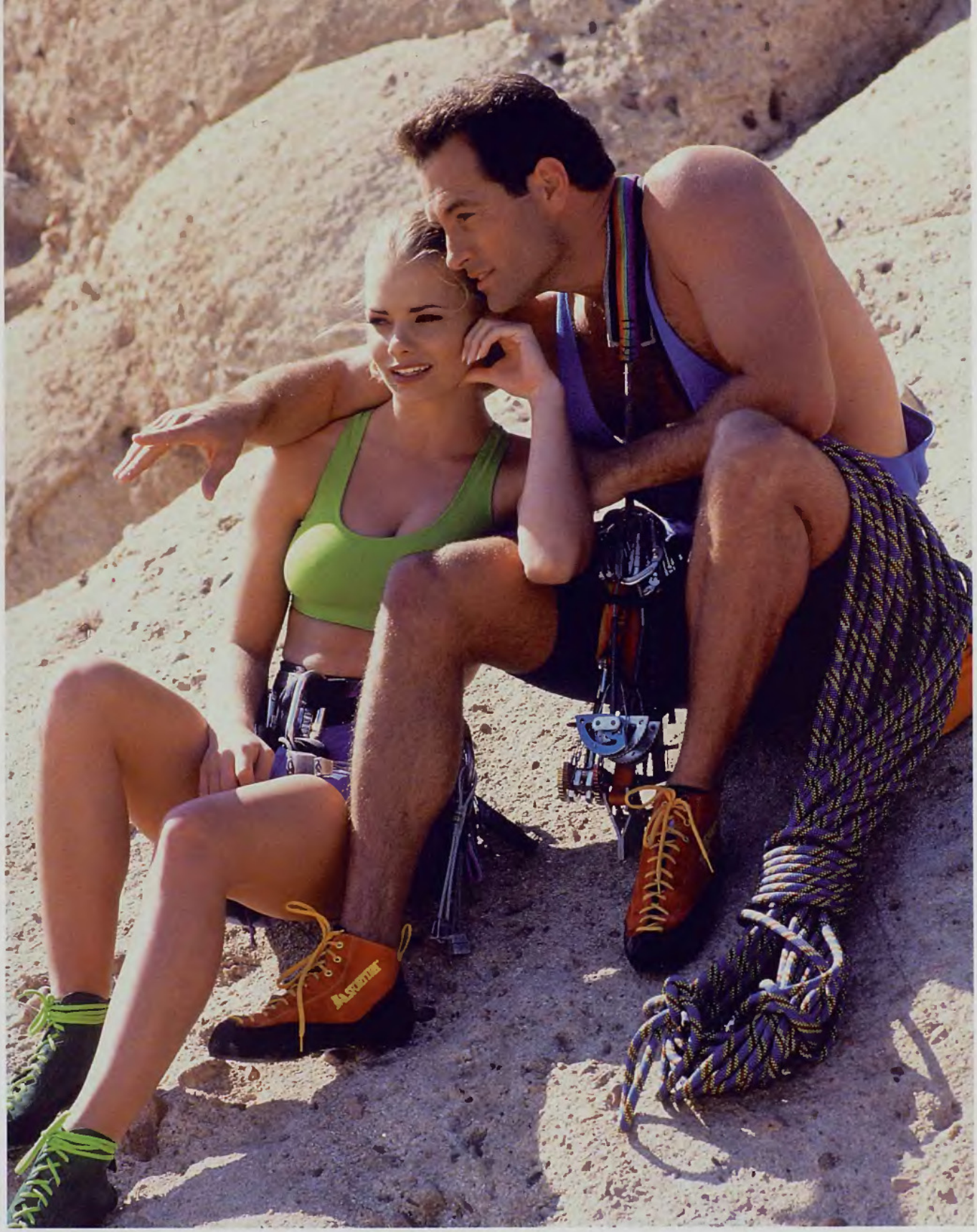
PLAYBOY: How wild were you?

O'NEAL: Not very. Mostly dumb shit. One time I pulled a fire alarm and got caught. My father had to come get me at the MP station and he gave me a beating right there. It hurt. After the boy swallowed his tongue, I lied to the Sergeant about it. I got beat for that. Sometimes for leaving my shirttail out, because he said you had to be neat. There were whuppings all the time.

PLAYBOY: Yet you kept acting up.

O'NEAL: I found out about a law on the base. If parents couldn't handle their kids they had to send them back to the States. I didn't want to grow up in Germany, so I did crazy stuff. But I never got sent back, and finally I thought I was letting my parents down. They both worked hard. My mom was a secretary.

(continued on page 145)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man who turns his leisure time into an adventure. He knows that, whether it's kayaking class-four whitewater or climbing a rock cliff high in Colorado, summer is the season for braving new challenges and savoring the view. PLAYBOY readers excel at recreation. More than 5.6 million readers are outdoor-sports enthusiasts. And more than 2.3 million bought sports equipment last year. PLAYBOY—it towers above the competition. (Source: Fall 1995 MRI.)

the story of millionaire john du pont, the u.s. wrestling team and the murder of dave schultz is as bizarre as it gets

deathlock

article by
MARK BOWDEN

WE SEE THE killing as Nancy Schultz saw it.

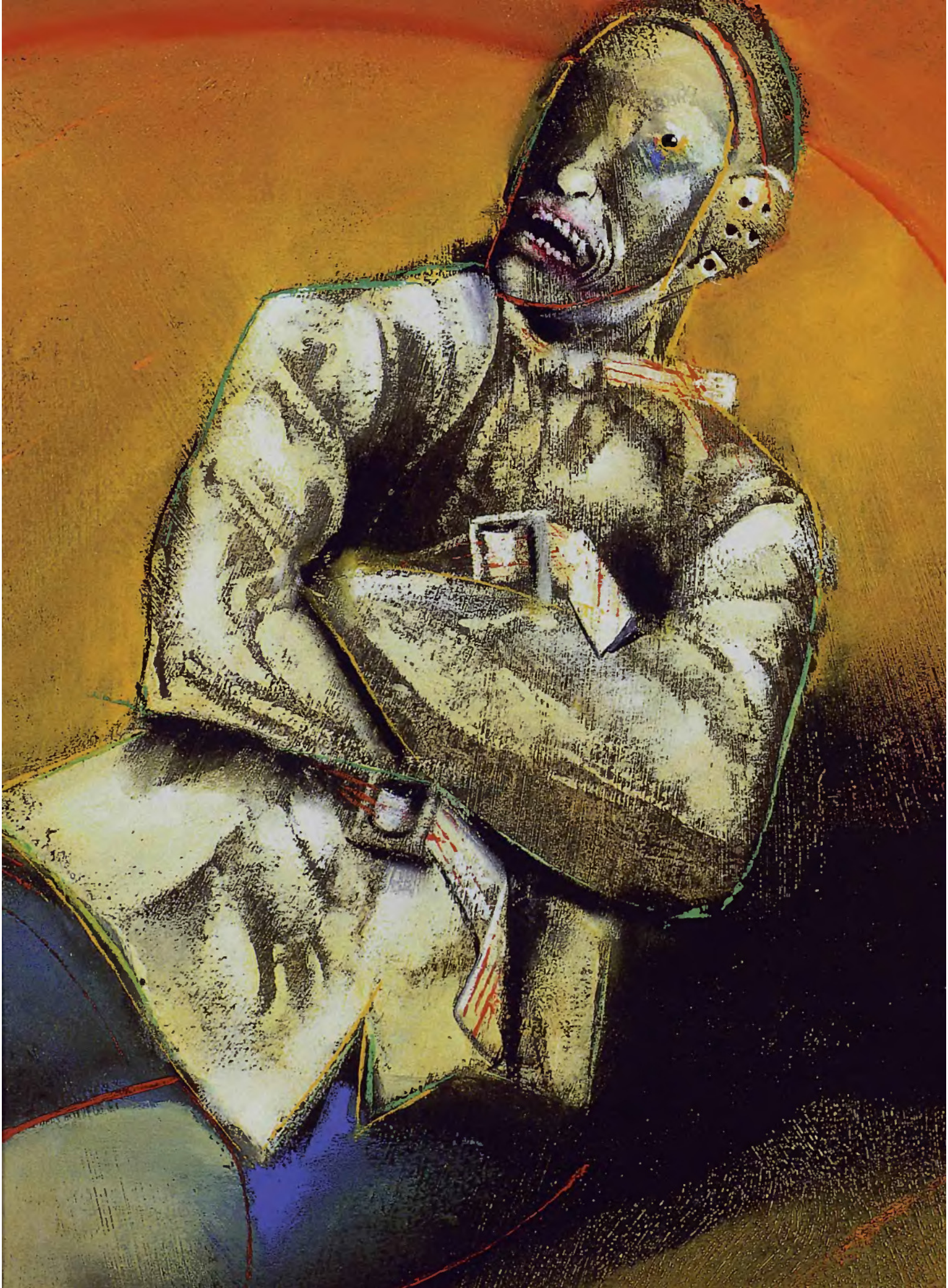
A gunshot and her husband's scream. He is outside, Dave Schultz, father of her two children, Olympic champion wrestler. He is fixing the car radio. She steps to the front door. He is in the snow, facedown. Over him, leaning out of his car with a pistol, is John du Pont, nutso lord of the 800-acre estate where they live. She starts out, but du Pont looks up and raises the gun.

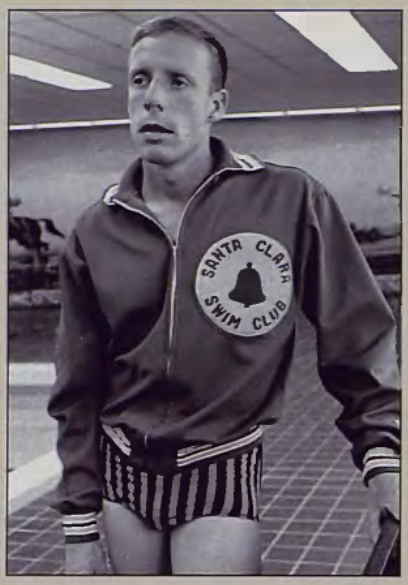
She jumps back. He lowers the gun at Schultz and . . . another shot. Dave's body jerks, John's hand recoils. She runs to the phone, pounds 911, shouts into it what, where. As John drives off, she goes to Dave. There is so much blood. She kneels in the snow beside him, beside the body she knows so well, the warm, firm torso, the balding, bearded head. He is still. In his back is a hole. So much blood. "It's OK," she says, needing it to be. She presses her hand against the hole. Hold the blood in. He is trying to breathe. His eyes are open. He says nothing. There is only the death rattle, a long, gurgling expiration. His eyes fix.

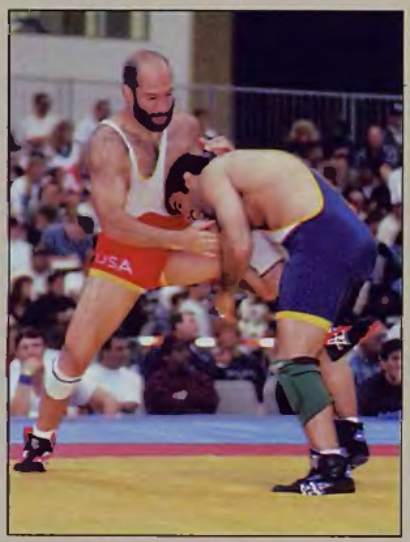
Now nothing is the same. The long moment replays without pause.

Nancy will tell friends and repeat it to police and in court, her voice going from aghast to angry. Who can explain? What good will explaining do? John, it seems, has killed her sweet husband, Alexander and Danielle's daddy, the boisterous, brilliant wrestler, the man who was, simply, everything John

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL ARISMAN







Make-believe champion: Du Pont (top) was a generous benefactor of the Santo Clara Swim Club in 1967, and the club's slowest swimmer. In March 1995 he stood between Bulgarian wrestler Valentin Jordanov and Dove Schultz (bold, with beard) in Sofia, Bulgaria. Schultz observed that du Pont had the "emotional maturity of a 12-year-old." In April 1995 Schultz was wrestling in a national tournament held in Los Vegas. Nine months later he was dead.

Losing it: Du Pont (below) puts his infamous "eagle lock" on a cooperative snowy-haired opponent at a 1995 "masters tournament" in Bulgaria that he bankrolled. The heir lived most of his life in a mansion in a Philadelphia suburb, where he built a nest of twigs and branches and perched in it like a bird in a room marked EYRIE. Du Pont was nabbed by a police SWAT team two days after Dave Schultz was murdered.

Éleuthère du Pont always wanted to be.

And couldn't.

This is the green nub that will remain after witnesses and experts and shrinks have portioned out fact, motive and culpability. Green, first, for envy. Because John du Pont, an heir to one of America's oldest fortunes and proudest names, spent his life coveting a genetic inheritance he could not have. Green, second, for money, because what John could not achieve, he bought. For decades Olympic officials accepted his millions and nurtured his fantasies.

Especially wrestling. Over eight years, USA Wrestling—the sport's governing body in America and a member of the U.S. Olympic Committee—and its global counterpart, Federation Internationale de Lutte Amateur, carried off a charade so elaborate that du Pont, already given to illusions of grandeur, assumed the prerogatives of God. In return, du Pont's millions gave America's premiere wrestlers, men such as Dave Schultz, an opportunity to make the sport their career. As the multimillionaire faces trial for murder this summer in Pennsylvania, the product of his generosity prepares to dominate the Olympic mats, boasting not only the most talented wrestlers anywhere but also the most experienced.

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Wrestling is an ancient and needy sport, a world of grunts and sweat on squeaking mats, where powerful men toil in humid rooms off the back corridors of athletic centers built to showcase basketball, swimming, gymnastics and track. When du Pont wandered in with deep pockets and a desire to play, the sport rolled out its mats. The game went well beyond just naming him to Olympic teams and stitching JOHN E. DU PONT on uniforms and bannering it at tournaments. He was appointed assistant coach of the 1992 Olympic team and was awarded bogus medals at masters tournaments contrived to ensure his victory. ("Du Pont," said a top U.S. wrestling official, "couldn't whip his way out of a wet paper bag.") Du Pont was cynically proclaimed "world champion," "super champion," "head coach," "U.S. Olympic Freestyle Wrestling team leader" and "the Golden Eagle of America." It seemed a small price to pay.

Until Dave Schultz paid with his life.

What du Pont was in fantasy, Schultz was in fact. His hairy shoulders and chest, balding head and thick beard were famous on wrestling mats worldwide. Schultz had won a gold medal in the 1984 Olympics when he was just 25, and now, more than a decade later, was likely to make the national team again. If early *(continued on page 126)*

"Tarzan and Jane get no privacy in the jungle . . . !"

brace yourselves, girlie-men,
these women
want to pump you up

HARD BODIES

ABS OF IRON. Buns of steel. Thighs mastered. From the health club to the home, Nineties women are exercising like, well, men. And that's a good thing. With this new female athleticism, today's working-out girl has struck the right balance between grace and power. That means no pain, big gain for—you got it—girl watchers. So we hit iron piles across the country, searching for Nautilus nymphs and barbell babes. With Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag spotting for us, it was no sweat. We assembled a powerful set of aerobics instructors, bodybuilders, personal trainers, actresses and fitness models—each with a body of art. Their pictures are a painless way to enjoy the fitness craze.

Fit and buff: "Work hard and you will be rewarded," says Jennifer Goodwin (opposite), a personal trainer who is the glistening epitome of her own workout ethic. Jennifer is one reason Venice Beach is a sight-seeing must: She works out there at Gold's Gym. Above, she's curling iron with Amy Fadhli (right), a native Texan, kick boxer and fitness model. We do more reps with Amy on the next spread.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Our cover girl, 23-year-old Leeann Tweeden, graduated from high school in three years but gave up Harvard for the steady workout of ESPN's *Fitness Beach*. "My family has supported me all the way," she says. Our second session with Amy Fadhli begins on the opposite page (above). Amy's heritage is a potent combo: She's part Arab and part Czech. Lisa Carr (opposite, below) is wired for sound as an aerobics instructor. She wants to take a cue from her step classes and move up to ESPN's *Body Shaping*.

Say hello to Debee Halo (above and inset right), a boxing fan who has just taken the heavy bag to the mat. This iran angel models for fitness mags (see her April 1995 *Ironman* issue, left), and she's been on 15 covers. She believes in mens sana in corpore sano: Her dad is a psychiatrist and Mom is a psychologist. Dana Dodsan (above right) recently snared first place in the National Physique Committee New Jersey State Championship. If she wins the nationals in August, she'll be Ms. Fitness. Below her is Elizabeth Stary, a fast climber who is learning the ropes as an actress. She's appeared on *The Today Show* as a hip-hop dance instructor.

Continuing our power pack are Julie Bourque (this page) and Christine Lydon (right). Julie, who trains women, hates TV (calls it "dead-brain time") and says there are "lots of spunky redheads in my family." Christine has quite a résumé: She majored in neurobiology and French literature at Brown University and received a medical degree from Yale. Then she turned her beautiful back on orthopedic surgery to climb the Stair Master to Hollywood (her first film is *Deathgamerz*). This is one doctor who is good for what ails you.

Talk about the shortest distance between two points. Stella Azocar (5'3") needs no eye directions. She loves dancing, but she makes her living as a personal trainer. She hails from California, where she hopes to open a fitness center.

The Lure of Urban Myths

heard the one about the dog that was a rat? tall tales reveal more than you think

article by Neal Gabler

BY NOW you may have heard the story of Gunther Burpus, a hapless 41-year-old man in Bremen, Germany who couldn't find his house keys and decided to crawl through the cat-flap in his front door. Unfortunately, Burpus got stuck. When he called for help, he managed to attract the attention only of some passing students who decided to play a prank. Instead of freeing Burpus, they pulled off his trousers, painted his bottom bright blue, stuck a daffodil between his cheeks and then placed a sign nearby: GERMANY RESURGENT, AN ESSAY IN STREET ART. PLEASE GIVE GENEROUSLY. There poor Burpus remained for two days, his pleas for help disregarded by passersby who thought them part of the "exhibition." "People just said, 'Very good! Very clever!' and then threw coins at me," Burpus remarked afterward. It was only when a dog started licking his genitals that an old woman complained to the police and Burpus was finally freed.

Or maybe a friend of yours who happens to be a friend of a friend of one of the guests told you the one about the shocking wedding party. It seems that during a big reception at the Pierre Hotel in New York, the groom stood and called for silence. The guests naturally assumed he was about to propose a toast. Instead, he announced that the marriage was going to be annulled. If the guests wished to know the reason, they had only to turn over their dinner plates. When the stunned guests flipped their plates, they discovered photographs taped there of the bride flagrante delicto with the best man.

At least that's the way it was told to me. But a similar story circulating at the same time set the reception at a banquet hall in New Hampshire. Another version set it in Medford, Massachusetts. Another placed the incident near Schenectady, New York. A version set outside St. Paul, Minnesota had two significant differences: At the altar, before the vows were taken, the bride announced the ceremony would not continue because the prospective groom had slept with the maid of honor.

Each version of this story comes branded as truth right down to places, dates and sources. Each was told by someone who knew someone who knew someone at the ceremony or reception. The trouble is, the wedding, which was supposed to have occurred sometime last year, has been the subject of newspaper columns and radio call-in shows since at least 1985. Despite the story's decade-long existence, no one has provided one scintilla of evidence that it ever really happened. Indeed, an intrepid *Washington Post* reporter who investigated the tale last fall found that none of the facts jibed—not New Hampshire nor Schenectady, not a reception nor a ceremony.

As for the story of Gunther Burpus, which has been printed as fact in *The Vancouver Sun*, *The Palm Beach Post*, *The Providence Journal-Bulletin* and in the January issue of this magazine (*The Year in Sex*), a debunker named Barbara Hamel has found it to be a complete fabrication. Hamel says that the German magazine *Der Spiegel*, which has been cited as a source for the story, had never heard of Gunther Burpus. Neither had the police in Bremen. As for Burpus' quotes, someone obviously invented them to give the story more texture.

In short, the story of Gunther Burpus, like that of the wedding revenge, is what is known as an urban legend—a tall tale that is purportedly absolutely true but isn't. By one estimate there are now more than 400 of these legends. University of Utah folklorist Jan Harold Brunvand, perhaps the preeminent urban folklorist, has published five volumes' worth of them with titles such as *The Choking Doberman* and *The Baby Train*. No one seems to know exactly where these yarns originated. They just seem to erupt spontaneously in Europe and across America. They then get retailed in newspapers and magazines (*Reader's Digest* is a frequent source), on the radio (Paul Harvey

ILLUSTRATION BY A.J. GARCES

FIDO
FIDO

trades in these tales), on the Internet (there is a rabid urban folklore newsgroup) and, most of all, by word of mouth—from what urban legend professionals call an FOAF ("friend of a friend" to whom the incident is alleged to have happened).

Although they have grabbed the attention of academics only recently—some trace the first scholarly interest to Richard Dorson's *American Folklore* in 1959—contemporary legends are an old phenomenon. A few, such as the story of the butcher who sticks a sausage in his pants fly and shocks his customers by hacking off the end of the sausage with a cleaver, can be traced to before the turn of the century.

Many of the hoarier ones sound as if they had been perfected around the campfire.

There's the favorite about the man driving alone one night when he stops to pick up a beautiful young hitchhiker. She gives him her destination, then falls silent during the rest of the trip. When the driver arrives at the girl's house, he turns to find that his passenger has vanished. Baffled, he gets out, knocks on the door and tells his strange tale to the woman who answers. She isn't shocked. Her daughter had died some years before in a car accident, but every so often the girl's spirit tries to make its way back home by hitching a ride with an unsuspecting driver.

And there's the one Brunvand calls the Hook that dates from the late Fifties. Two high school kids drive to lovers' lane one dark evening and are just about to begin their amour when they hear on the radio that a madman has escaped from the local asylum. The catch is that the madman has a hook for a hand. Frightened, the boy peels out and speeds his date home. When he gets out to open his girlfriend's door, he sees a bloody hook dangling from the handle.

Then there's the classic about the babysitter who has tucked the children into bed upstairs and settled down in front of the television when she gets a prank call from a man laughing hysterically. She hangs up, but the phone rings again. Again she hears the hysterical laugh. She slams down the receiver, but the phone rings a third time and again there is the laugh. Unnerved, she calls the phone company. The operator tells her that the next time the crank phones, the girl should keep him on the line so they can trace him. Of course, the fiend calls and laughs, then hangs up. The next time the phone rings, however, it is the operator. "Get out of the house!" she screams. "The call is coming from upstairs!"

These classics may sound preposterous today, but there are other contemporary legends that are plausible enough to pass muster as fact. Nearly everyone has heard about the alligators that prowl the New York sewers. Supposedly they are descendants of baby gators that children brought back from Florida vacations. When the children returned to New York, their parents realized they couldn't exactly have a pet alligator, so they flushed the critters down the toilet and into the sewer system where, feasting on rats, they soon formed a colony of predators. In some versions, the gators in the subterranean darkness have turned into blind albinos.

There is another "true" story about the high school coed with the beehive hairdo that she proudly sprays until it is as lacquered as a Chinese cabinet. Unfortunately, the girl begins to have fainting spells during class. One day she can't be revived. At the hospital a nurse notices a small spider crawling from the hairdo of the comatose young woman. Cracking open the beehive, the nurse finds a black widow and hundreds of her young nesting there. The girl, who hadn't washed her hair in months, later dies of the spider bites.

Still another legend that has the lineaments of truth is the one about the California couple eating at an outdoor café in Tijuana. They see a flea-bitten Chihuahua begging under the table. Taking pity on the animal, the woman feeds it a few scraps. When she and her husband leave the restaurant, the Chihuahua tags along. By the end of the day, the woman is so smitten with the dog that she decides to take it home as her pet and smuggles it across the border, either under her blouse or in a bundle in the backseat.

Back home in suburban California, the woman washes and grooms her new pet and retires for the night. In the morning, however, she finds it listless—in some versions oozing mucus—and rushes it off to her veterinarian. Later that day she gets the vet's call. "Where did you get that dog?" he wants to know. The woman, realizing it is illegal to transport an animal across the border, at first lies and says she found it wandering the streets nearby, but the vet calls her bluff. "You didn't find this animal here," he says. "This is a long-haired Mexican sewer rat."

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Those of us who have heard and then retold these legends know that they provide entertainment at the water cooler, at the tavern after work or during dormitory bull sessions. But where they once were dismissed as nothing more than amusing balderdash, they are now perceived by folklorists as expressions of the national psyche. "We project our fears into the stories," says University of Georgia sociology professor Gary Alan Fine, a leading interpreter of folklore. He specifically cites as a propelling theme "the mistrust we have of contemporary society, the fact that so much in our culture is beyond our control."

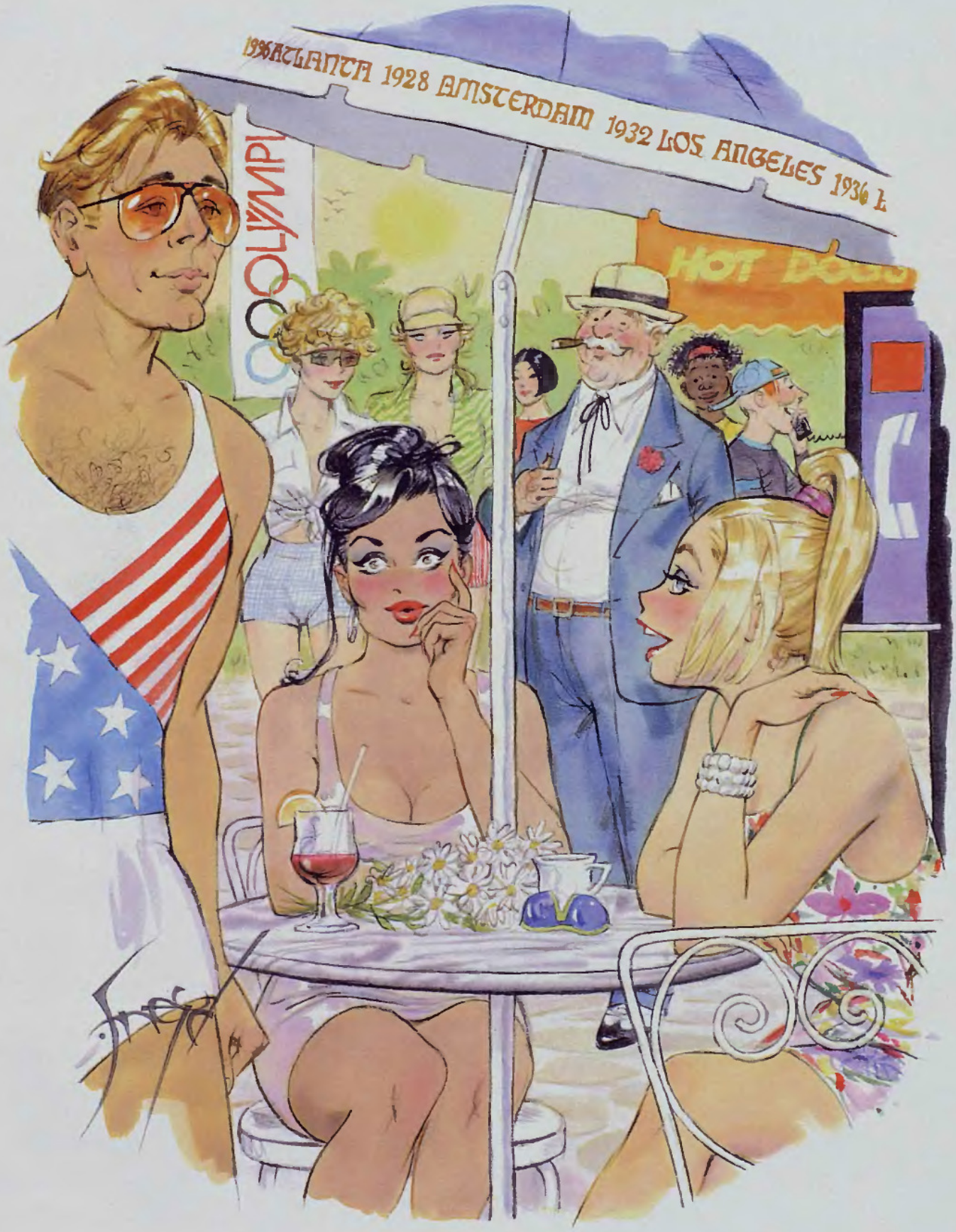
One story that sprouted around the country in the summer of 1994 tells of a lonely, friendless woman working in an office. Taking pity, her co-workers plan a surprise birthday party for her. They manage to get her apartment key and hide before she arrives home. When she does, they hear her go into the kitchen and call her dog. It sounds as if she is feeding him so they prepare to emerge, but when they burst into the kitchen to yell "Surprise," they find her sitting naked on the floor, with peanut butter spread on her vagina and her dog lapping away. As the story goes, the young woman, mortally embarrassed, never returns to work.

Or there is the story making the rounds just this year about the Samaritan in the supermarket parking lot who sees a woman in a car slumped over the steering wheel one sweltering afternoon. (In fact, Brett Butler has been telling it as having happened to her sister.) Asked if she needs help, the poor woman moans that she has been shot in the head and reaches up to show gray matter, oozing from the wound. The Samaritan immediately summons police and paramedics, but when they arrive they find that the woman has not been shot after all. She has actually been hit in the head by the tin at the end of a tube of oven-ready Pillsbury biscuits that had exploded in the heat, and she mistook the dough that had splattered on her hair for her brains.

There are scores of such legends dealing with miscalculation and embarrassment. Consider the story about the man who goes home with his secretary and, expecting romance, disrobes when she leaves the room, only to discover that the secretary and his wife have arranged a surprise birthday party for him. Or the one about the couple trysting in a small car when the man gets stuck inside the woman (*penis captivus*, Brunvand calls it) and rescuers have to remove the car's top to free them. Or the one about the young man meeting his girlfriend's parents for the first time. He accidentally sits on their pet Chihuahua, crushing it. He then hides the deed by stuffing the carcass under the cushions.

The preponderance of contemporary legends, however, seem to tap a much darker reservoir of terror. According to Patricia Turner, a folklore

(continued on page 78)



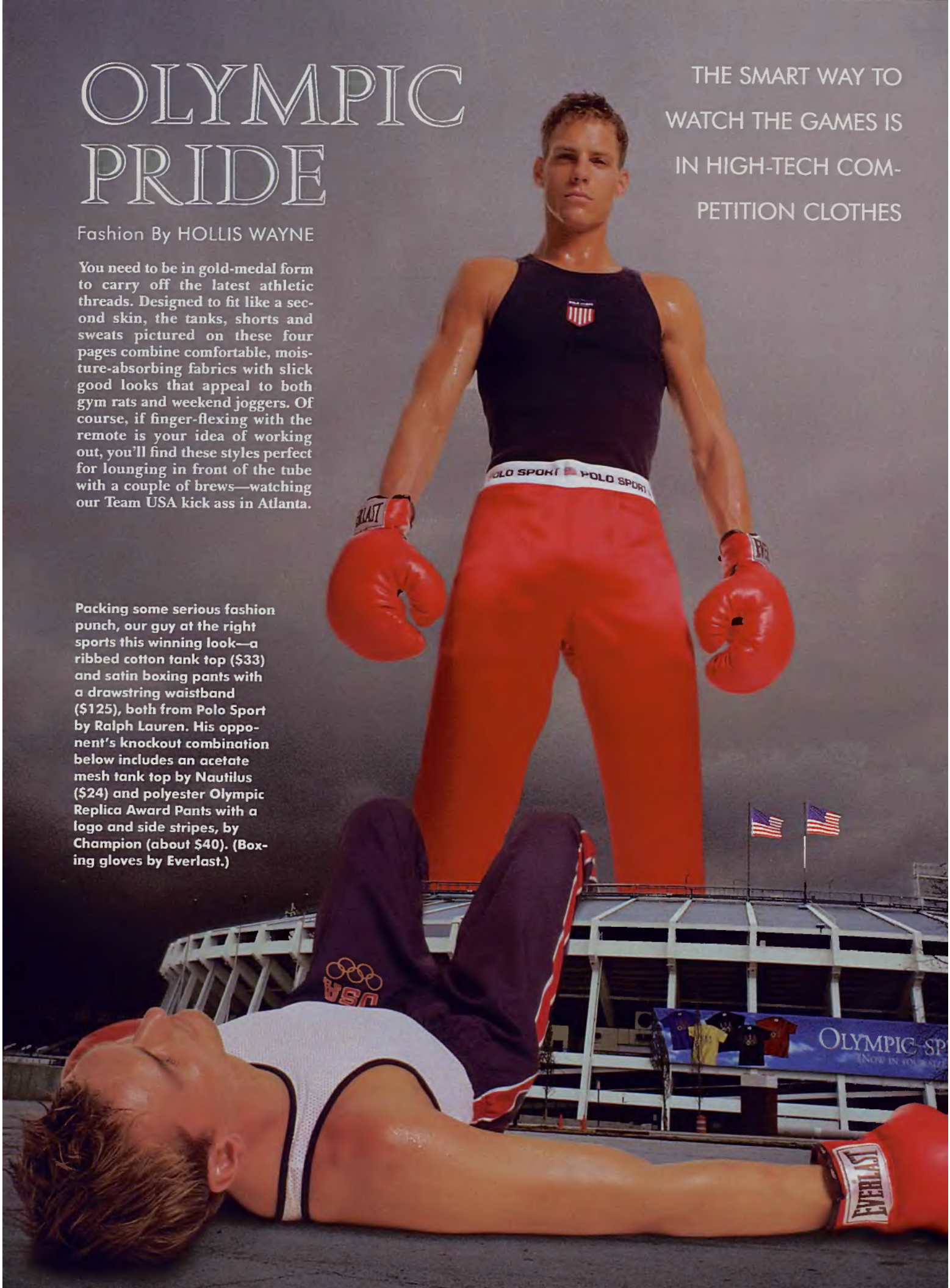
"I don't date athletes. They're only interested in beating their best time."

OLYMPIC PRIDE

THE SMART WAY TO WATCH THE GAMES IS IN HIGH-TECH COMPETITION CLOTHES

Fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

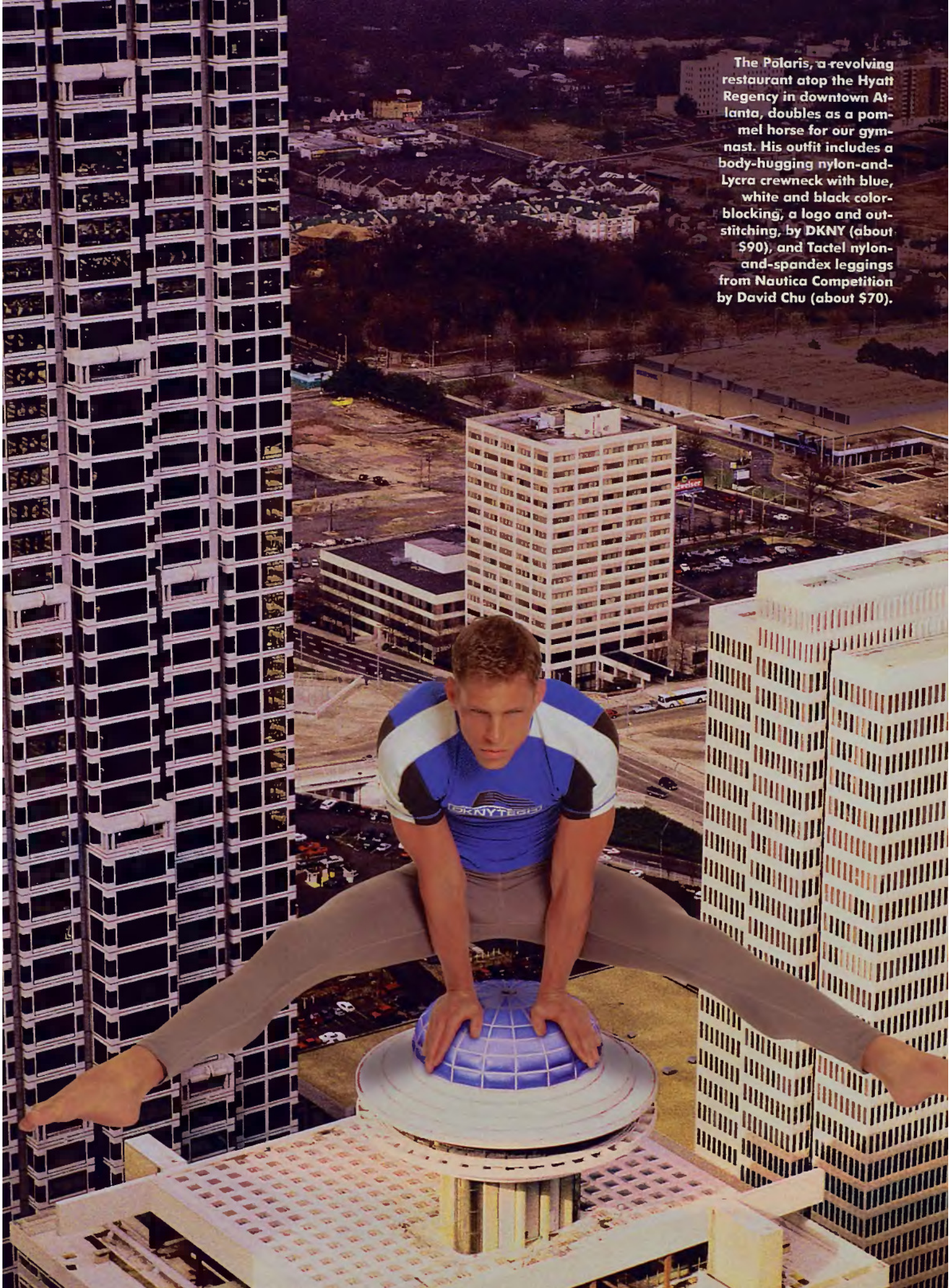
You need to be in gold-medal form to carry off the latest athletic threads. Designed to fit like a second skin, the tanks, shorts and sweats pictured on these four pages combine comfortable, moisture-absorbing fabrics with slick good looks that appeal to both gym rats and weekend joggers. Of course, if finger-flexing with the remote is your idea of working out, you'll find these styles perfect for lounging in front of the tube with a couple of brews—watching our Team USA kick ass in Atlanta.



Packing some serious fashion punch, our guy at the right sports this winning look—a ribbed cotton tank top ($33) and satin boxing pants with a drawstring waistband ($125), both from Polo Sport by Ralph Lauren. His opponent's knockout combination below includes an acetate mesh tank top by Nautilus ($24) and polyester Olympic Replica Award Pants with a logo and side stripes, by Champion (about $40). (Boxing gloves by Everlast.)

This fellow flipped for the patriotic look—a comfortable zip-front warm-up jacket with stars down the sleeves, by Guess Activewear (about $70), and a cotton tank top by Discus Athletic ($8.50). His synthetic leather–and–mesh Air Worp cross trainers ($110) and polyester-and-spandex running pants with racing stripes down the sides, an elastic drawstring waist and zippers at the ankles ($50) are both by Nike.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JON MOE



The Polaris, a revolving restaurant atop the Hyatt Regency in downtown Atlanta, doubles as a pommel horse for our gymnast. His outfit includes a body-hugging nylon-and-Lycra crewneck with blue, white and black color-blocking, a logo and outstitching, by DKNY (about $90), and Tactel nylon-and-spandex leggings from Nautica Competition by David Chu (about $70).

Hanging out in Atlanta, the ringmaster wears a cotton tank top by Nike ($15) and cotton-and-spandex leggings with red side stripes and outstitching, by Tommy Hilfiger ($52). Far right: Feeling patriotic? Give this star-spangled outfit a tumble. It includes an official U.S. Cycling Team jersey made of Ultrasensor (a fabric that wicks away moisture from the skin) ($70) and matching nylon-and-spandex shorts ($75), both by Pearl Izumi; plus synthetic leather-and-mesh Air Max Light sneakers by Nike ($135). (The female gymnast's outfit is from Polo Sport by Ralph Lauren.)

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 141.

HAIR AND MAKEUP BY JAMES TAKOS FOR OZ NEW YORK/PROPS AND WOMAN'S STYLING BY ALLEGRA COLLETTI

Urban Myths *(continued from page 72)*

The vet finds three fingers in her dog's throat. Cops find a burglar in the closet—sans three fingers.

scholar at the University of California at Davis: "They are definitely about the ambivalence and anxiety and uncertainty that people have about one another." These sorts of legends portray a dangerous world in which anything can happen, a world of unrelenting horror.

Seen this way, contemporary legends can practically be cataloged by the terrors they exploit. To those who regard the city as ominous there is the story, usually told of New York City (though it has lately been making the rounds in California with either Reno or Las Vegas as the setting), of the group of fraternity boys who spend a wild weekend in the Big Apple. One of them meets a woman at a club and leaves with her for the night. The next morning his buddies get a distress call from their cohort. He is in a hotel room and begs them to come and get him. They arrive at a seedy hotel to find their friend in bed, the sheets soaked with blood, and a fresh surgical scar on his back. They rush him to the hospital, where they are informed that the man had apparently been drugged and had one of his kidneys removed. A ring of thieves has been harvesting organs to sell on the black market for transplants. Anyone is fair game.

To those who live in dread of crime, there is the story Brunvand calls the Choking Doberman. In this one a woman finds her pet Doberman breathing heavily and takes the dog to the vet for observation. The woman soon gets an urgent call from the vet: She must leave the house immediately and call the police. Why? Because he found three fingers lodged in her Doberman's throat. Rushing to the scene, the police discover a burglar hiding in the woman's closet—sans three of his fingers.

Another story suggests that crime follows you, even into paradise. In this one, a couple honeymooning in Jamaica find that their room has been burgled and that all their possessions—except for their camera and their toothbrushes—have been stolen. Vowing to make the best of their vacation, the couple decide to stick it out. But when they return home and develop the pictures, they find a photo of the thieves mooning the camera. Stuck up their rectums are the toothbrushes.

One tale—again, usually told by a friend of a friend of one of the participants—has three women getting on an elevator in a New York hotel when they see a black hand prying open the closing elevator doors. The doors part and a towering black man enters the elevator with a large dog. "Sit," the man commands, and the three woman immediately hit the ground. The man apologizes. He had been talking to his dog. It turns out that the man is Reggie Jackson. (In one version, he's O.J. Simpson.) And in most tellings, Jackson winds up paying for the women's dinners.

The elevator legend—of course it never happened—may actually serve to defuse racial tension. But these days more contemporary legends exploit issues of race, largely because they enable us to express racial fears safely. "It is illegitimate to make a blanket statement like, 'Blacks are criminals,'" explains Fine. "One would be tarred in such a case for being a racist. What one can do, however, is talk specifically about, say, gang initiations: 'Did you hear that in order to get into this gang, they rape white women?' There is no evidence for it, but it seems plausible because gang members may do something like that."

One legend making the rounds, in fact, has a black gang in Chicago cruising the streets at night with their headlights out, waiting for a driver to flash his lights at them. Any driver who does, however, is executed. Another legend that has been taken quite seriously in some suburban communities tells of a black clown dressed like Homey of the old *In Living Color* TV series who attacks or abducts children. (In several versions there is a whole vanload of sinister black clowns.) Some more traditional urban legends have even been revised to reflect racist fears. The choking Doberman, for example, is often said to have three black fingers in its gullet.

Drugs have also fueled contemporary legends, specifically legends about drug-crazed loons who do harm to themselves or others. Almost everyone has heard about the people who went blind by staring at the sun during LSD trips or those who wind up gouging out their own eyes. (There is no proof that either happened.) More heinous are the stories of the drugged-out babysitters—sometimes the boyfriend of a sister tending her siblings—who assure the parents checking in that everything is under control. The babysitter tells them she has even put a turkey in the oven. When the parents return home, however, they discover that the turkey is actually their baby.

While these legends address our personal sense of vulnerability at the hands of psychos and criminals, other legends express a dread of the vast impersonal forces of corporate America. "The rumors," Fine observes, "spring from uneasiness about what is perceived to be the complete amorality of American corporate life." Sometime in the early Eighties, a rumor began circulating that Procter & Gamble, one of the world's largest manufacturers of household products, was in league with the devil. One variation of this rumor has the company contributing to a satanic cult, allegedly because its founder back in the 19th century made a pact with the devil to ensure the company's success. The proof was supposedly right there in Procter & Gamble's trademark, which features stars around a crescent moon bearing a face. (The association between the moon and Moonies is thought to have been a trigger for this story.)

Back in the Seventies, Church's Fried Chicken, a popular fast-food franchise (particularly in the South), was identified, falsely, as being owned by Ku Klux Klan supporters who added a secret ingredient to sterilize black males. The Adolph Coors Co. has also been identified in legend as being connected to the Klan. A more recent legend has Snapple donating a share of its profits to white supremacist groups—a story that Patricia Turner, author of *I Heard It Through the Grapevine: Rumor in African American Culture*, believes may have sprung from Snapple's association with radio commentators Rush Limbaugh and Howard Stern.

A more elaborate but equally fictitious story told in the black community is one about how Oprah Winfrey ordered designer Liz Claiborne off her show when Claiborne admitted to the studio audience that she purposely cut her clothes narrowly so that black women couldn't wear them. And a bigger legend still is the widespread belief among African Americans and some whites that AIDS is either the result of a government biological experiment gone awry in Africa and Haiti or that the virus was released intentionally by our government to destroy the gay and black communities.

Understandably, technology is another growth area for contemporary legends, clearly reflecting anxieties about the brave new world we face. One urban legend staple is the story of the woman who washes her pet poodle

(continued on page 152)

"I don't usually ask this on first dates, but, well—like to come in for coffee?"

"I'm Ready For My Come Shot Now, Dear"

amateur porn puts the sin back into sincere

article By D. KEITH MANO

THEY HAVE lost an orgasm someplace. Damn. It was here a minute ago. John, the young stud, sits upright, flogging his nude eel. But he can't quite get off. There are some bricks missing from his erection, and male panic has set in. Rachel, John's wife and co-performer, is spread beneath him like a fireman's net opened to catch some falling child. And offspring it will be—an oyster baby made from spit and sperm. Precious little thing: On it depends their sexual self-image.

"Come for me, baby," says Rachel. "Do it for me now." Her voice is serrated: Love there, but also irritation and shame. "Come on my tits, baby. Come on my face." The video camera strip-searches Rachel. Indeed, what more can she do? Each breast is bigger than a moussaka. The sensual blonde's face could put gamy back into monogamy. Still, John can't yank that darn rip cord. He groans with passion he doesn't feel, hoping he will be aroused by the sound of his own fake arousal. "Yes, yes, yes," he says. But it is really, "Not quite, maybe, try again." It looks like Rachel and John are going to flunk their screen test.

What went wrong? Porn performance art is as formal as Olympic ice dancing: points added for technical skill, passion, presentation and degree of difficulty. In the oral prelim action, Rachel had given John's john a great uvula bath. He reciprocated by eating her sushi. Then came the compulsories—doggy, missionary, catbird seat, spoon—all done with panache and love. No judge could award less than a 5.9 score. But now this. "You can do it, baby. You can." Rachel and John lean over his marrowbone like Cro-Magnon folk keeping a tiny fire alive in high wind.

Finally, John, with more relief than pleasure, gets his nondairy creamer going. "Oh, baby. Oh, baby." Rachel takes it splat-on, as if she were in a miniature pie–throwing contest. They are validated. Their sexuality, now on record, will play back again and again for however long VCRs are sold. They are immortal. This 15-minute encounter is their progeny. And they don't have to put it through college.

"Not so easy, doing it in public," says the camerawoman.

"I was a little nervous," John

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK ULRIKSEN

agrees. "Boy, I need a drink."

"Yes, you do need a stiff one," Rachel says, unaware of her cruel double entendre.

Get your weird visa out—we have entered the Dukedom of Amateur Porn, where things inguinal rule, where men and women risk sexual failure and embarrassment to breast-feed their narcissism. This hidden land is much larger than you thought. Tim Lake of Homegrown Video—a California video factory with its own retail and mail-order systems—says that amateur-style tape has captured about 60 percent of the adult VCR trade. Dwell on it. The porn-video gross take is known only to John Gotti and three other men, but according to *Adult Video News* magazine, there were more than 600 million adult rentals in 1995. At, say, $3 per transaction, that would be about $2 billion, enough to jeopardize anyone's amateur standing.

Professional porn, featuring the likes of Amber Lynn or Seka, plus some production value, is expensive to bump and grind out. With the market flooded, no one can get $49.50 per video anymore. But for an amateur production, just borrow a neighbor's camcorder and start filing jointly in bed with your wife. Homemade porn is low-overhead head: A retailer can sell amateur for the same price as pro and rake in $10 more per cassette. Furthermore, market A and market P seldom overlap. "Men who buy amateur always buy amateur," a porn purveyor told me. There is a strange fascination and even a touch of sentiment and innocence in all of this.

Well, be honest. Would you really want to make groin cheese with a pro porn star like Amber Lynn? Bull. You'd be scared stiffless. A woman like that has call-waiting in her twat. She's used to men who are hung bigger than the Saturn I booster stage—by comparison you have this prawn. She's all acrylic and collagen and epoxy-resin hair spray—she hasn't felt emotion since her mirror broke—and she'd reduce your maleness to a lily's stamen. Amber Lynn may be fun to watch, like pro wrestling, but she's about as real as Jessica Rabbit.

Add some cellulite and a few stretch marks to her fuselage. Draw him pattern bald or paunchy. Suddenly we recognize these people: They are a kind of us. Amateur porn is set in real time, real space and real incompetence. It has, oh, charm. And, though laughter is the worst enemy of successful coition, it has humor as well. He, for instance, fitutzed by lust, will jerk off his shirt without first undoing the cuff buttons—and end up in a windmilling straitjacket. I've done that. Or a cold-nosed schnauzer may jump up and sniff a scrotum, the sensation of which is enough to cure manhood forever.

And throughout, the real threat of sexual humiliation snakes around, adding tension and urgency and, yes, humanness to this cooperative enterprise. For—don't underestimate the possibility—relationships can unravel here. Whatever the reason (lust, exhibitionism, thrill-hunting, cussedness), amateur porn people challenge their manhood or womanhood. This subtext of bravado and uncertainty invigorates amateur porn. The viewer can empathize. In pro porn men are spigots of some kind. In amateur porn a husband may be broken by failure. There are aspects of blood sport in it, like bullfighting or falconry.

This past spring I screened five dozen hours of amateur porn in one week. Never before have I known such intense monotony. But it illuminated the human sexual transaction for me, and that's understandable: Whenever spontaneity and chance invade a powerful ritual, the concealing fabric of ceremony may be torn open. Here are 11 important things I learned while watching amateur porn.

(1) *Beware: Just because it's stupid and inept doesn't mean it's amateur.* Under the category Amateur, the professional porn consortium markets a hybrid genre that I call rookie sex. Jim and Lulu, say, want a career in raunch. They approach Homegrown Video and offer to exchange fluids on camera for the first time ever. Are they amateurs? Yes, in one sense—their initial shoot will probably have the tension and awkwardness of a true greenhorn screw. No, in another sense—they qualify as rookies because their intent is professional and they will be taped in an alien environment. Pure amateur, like charity, must begin at home (or in a private swingers' commune). And last you have the bogus and sick-making pro-am category produced by professionals, starring amateurs, perhaps looking to become pros—most often a video virgin sacrificed to some grizzly veteran hung like a .50-caliber bratwurst. The rookie, overcome by peer pressure and camera angst, will inevitably do something (anal sex or deep throat) that she isn't ready to do and that hurts like a frozen tampon. Never buy or rent any video made by pro-am maven Max Steiner: His cruel, neurotic face is right out of Wehrmacht Central Casting, and he has a truncheon soul.

(2) *The fast-forward button is king.* Technology has turned us all into Speedy Gonzalezes. The slow, sensual striptease and my childhood are gone. When your VCR remote says, "Take it off," she has to take it off—and as fast as Charlie Chaplin motorcycling through a wash line. Amateur porn—no plot, no dialogue, no foreplay—has profited from this. "People want action, and there is more action in amateur porn than in professional porn," one smut seller told me. Cut to the unchaste. Video viewers want speed and control. Pretty soon all porn sex will be like making love to Evelyn Wood.

(3) *No one, but almost no one, uses a condom.* Draw your own politically incorrect conclusions from this—I don't have the moral fiber to do it for you. HIV testing is standard at most pro-am and rookie production houses, but just how accurate can that be? I don't speak here for swingers' sanitation: Maybe they drop health certificates in the fishbowl these days. But wherever people cherish hardness, rubber is like trolling your pestle through a sensory deprivation tank.

(4) *The 69 position looks athletic and efficient—though actually, no one has ever gotten off in it.* There's just too damn much to do. Like playing a clarinet while chewing gum.

(5) *Aural sex is as important as oral sex.* I don't care how many fine, high-crotched women you've had in your sexual career. Probably not one of them gave you the vocal response an average amateur porn female puts out. "Oh, yes, yes-yes, oh-ohhh-yeah, yeah oh yeah!" And so forth. The greatest sexual gift a woman can proffer is the pleasure of her pleasure. But most women are shy. And they figure, If I show enthusiasm and come real loud then he'll think I'll want it tomorrow, too. Which he will. And which she, because her sexual metabolism is different, may not. For all the faked orgasms we hear about, there are at least as many acts of phony indifference. Women withhold, and often wisely. But a female's pain-joy cry on your porn soundtrack, even when acted, is full of fantastic complicity and exuberance. Remember, most men are somewhat guilty about imposing on their loved one. They want an accomplice in this event—which can seem brutal and remorseless—not some supine martyr.

(6) *The secret significance of "Oh, yes-yes, oh-ohhh-yeah, yeah oh yeah!"* While I was watching tape number 30 or so, my wife screamed from our bedroom, "I can't stand it, I can't stand it, aaaargh, they all say the same thing, 'Oh, yes, oh, yes, oh, yes,' aaaargh."

She's right. And, after some thought, what at first seemed mere histrionic affectation took new form as a rude signaling system—though much debased by exaggeration in amateur porn. The "oh" can have several values when

(continued on page 143)

Some people know actress Janet Jones as Mrs. Wayne Gretzky, spouse to the best hockey player ever. Others remember her film roles, barely attired in *The Flamingo Kid*, gymnastic in *American Anthem*, hoofing up a twister in *A Chorus Line*. A trained ballerina and former St. Louis tomboy, Jones starred in a memorable March 1987 pictorial and on the cover. These days she is the photographer, videotaping her little Gretzkys on ice. At PLAYBOY, we think of Janet as the Great One.

PLAYBOY PROFILE

CONTROLLING FORCE

there's no pop on his fastball, no drop in his curve, but greg maddux has used his smarts to become the best pitcher in major league baseball

By TOM BOSWELL

GREG MADDUX, the best pitcher since Sandy Koufax, is warming up in the Atlanta Braves' bullpen. Danny Bowden, 11, and Matt Korpi, 10, think they've gone to someplace better than heaven. They haven't died. But they do have front-row seats just ten feet behind the Braves' bullpen catcher. From behind a screen the boys can watch Maddux from a perch almost as good as the view an umpire gets.

The two children, decked out in baseball regalia from team caps to logo-laden shirts, are quiet as Maddux throws dozens of pitches.

"Looks like Greg Maddux, right?" says Matt finally, perplexed.

"Yeah," says Danny, pointing to the number 31 on the pitcher's back.

"I thought it was," says Matt.

"He's not even warming up yet," says Danny.

Maddux' motion is so compact and controlled it's hard to tell if he is making an effort. All his gestures—stretch, stride, leg kick—are so abbreviated they seem to be a preparation to make some real baseball motion. He's finished his delivery while you're still waiting for him to get up a head of steam. His pitches smack the catcher's glove with a small crack. Some arrive silently.

Maddux' pitches don't move much, either. A few feet in front of home plate, just as Danny and Matt are about to lose sight of the ball in front of the catcher, Maddux' pitches make quick but undramatic swerves. Some go down, some break in or out, others move a bit down and in or a tad down and away. It's hard to call these throws—which deviate only three to six inches off plumb—pitches at all. Playing catch, you can make a ball move as much.

Every Maddux pitch seems to travel about the same speed—but not exactly so. Each throw covers the last few feet a bit faster or a bit slower than the previous one. Occasionally, Maddux throws curveballs. They roll sharply. Good college quality. But to say they break would be generous.

On an adjacent mound, Steve Avery starts to throw. The sound is like cherry bombs blowing up soda cans. Danny and Matt arch their necks to see Avery. But those seats are taken. They are stuck with watching the 30-year-old who's won the past four National League Cy Young Awards.

"If Greg was throwing as fast as he could," says Danny, "we'd be ducking."

Later, Maddux is told about the two boys. He puts a pinch of snuff under his upper lip and adjusts his wire-rimmed glasses. He's not six feet tall, as the roster says, though he might live up to the 170 pounds. His eyebrows and forehead sometimes twitch involuntarily, like those of a tense nerd in school. His smile is shy, his voice so soft it's a strain to hear. "I hate to disappoint those kids, but I was throwing as hard as I can.

"That's all I've got."

•

If you want a series of interviews with a star athlete and you don't already have a personal history with him, this is what usually happens: You have to perform the goddamn 12 labors of Hercules.

You talk to his agent, his lawyer, his general manager, his team's public relations director. Your people talk to his people. You block out time. You do a courtship dance. The process can take weeks. Perhaps he blows you off. Finally, you go to a steakhouse or play golf or visit him in his home. But, underneath it all, here's the basic ground rule and the subtext: He's a star.

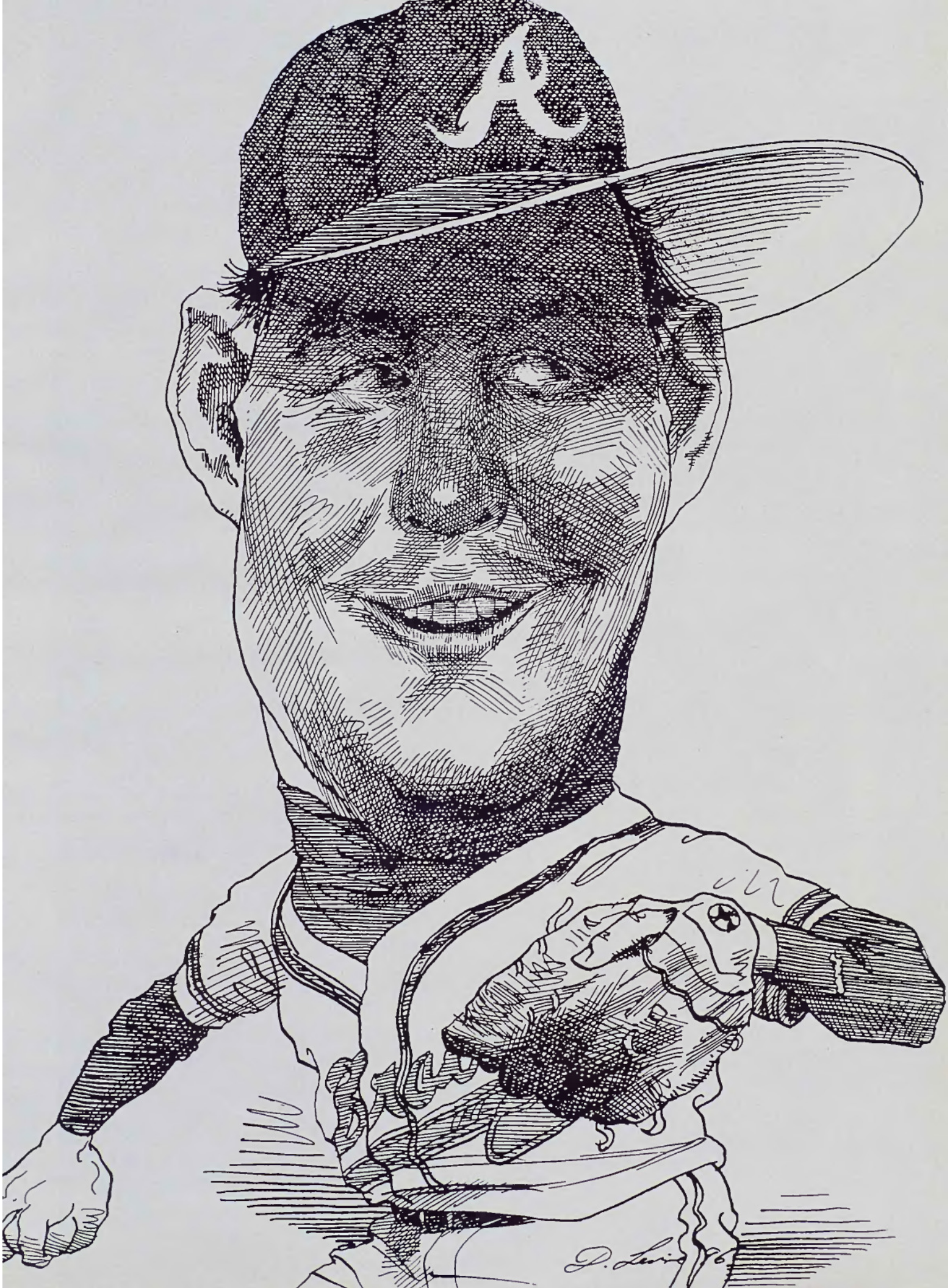
This is how it works with Greg Maddux. You walk up to him in the clubhouse and introduce yourself. He says, "PLAYBOY, huh? Do I get to pose?"

You start chatting. John Smoltz walks past with a bagful of McDonald's cheeseburgers. Maddux mooches one. "Need grease," he says to appalled pitching coach Leo Mazzone, who hates antihealth food. "Gotta make that sinker drop."

Sitting hunched at his locker, Maddux munches his impromptu fast-food meal. He signs balls. He opens fan mail. And he talks—for an hour and a half, about any subject under the sun. He's shy, his voice quiet. It's obvious he loves to talk pitching theory. It's his passion. But he doesn't mind talking about himself either, though he finds the subject inherently less interesting. Finally, he says, "Gotta go do my running. Come back any time."

Greg Maddux has nothing to sell and little to hide. He has no image to cultivate or protect because he hasn't bothered to create one. He has no major commercial endorsements. He has no public persona whatsoever. He may be the most widely known athlete in American history who can walk down any street and go *(continued on page 133)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE



it doesn't take long to learn
miss august is entirely solar powered

JESSICA, Sunny-Side Up

ROAM THE historic streets of Tampa, Florida with 21-year-old Playmate Jessica Lee, and you'll come away thinking she'd be the funniest, sweetest kid sister a brother could have. One moment she's talking sports, telling you why she's a baseball fan ("I love men in uniform"), the next she's trading jokes with a couple of local cops. Then she's grabbing your hand and pulling you into a favorite burger joint, where she makes certain you meet everybody and everybody meets you. "I was born in New York, but I've lived in Tampa since I was six," explains this high-energy, low-maintenance woman. "I've got a lot of buddies around town." Miss August, like Florida, is solar powered. When the sun disappears, kid sister vanishes with it. Place Jessica across a candlelit table, look into those private, gold-burnished eyes and there is enough residual heat to suck the breath out of you. "My birthday's in February," she says, "but I've always been a summer girl. I love to oil up, lie on the beach and just soak it in—the sun, the air, the sounds. My favorite time to swim is when the Gulf of Mexico gets hot, almost body temperature. I'd love to visit Alaska and see whales, but I'd have to wear about ten layers of clothes."

Jessica has always been too busy to be a full-time beach girl. In elementary school and high school she studied ballet. "I liked the discipline," she says, "but what I really enjoyed was creative dance, making up the moves on my own." These days, Jessica moves faster than ever. In the space of

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

one afternoon, we followed her to Ybor City, where she did a business lunch at Cherry's, then to Bennigan's for a beer-tasting session, then off to her old elementary school to watch friends play softball. Later, at the team's victory party, she told us, "My schedule has been wild ever since I was named Miss August. The only time I get home is to sleep!" Even so, home and family are priorities. She lives with her mother, who's a registered nurse, her bass-guitar-playing brother and a basset hound named Sabrina. She is also close with her father, a Tampa land appraiser. "I have the most awesome family," Jessica says, producing photos from her wallet. "Isn't my mom gorgeous? When we got the call from PLAYBOY, I think she was more excited than I was. It's going to be hard to move to Los Angeles—I've never been away from here. But I'm determined to study acting. Besides," Miss August adds, flashing her smile, "there's lots of sun there. I'll feel right at home." —RANDY WAYNE WHITE

"I wasn't born in Florido, but I consider myself o Florida girl. Get me on the beoch or in the Glades ond I turn native." The next hot spot on her life's itinerary is Hollywood, where Jessico will set her sights on TV ond acting. "I've done some television and I love it. But I want to study the craft, do the work, so I can do chor-octer ports. I think I'm more than just another pretty face." No argument from us, Jessica.

"Florida gets lots of foreign tourists. That's how I know I prefer American men. My boyfriend is a former high school wrestler. He's funny, sweet, smart and ripped! Typical American guy." For Jessica, humor is a key homegrown ingredient. "Great sex begins with laughter. And I'd rather have a burger at a local club than eat dinner at an exclusive restaurant. You can't jake around at those places."

MISS AUGUST
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Jessica Lee

BUST: 34B WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 103

BIRTH DATE: 2/18/75 BIRTHPLACE: Binghamton, N.Y.

AMBITIONS: Acting—work hard, learn the craft. Take great care of my family, my friends & loves.

TURN-ONS: Hot Florida nights on the beach, humor because I love to laugh, full-body massages.

TURNOFFS: People who act like hotshots, drugged-up dopes, complainers.

GREAT SEX BEGINS WITH: Hugs, lots of love, lots of laughter.

EVERY WOMAN SHOULD HAVE: An awesome mother, a best buddy, and a hot, hot lover—all in her heart.

THE BEST MEN ARE: Made in America, because they've got an attitude, they're FUN, and even the plain-looking ones are hunks!

WHAT DRIVES ME WILD: Long-long kisses & Summer!

Toy Soldier

Sixteen & shy!

Nutcracker Sweet!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

While stationed overseas, a Marine wrote to his wife asking her to send him something to keep him occupied so that he wouldn't be tempted by the beautiful native women. A few weeks later, the GI received a harmonica with some sheet music and instructions.

When his tour of duty was finally over and he was shipped home, the Marine kissed his wife and whispered urgently, "Come on, baby. Let's go upstairs."

"Right," she whispered back. "But first, how about playing something on that harmonica?"

When the golfer arrived without a tee time, he was teamed up with three nuns. Sister Margaret introduced herself and insisted that he hit first. He carefully addressed the ball, took an enormous swing and hooked the ball into a bunker. "Goddamn son of a bitch!" he hollered.

The nuns gasped. "Sir," Sister Margaret admonished, "we don't speak that way in the sight of the Lord."

"Forgive me, Sister," the embarrassed man replied. "It won't happen again. Please take your turn."

The nun's drive sliced into the rough, hit a tree and bounced straight back 50 yards. "Goddamn son of a bitch!" she exploded, throwing her club to the ground.

"But, Sister," the shocked man said. "You said——"

"Yeah, well, you didn't hit a fucking tree!"

Definition of stupid: Thinking your wife's been to church when she comes home with a Gideon Bible.

On the fourth day of their honeymoon, the 21-year-old bride was begging for mercy from her 75-year-old husband. Rather than endure yet another lovemaking session, she slipped out of the room while he was showering and went to the hotel coffee shop. The waitress, who had served the couple breakfast each day, was shocked at the woman's appearance. "Honey, you're just a young thing," she remarked, "but you look like hell. What's up?"

"I've been double-crossed," the miserable bride moaned. "When he said he'd been saving up for 50 years, I thought he meant cash!"

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: An American, an Englishman and an Australian were walking along a country road when they came upon a ewe, caught in midleap, entangled in a fence.

"Oh man," the Yank said, "I wish that were Cindy Crawford."

"I say," the Brit remarked, "I wish it were Elizabeth Hurley."

"Bloody hell," the Aussie said, "I wish it were dark."

The company had been out on maneuvers all day. "How far to the bivouac, Sarge?" one of the men asked.

"About three miles," was the reply.

An hour later another soldier piped up. "How far to the bivouac?"

"About three miles."

Another hour passed. A third soldier asked the same question and got the same reply. "At least," mumbled a fourth, "we're holding our own."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Two sperm were swimming through a woman's body. The first said, "Whew. I'm getting tired. Just how far is it to the uterus?"

"The uterus?" the second laughed. "We're not even past the esophagus yet!"

It may be just a rumor, but someone told us that Rush Limbaugh was spotted mowing his lawn in a T-shirt that said I USED TO BE ANOREXIC, BUT I BEAT IT.

A man in a suede jacket was stopped on the street by an angry woman. "Do you know a cow was murdered to make that jacket?" she shouted.

"Yeah, but I didn't know there were any witnesses," he replied. "Now I'm gonna have to kill you too."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Gee—I reckon that was my personal best."

Physical

IN A WORLD OF EXCRUCIATING PAIN, THE HEALING TOUCH OF AN ATTRACTIVE WOMAN IS LIKE A VISITATION FROM AN ANGEL

fiction By Joyce Carol Oates

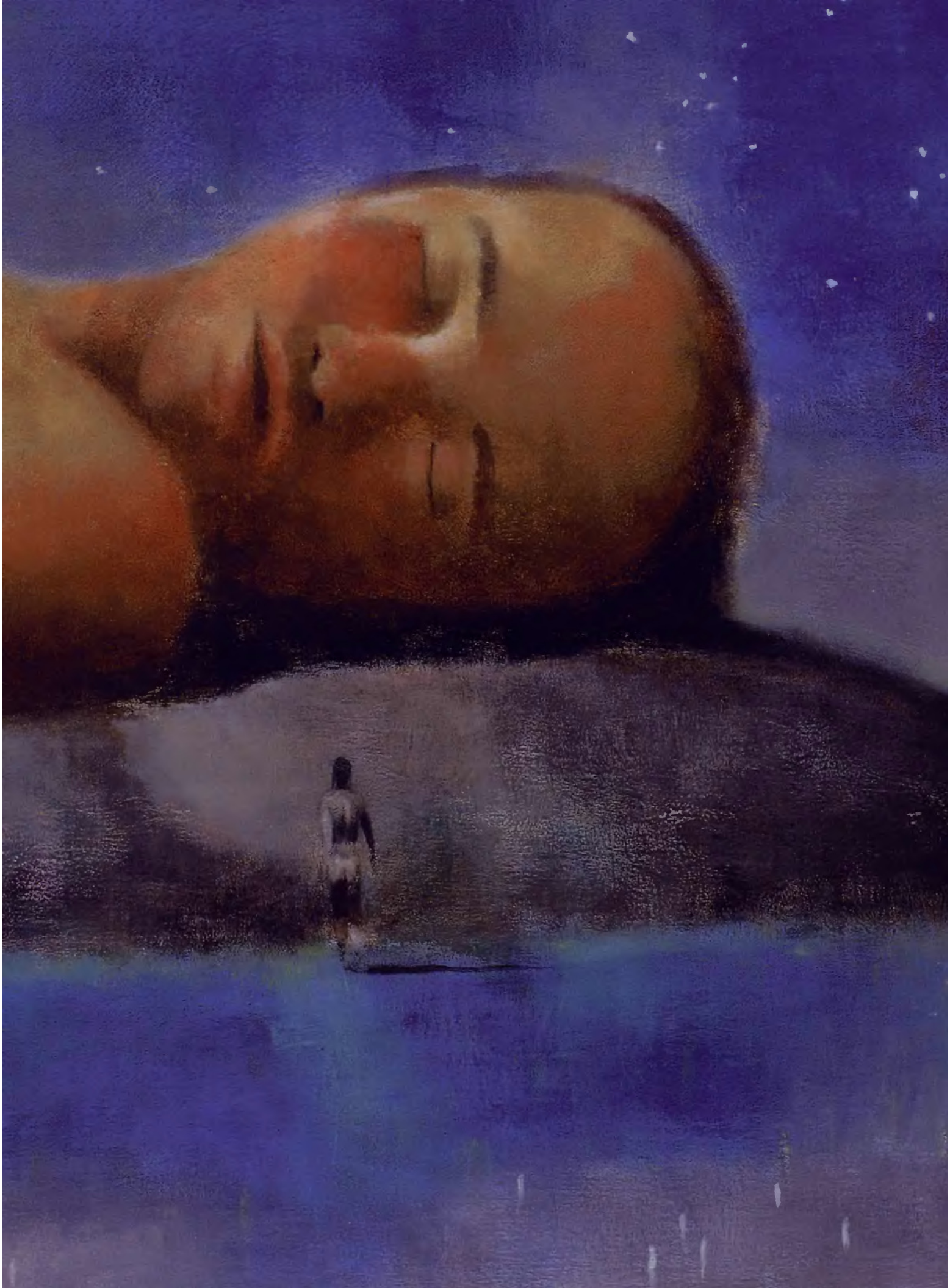
"Good news!"

Temple's doctor was smiling, glancing through a sheath of X rays as he entered the waiting room where Temple sat shivering. Temple thought, Not lymphatic cancer, then.

What he was suffering from was—severe muscle spasm in his upper neck? Overstretched ligaments? Possible disc injury? Temple listened with a dutiful show of interest. It was mildly surreal that Dr. Freddie Dunbar, whom he knew from the Saddle Hills Tennis Club, should be delivering the news—Dr. Dunbar, whose tennis game was dogged, mediocre. Temple's heartbeat had quickened when Dunbar entered the room bearing what Temple had assumed was his death warrant ("Hmm. The lymphoid glands appear to be swollen. That's not good," Dunbar had murmured during the physical examination preceding the X rays), but now it was good news, not bad. His heart was returning to normal, or what passed for normal. Temple would live after all—it was only a physical problem.

Temple had become one of those men who in middle age plunge into physical activities—in Temple's case, jogging, cycling, tennis, downhill skiing—with the avidity of youth, when a man believes he's not only immortal but that his body is also protected by a sacred aura. *Not me! Not me! I can't be stopped, not me!* Now that Temple was 45—no, 46, his birthday, unheralded, had been the previous Saturday—he hadn't any less energy or enthusiasm, nor any less skill—he would swear to this!—but things seemed to be happening to him. A skiing accident in Vail, ankle in a cast for weeks last winter; a fall on the tennis court, bruises and lacerations on his right forearm. And a (minor but annoying) heart problem. (Which he hadn't indicated on the medical form he'd filled out at the front desk. Dunbar was a neck man, *(continued on page 106)*

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND



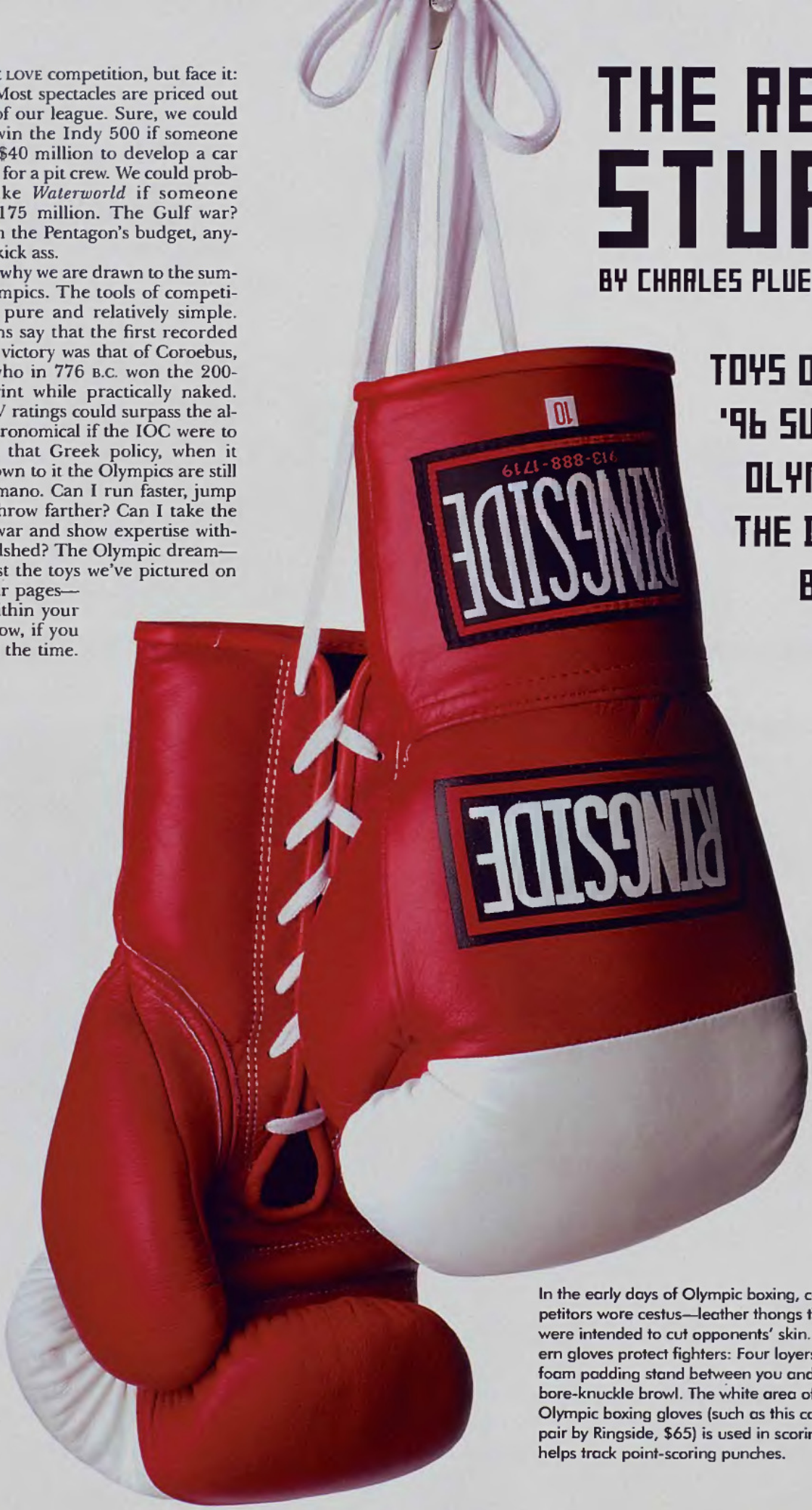
THE REAL STUFF

BY CHARLES PLUEDDEMAN

TOYS OF THE '96 SUMMER OLYMPICS: THE DREAM BEGINS HERE

WE LOVE competition, but face it: Most spectacles are priced out of our league. Sure, we could win the Indy 500 if someone gave us $40 million to develop a car and paid for a pit crew. We could probably make *Waterworld* if someone raised $175 million. The Gulf war? Hey, with the Pentagon's budget, anyone can kick ass.

That's why we are drawn to the summer Olympics. The tools of competition are pure and relatively simple. Historians say that the first recorded Olympic victory was that of Coroebus, a cook who in 776 B.C. won the 200-yard sprint while practically naked. While TV ratings could surpass the already astronomical if the IOC were to reinstate that Greek policy, when it comes down to it the Olympics are still mano a mano. Can I run faster, jump higher, throw farther? Can I take the tools of war and show expertise without bloodshed? The Olympic dream—or at least the toys we've pictured on these four pages—is well within your reach. Now, if you only had the time.



In the early days of Olympic boxing, competitors wore cestus—leather thongs that were intended to cut opponents' skin. Modern gloves protect fighters: Four layers of foam padding stand between you and a bore-knuckle brawl. The white area of Olympic boxing gloves (such as this cowhide pair by Ringside, $65) is used in scoring—it helps track point-scoring punches.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Nothing epitomizes the classical purity of the Olympics more than the javelin. Made of aluminum or steel, with a cord grip, a men's regulation model weighs 800 grams (1.75 pounds) and measures 270 centimeters long. The Nemeth shown here is used in the 90-meter event and costs $600. White-water tumult requires nerves of steel and an exact sense of where you are on a raging river. Do you recall watching white-water kayakers coming within an inch of a slalom gate and avoiding contact with a slight roll of boat and body? World champion David Hearn created this boat with engineer David Knight. It is a blend of carbon fiber, Spheretex, Kevlar and fiberglass and goes for about $2000.

Cycling is a high-tech Olympic sport: Subtle improvements in materials can mean the difference between gold and silver. Refinements debuted at the Olympics almost immediately work their way to street bikes. This rev-X-raks mountain bike wheel by Spinergy has four sets of carbon-fiber spokes that cut drag and improve shock absorption. A set of two wheels costs $800.

A firm wrist. A true point. En garde. It's a long way from wooden swords in the backyard. Leon Paul makes this steel and aluminum saber ($90) as well as this stainless steel mask ($180), which will protect you from your opponent's blade, if not his gaze. In the Olympics, the weapons are wired to a computer that records touches electronically. In the old days hits were determined by the chalk marks that were left on competitors' uniforms.

The Anschütz 2013 is a weapon in the some way a Ferrari is an automobile. The .22-caliber target rifle is highly adjustable—from the length of the stock to the cheek piece. Think gravity. Think calm. Or don't think. Fire. The rifle costs $3300. The 250 rounds of ammo that you will use to win the gold cost an additional $50.

Archery is the sport of poets, mystics ond kings. Zen and the art of archery, meet Robin Hood. The sport requires concentration, the ability to quiet the body and mind. Following on arrow into a bull's-eye is one of the great rides. The $1200 Hoyt Avalon comes in draw weights from 22 pounds to 50 pounds. The ACE arrows by Easton go for $200 per dozen.

The modern Olympics celebrate amateur athletics. Interestingly, the original definition of amateur described a gentleman—a person so rich he did not have to work, and thus hod the leisure to pursue such noble sports as horseback riding. This commemorative Crosby Centennial jumping soddle from Miller's Harness of Manhattan costs about $1700, including leather straps and stirrups. The horse that goes with it will set you back a quarter of a million bucks.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 141.

Physical *(continued from page 100)*

He shut his eyes, terribly embarrassed. Flat like this, on his back, he felt—unmanned.

not a cardiologist.) And this latest problem, he guessed, must be from tennis, too, recurrent pain in the upper right side of his neck.

Why was *pain in the neck*, like *pain in the ass*, some sort of dumb joke? Temple had had his for 11 weeks now, and it was no joke.

Dunbar held the X rays to the light for Temple to examine if he wished, discussing Temple's physical problem in a thoughtful, measured voice. It was a voice Temple knew, for he employed it frequently himself: one professional to another. One man to another. Above all it was the kindly yet magisterial voice doctors employ in such settings—these breathtaking new quarters of the Saddle Hills Neck & Back Institute—to forestall patients' panic that they would have a hand in paying for such luxury. Temple, a moderately successful Saddle Hills developer, knew the price of such high-quality custom-designed construction: enormous landscaped lot, octagonal two-floor building with an atrium foyer, lots of solarium features, Spanish-looking tiles. The waiting room, to accommodate the patients of the institute's eight physician-partners, was as spacious and plush as the lobby of a luxury hotel. Temple noted with interest that the therapists appeared to be exclusively female. And young. White-clad in slacks and cotton-knit tunic tops with names stitched in pink above their left breasts. One curly-haired young woman walking briskly past with an armload of towels glanced in Temple's direction with a quick smile—did she know him? Another, tenderly overseeing a damaged-looking man of Temple's age who was trying, face contorted with pain, to do a single push-up, had china-doll features and hair the color of apricot sherbet. But it was a petite, dark-haired girl who caught Temple's eye as, her own posture ramrod straight, she massaged the neck of a woman lying limp on her stomach on a table. She was a pretty girl, not beautiful, with filmy-dark Mediterranean hair and olive-pale, slightly blemished skin. Temple's heart went out to her. You just didn't see girls with pimply complexions anymore in America. Where had they all gone?

"It isn't common," Dunbar was saying. "You say you've been flying a lot recently? Here's what I'm guessing: You picked up a viral infection from stale air circulating and recirculating in the plane. It settled in a neck muscle already strained from exertion and poor posture. Once the muscle goes into spasm, as yours has, it can take quite a while to heal."

"Poor posture?" Temple said, hurt. He immediately straightened his shoulders, elevated his head. "How can you assume that, Freddie?"

"Assume it? I can see it."

Dunbar was a short, peppy-wiry man who may have been a few years younger than Temple. He had ghost-gray eyes, a congenial but guarded smile; Temple would have to reassess him, in light of this multimillion-dollar medical investment. The doctor sat on the edge of the examining table to demonstrate. "This is proper posture, see? At the back of the neck, a small inward curve, the cervical lordosis it's called," Dunbar said, touching the nape of his neck, head uplifted and chin slightly retracted. "And here, at the lower back, a similar hollow. When you slouch as you've been doing, everything sags, your head protrudes and a considerable strain is placed on your neck muscles. And if these muscles have been infected or injured in any way, the injury can be exacerbated, and quite painful. Your muscle has gone into spasm. The X ray shows a kind of knot."

Temple's awkwardly corrected posture made his neck ache more. He kneaded the sore muscle at the back of his head. "A knot," he said, bemused. "How do you untie it?"

Dunbar said, not ungraciously, "That's what we're here for."

The consultation was over. It had not seemed hurried, yet only eight minutes had passed. Temple had spent most of the hour shivering in the X-ray unit. Dunbar quickly wrote out a prescription for a muscle relaxant—"Be sure not to drink while taking these, Larry, and be careful driving," as if Temple had to be cautioned about such an elementary measure—and a prescription for Temple to take to the physical therapy clinic downstairs. Somehow, Temple was in for three therapy sessions weekly until his pain subsided.

The men shook hands, as after a tennis match. Dunbar, the weaker player, had unaccountably won. It was only then that Dunbar asked, his expression subtly shifting, an actual light coming up in his eyes, "And, Larry, how is Isabel?"

"Who?"

"Isn't that your wife's—your former wife's—name? Isabel?"

"Oh, you mean Isa*belle*." Temple gave the name the French intonation Isabelle preferred. Coolly he said, "I'm afraid I don't know, Freddie. Isabelle moved to Santa Monica after the divorce and remarried." Temple was breathless, angry. He was still smarting over that crack about poor posture, and he couldn't have said whether he resented Dunbar asking about Isabelle or only that he had asked belatedly, about to walk away. And Temple knew, even before he presented his Visa card at the front desk, that he'd be criminally overcharged: $338 for the visit!

The glamorous young woman who processed his bill smiled at him anxiously. "Mr. Temple, are you all right?"

"Thanks, I'm fine. I'm in agony," Temple said, smiling in his affable, charming way. "I'm in *spasm*, actually. It sounds sexual but it isn't. I always walk with my head under my arm."

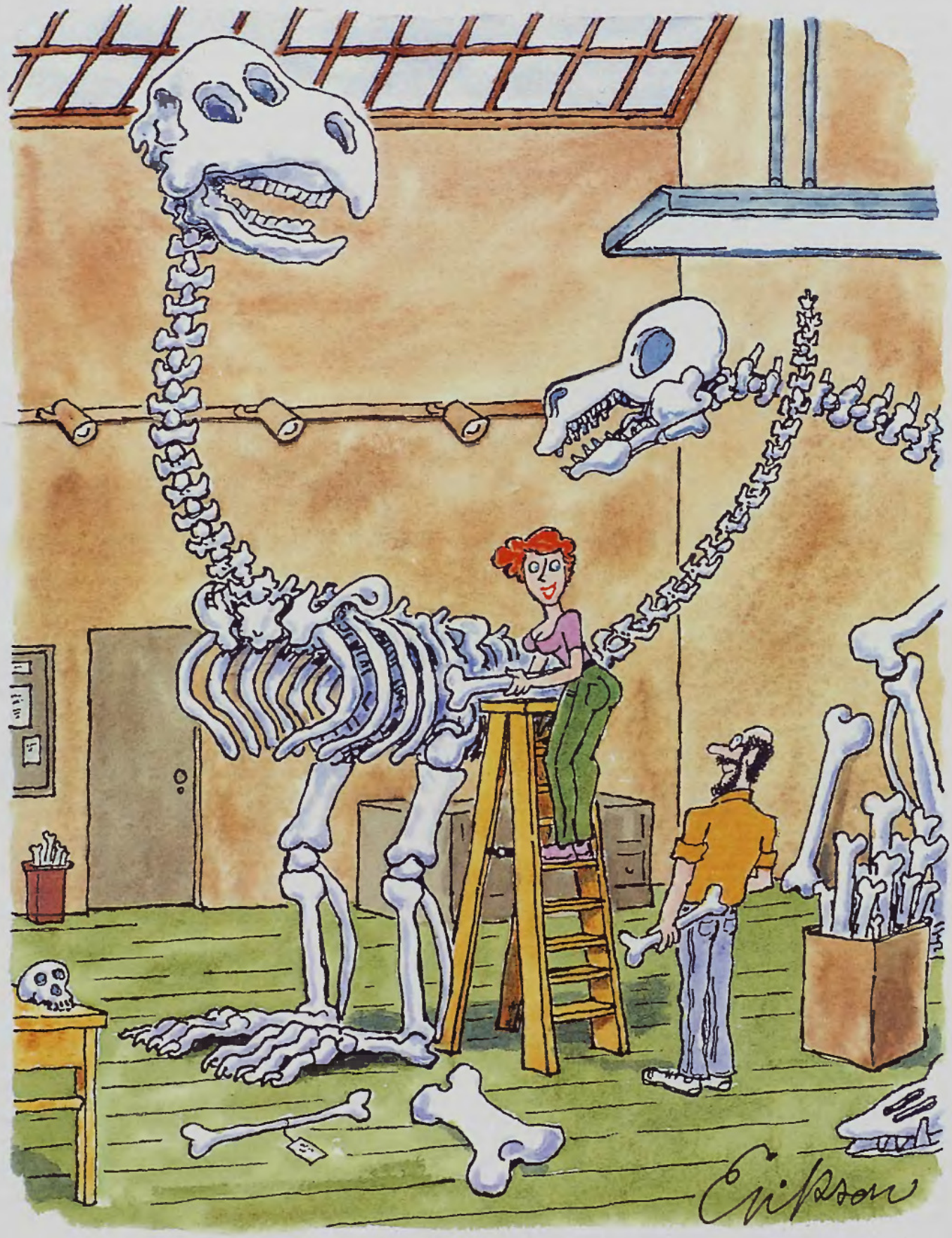
Thinking on his way downstairs that he'd simply walk out, get into his car and drive away—what the hell. Quit while he was out only $338. Physical problems embarrassed him. He was sweating, wincing with pain in his neck and head. It wasn't that smug hustler Dunbar he was furious with; it was his former wife Isabelle. *Damn you: What a way to treat a man who loved you. Crazy for you, and what did I get out of it? Kick in the teeth, in the neck. In the balls.*

•

Despite the codeine in the muscle relaxant, washed down with beer, Temple had a wretched night. Alone with his physical self.

Defeatedly, the next morning he checked into the physical therapy clinic of the Saddle Hills Neck & Back Institute and after a restless wait of 40 minutes was assigned a therapist. "Hello, Mr. Temple? I'm Gina. Will you come this way?" Dazed with pain, Temple squinted at whomever it was with the somber equanimity of a condemned man greeting his executioner. He saw the petite young woman with the dark hair, olive skin and very dark, thickly lashed eyes. GINA in pink script above her left breast. His heartbeat quickened. Oh, ridiculous!

The young woman led Temple more briskly than he could comfortably follow, a steel rod of pain driven through his neck. Through the large, airy, L-shaped space, past ingenious torture machines of pulleys, rings, bars, pedals, into which shaky men and women were being helped, victims of what physical mishaps, what unspeakable muscular or neurological deterioration one could only imagine. Temple did



"Why, Professor Kelly—you have a boner!"

not want to stare. He feared seeing someone he knew, and being seen and known in turn. A well-built young man stood poised atop a curious disk, gripping a bar and trying desperately to balance himself; terror shone in his eyes as his legs failed, he began to fall and two attendants deftly caught him beneath the arms. Another man, Temple's age, with thick, bushy, receding hair very much like Temple's, lay stretched out groaning on a mat, having collapsed in the midst of an exercise. Back trouble, Temple guessed. Quickly, he looked away.

"In here, Mr. Temple. Would you like me to help you lie down, or can you manage yourself?" Gina shut the door: Thank God, they were in a private room. Unassisted, Temple climbed up on and stretched out on an eight-foot-long padded table, a warm rolled towel exactly fitted to the aching hollow of his neck. He shut his eyes, terribly embarrassed. Flat like this, on his back, he felt—unmanned. An overturned beetle. What was this girl seeing? What was she thinking? Luckily the crises of the past several months had burned off most of Temple's excess weight at the waist and gut: 180 pounds packed into a five-foot-ten frame, upper-body muscles still fairly solid, Temple didn't look—did he?—like a loser. He was wearing a fresh-laundered T-shirt, chino trousers, jogging shoes. He'd showered and hastily shaved within the hour and his jaws stung pleasantly. He knew that, upright, he was a reasonably attractive man; looked years younger than his age on good days. But this was not a good day. He hadn't slept more than two or three hours the previous night. His eyes were ringed with fatigue and finely threaded with blood. It touched him to the quick that a young woman, a stranger, should see him in so weakened and debased a state.

"Mr. Temple, please try to relax."

Gina's voice was intense, throaty. Kindly. Temple did not open his eyes as she began to "stretch" his neck, as she explained—standing behind him, gripping the base of his skull and pulling gently at first, then with more strength. A woman's touch like ivory against his burning skin. Christ! He thought of masseuses, prostitutes. But this was therapy prescribed by Freddie Dunbar the neck specialist. This was legitimate, the real thing. Temple tensed, expecting excruciating pain, and could not quite believe that none came. He forced himself to breathe deeply, and by degrees he began to relax. "Now retract your head, please. No, like this. Farther. Hold for a count of three. Release, relax and repeat, ten times." Unquestioning, Temple followed instructions. Gina then began to knead the knotted muscles at the base of his skull, slowly on both sides of his neck, down to his shoulders and back up again. At the injured muscle, the fingers probed pure white-hot pain and Temple cried out like a stricken animal. "Sorry, Mr. Temple," Gina murmured, fingers easing away quickly as if repentant.

An exhausting drill of exercises. Sets of ten. Again, again. Retracting the head, side-bending the neck. On his stomach, sitting up, on his back again. When he gasped aloud, Gina said gently, as if reproving, "Initial pain increase is common. Just go slowly." Temple realized he was floating on an island of pain like sparkling white sand. One of the numerous tropical-resort white-sand beaches of his late marriage. And Isabelle close beside him. So long as he did not look at her, she would remain. Warm oiled supple woman's body, the sunlit smell. When he opened his eyes, blinking, Isabelle was gone. But the dazzling sand remained. Blinding sand. An island of pain from which he kicked off, swam away in cool caressing turquoise waters and returned; returned to the sparkling, dazzling pain and kicked off again, swam away again and again returned. Always, he returned.

A woman's deft fingers were fitting a thick, snug collar around his neck through which (Temple gradually gathered) hot water coursed. Fifteen minutes. Temple sweated, panted, observed his pain draining away, the tension dissolving like melting ice. His eyes filled with moisture. He was not crying, but his vision swam. Panting with happiness, hope. The young female therapist in white stood beside the table making notations on a clipboard. Only now did Temple cast a sidelong glance at her—she was probably in her mid-20s, slender, small-boned, with dark, thick-lashed eyes and a narrow, thin-tipped nose. Her complexion wasn't perfect, yet it wasn't exactly blemished—tiny pimples at her hairline, like a rash. She had sensitive skin, so what? Not the smooth, poreless cosmetic mask of glamorous Isabelle and her glamorous female friends.

"Are you feeling better, Mr. Temple?"

"I am."

"You were terribly tense when you came in, but you did relax finally."

"I did."

Temple spoke heartily. He wanted to cry, to burst into laughter. Wanted to seize Gina about her slender hips, and bury his heated face against her. Life seemed suddenly so simple, so good.

•

He went away with a set of instructions for exercises to do at home and an appointment with Gina for the morning after next. Secretly, he planned not to return—the sessions were $95 for 55 minutes! And he certainly wasn't going to see Dunbar again in a week, as Freddie wanted. You don't get to be a millionaire several times over by wasting good money.

•

"Why? To help people, I guess. To play a role in a person's recovery."

At this second therapy session Gina spoke more readily. Gently but forcibly she stretched Temple's neck, massaged the "soft tissue" at the base of his skull, secured him into the remarkable hot-pack collar through which steaming water coursed nourishing as blood. ("Is it tight enough? Is it too tight?" There was something disturbingly intimate, even erotic, about being trussed up in the thing. Just a little more pressure on his neck arteries and Temple's entire head would be tumescent.) Partly Temple was quizzing Gina to distract himself from his misery, and partly it was Temple's habit to quiz strangers who intrigued him—*How do you live? What is your life? Is there some secret to your life that might help me?* But also he was fascinated by the girl. Waking the previous night from restless dreams, a dream riddled with pain like pelting raindrops, he saw someone standing silently beside his bed. She reached out to touch him, calm him with her ivory-cool fingers. They were such strong fingers.

Gina was saying earnestly, "I have wanted to be a physical therapist since—oh, sixth grade, maybe. Our teacher went around the room asking us what we wanted to do when we grew up, and I said, 'Help sick people get better.' There was a cousin of mine, a boy, who had cystic fibrosis. I've always wished I could have helped him walk. For a while I wanted to be a nurse, then a doctor—but they don't really play a role in a person's recovery, over a period of time, like a physical therapist does." How proudly she spoke, in her shy way.

Play a role. A curious expression. It evoked a world in which people played roles in one another's lives and had no lives of their own except for these roles. Maybe it made sense, Temple thought. What is an actor apart from a play? You can't just *be*—brute raw existence 24 hours a day.

"I never knew that I wanted to be anything, I guess," Temple said, bemused. *Except a winner.* "It's like, well, falling in love. A life can just happen." *Cut the crap! Who was angling, negotiating, push-push-pushing to make it happen?* "Uh, how many patients do you see

(continued on page 154)

PLAYMATE REVISITED: KATHY SHOWER

hollywood fell hard for this actress mom

WHEN KATHY SHOWER appeared as our May 1985 Playmate, we beamed with pride. The talented actress had already appeared on Broadway and prime-time TV, and Hollywood beckoned. "I have a great career, thanks in large part to PLAYBOY," says Kathy, our 1986 Playmate of the Year. She recently left Los Angeles for the villas of Europe, where she's well known for her work in miniseries and on the American soap *Santa Barbara*. "I am so blessed," Kathy says from her Barcelona apartment. "I've been everywhere in the past ten years and have gotten paid to go. It's been wonderful."

Above right, Kathy's centerfold from May 1985, and below it, a tip of the hat on her PMOY cover in 1986. Her daughters, who cheered mom on during the PMOY ceremony at the Playboy Mansion, have grown: Mindy, 21, will study law; Melonie, 17, plays piano and guitar.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

Though Kathy spends much of her time overseos, she doesn't forget friends back home. When Hef celebrated his birthdoy in April, Kothy hod 70 white roses sent from her hometown of Brookville, Ohio. "A birthdoy is o special gift," Kothy says. "I'm so hoppy thot I've hod 43 of them, that I'm healthy ond strong and thot I'm living in a beoutiful city like Barcelona. When I'm 70 I want thot party hat on."

they have taste and cachet. now the major breweries are spending big so you'll get the news

drink by MICHAEL JACKSON

SMALL BEERS STEP OUT

THE BIGGEST breweries in America are thinking small. Anheuser-Busch, Miller and other famous producers of golden lager have turned their hands to red and black brews, wheat beers and spicy and fruity beers. These beers are not intended for everyone. They aren't meant to sweep the nation, just to meet the needs of a demanding minority. European brewers have even toured America to sample this new generation of brews. If you want a dark, malty, Munich-type lager, or a yeasty, Belgian-style wheat beer, or a dry India pale ale, America is a good place to be. The world's biggest brewer, Anheuser-Busch, has a malty new brew, Centennial, and a wheaty Hefeweizen. It has also introduced a new line named American Originals, based on old recipes found in company archives. Anheuser has also introduced a new Texas brew, Ziegenbock, and invested in the Seattle microbrewery Redhook. Miller owns Leinenkugel's (a specialty brewer in the Midwest) and has taken a financial interest in Shipyard (an East Coast brewery known for its ales) and Celis (a Texas brewery famous for its wheat beer). All told, there are about 60 mighty microbrews available today, and many more are being developed. These new small beers are meant to be savored—the color, aroma and texture are part of the pleasure. A bronze or amber-red color means the barley grains have been toasted during the malting process. Darker colors indicate stewing or roasting, with flavors to match. Wheat beers, being traditional, can be offered unfiltered and hazy, their natural tartness given a sharp edge by yeast sediment. Lager yeasts make for smooth, rounded flavors; ale yeasts for more fruitiness and complexity. The more hops used, the drier and more aromatic the beer. Which is best? Gold or bronze? Amber red or mahogany? Dark brown or black? Flowery, hoppy dryness or malty sweetness? Here's a guide to the boutique brews.

GOLDEN LAGERS

Once every town had its own beer, using different grains, local hops, spices, herbs and wild yeasts. Then came the industrial age. Ever since the world's first bright, golden brew was made in Pilsen, Bohemia 150 years ago, beers have become more pale in color and lighter in body and flavor. Now the big brews are as pale and light, crisp and clean as a beer can be. American Originals' assertive Faust is crisp, with the floweriness of the famous Saaz hop variety from Bohemia. This beer, by the way, is *(continued on page 150)*

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE BENNY

20 QUESTIONS

HEIDI FLEISS

She was among the most powerful women in town. From 1990 to 1993 she had a direct line to A-list stars and studio execs, running the most exclusive call-girl service in Los Angeles. At one time, Heidi Fleiss employed more than 100 women. She did well. So well, in fact, that she soon moved from a two-bedroom West Hollywood apartment to a $1.6 million Beverly Hills home. Among her neighbors were Bruce Springsteen and Jay Leno.

Then in June 1993, the dark-haired daughter of a prominent pediatrician was busted for pandering and drug trafficking. In December 1994 Fleiss was convicted on three of five counts of pandering but was found not guilty of the drug charges. The penalty: a possible eight years in jail. Federal charges of income tax evasion, conspiracy and money laundering followed, of which she was also found guilty. We sent Contributing Editor David Rensin to meet with Fleiss and see what the former Hollywood madam had to say for herself as her sentencing date loomed.

1.

PLAYBOY: By the time this interview appears, your sentence will have been determined. Care to predict the outcome?

FLEISS: I read the report. I know my probation officer recommended seven years and three months in a federal institution, and that I'll serve six complete years. It's terrible, it's awful. Somehow I seem to piss off an awful lot of people. I know I was power-tripping and that I made the wrong kind of enemies. But I've been good. I was arrested three years ago. I've been a model citizen. I pay my taxes, I employ 15 people at my store. I'm a perfect example of a reformed criminal, and I think that the system could actually use me. I'd be better used in some kind of community service than to be stuck in a cage somewhere. I had hoped that there would be some bigger minds out there. Being imprisoned for consensual sex is archaic. Child molesters and murderers get probation. It's not fair. I was arrested, I stopped what I was doing. I live a totally different life now. The police accomplished their goal.

the former hollywood madam talks about hooking, hubris and what you can get for $40,000 a night

2.

PLAYBOY: When guys go to prison they are afraid of being raped. What do women think about?

FLEISS: I wish that I knew. I have all these attorneys and no one knows of a good women's facility to recommend because they have had little experience with women's federal crimes. I don't know where they sent Leona Helmsley, but if she could handle it I can handle it.

3.

PLAYBOY: In Nick Broomfield's documentary *Heidi Fleiss: Hollywood Madam*, there was talk of a $40,000 fantasy night ordered by one customer. What does a guy get for that kind of money?

FLEISS: He gets me in attendance, talking. That's the bonus. We had a lot of fun during the fantasy nights. We did them once a week. One of my customers liked this certain girl, and I would go there with her and two other beautiful girls. She would start stripping by the fireplace. We'd each take a quaalude. Everyone would get loose. Then she would give the guy head while I made up stories—some were true and some weren't—about things that went on while she did tricks. She would make him come, then the other girls would make him come. I guess for $40,000 you get a sex orgy. Everyone had a good time. There was nothing humiliating or degrading. How could you not be satisfied with the evening? If a guy comes ten times a night, he's a happy guy.

4.

PLAYBOY: When did you realize, growing up, that you were different from other girls?

FLEISS: I was 16 when I "strayed." I was at the racetrack instead of deciding what sorority to join. I was always hanging out with boys. I liked sex. Although I didn't have sex until later. I liked gambling. I was attracted to risk. It was something that got my heart pumping. Being at the racetrack thrilled me more than whatever other girls were doing. But I didn't have trouble relating to women. I had tons of girlfriends, and I was always the group leader. That's probably why it was so easy for me to make the transition to what I call being a go-between. I don't view what I did as running a prostitution ring. It was more like a dating service.

5.

PLAYBOY: Should prostitution be legal?

FLEISS: Yes. It could be regulated. It should be a woman's choice so long as it's not used to feed a drug habit, and no one should be forced into it. Beautiful girls come here from everywhere and want to be actresses and movie stars. To me, prostitution is a stepping-stone, not a career. I can't mention names, but maybe somebody worked for me once or twice, and that was enough to get her the money she needed to jump ahead. But you never hear the success story of the girl who fulfilled her fantasy of sleeping with a famous guy, traveling through the Caribbean for $2000 a day, having a great time that one time, then going on and being successful at whatever she does in life. All you hear are the loser stories.

6.

PLAYBOY: Rate the best-seller *You'll Never Make Love in This Town Again*. Given the book's success, are you sorry you passed up the offer of a million dollars to write your own book?

FLEISS: I read some of the book and it cracked me up. Some of it's funny, much of it is old news. Who really cares? I believe that when you get home and close your door, whatever you do behind it is your business. Plus, the four authors are so stupid. I saw Liza Greer on *Geraldo* talking about how many times she tried to kill herself. It's not Hollywood's fault she tried to kill herself. That's her fault. No one made her take a razor blade to her arm. You can come to this town and be whoever you want. She chose to be a freebase head, a crackhead. I saw the contracts before the book was published. Samantha Burdette was living with me at the time, and Michael Viner, the publisher, faxed over her contract. I told her, "You know, if you do this book you can't live with me anymore." "Oh, but Heidi . . . ," she said. They're very stupid girls. I was offered a $5 million package for a book and a movie, and I have the faxes to prove it. But I didn't write a book. I never named one

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GREG GORMAN

name. When I was arrested, everyone said my clients were so scared. No one was scared. They all knew I wasn't going to say anything. There are some scumbags I truly would like to hurt, but I just don't have it in me. I believe there's a future in making money without hurting people.

7.

PLAYBOY: After you were arrested, what fabulous offers did you get to keep quiet? What would you like to say to all the guys you didn't name?

FLEISS: No one ever helped me out with a dime toward my legal fees. No one has done anything. Don Simpson spread a rumor that he paid my legal fees. When I met with private investigator Anthony Pellicano, who needed some information from me, I said, "By the way, tell Don to either quit telling people he's paying my legal fees or to really pay them, because maybe there's someone out there who will pay them and he's hindering it." So here's what I'd like to say: Please pay my legal bills. I'm with Gibson, Dunn and Crutcher. Just call them. You can wire money right into the account. I think the outstanding bill is up to 200 grand. Please, just wire the money right over.

8.

PLAYBOY: Most men imagine that beautiful women are incredible in bed. Some contend that beauty is no indication of prowess. Give us your expert opinion.

FLEISS: One guy will go, "Oh my God, you've got to sleep with Amy. She's the best fuck on earth." You sleep with Amy and she's a dead fish. It's all chemistry. It's between your ears. I'll tell you what a guy does not like. Say he's paying $2500 for a girl, and he gets one who looks like Elle Macpherson. She walks in with the attitude of, "You are lucky to be paying for me. You're lucky." A guy would rather be with a B-level or C-level girl who comes in and says, "Hey, come on! Let's whatever—watch a porno film or drink some wine." He wants someone who has energy and starts doing a 69. Who wants to be with someone who wants you to think that you're lucky? Take a fucking hike. Who said you have a golden pussy?

9.

PLAYBOY: Which actress who has played a hooker might make a good one in real life?

FLEISS: Elizabeth Shue. She looks like a few hookers who worked for me. It was tough to see *Leaving Las Vegas* because I wanted Nicolas Cage to go into rehab saying to Shue, "I love you and I'll get better and marry you, and we will be happy." Instead they did the story realistically.

Julia Roberts, too. In my attorney's closing arguments he said to the jury: "*Pretty Woman* was one of Hollywood's biggest blockbusters. Did you hate Julia Roberts? Were you mad at her and Richard Gere for playing those parts?" The jury giggled, as if thinking, Why should we be mad at Julia Roberts for playing a hooker? I loved *Pretty Woman*. It's weird how our society is so hypocritical. Maybe the message is that the laws have to change.

I'd also say Michelle Pfeiffer because she's beautiful—not that she played a hooker. But she was practically one in *Scarface*, which is one of my all-time-favorite movies. When I was arrested I thought I was Scarface. I said, "Set my bail, any bail. I'll make bail in two hours. I don't care; make it any price." I'm tripping on like I'm Tony Montana.

10.

PLAYBOY: What are your rules for surviving in Los Angeles?

FLEISS: Pretend. The town is too small to have enemies, especially if you're in show business. Even if you don't like someone, make believe you do. It doesn't mean you have to do business with them. Also, you don't want to make enemies with the police. If I had it to do again I wouldn't make those enemies. A bizarre example is the death of Don Simpson. I read what some people said about him after he died, and the hypocrisy kills me. Some of the people who eulogized Don hated him. To me, Don Simpson was an inspiration. Here's a guy who was from a shoe box in Alaska, poverty stricken, weirdest parents on earth, told him every day he was going to hell. Then he came to Hollywood and made his dreams come true. It shows that people can do anything they want if they apply themselves. Some said, "Oh, well, Don was into weird sex." Yeah, well, these people sat and watched with him. Simpson just wrote the checks. So he liked to do kinky things. I didn't supply him with the kinky girls. Don was Madam Alex' client. Actually, her bread and butter.

11.

PLAYBOY: Where are your little black books? Does the law enforcement community know something the rest of us would like to know?

FLEISS: [*Smiles*] The FBI has them. They took four. They can't understand anything in them. I wrote everything in code—I was probably high out of my mind, writing the best gibberish on earth—and they can't break it. They've called their top people. I don't think I'll ever get them back. I would like them back. They are decent Gucci books. They probably cost $400 or $500 apiece. Come to think of it, I could probably sell little black books in my store. Day Runners. Hmmm.

12.

PLAYBOY: Say the first things that pop into your head. Charlie Sheen. Billy Idol.

FLEISS: Sheen: hate him. He did his deposition on video. He didn't even have to go into a courtroom because he's Mr. Hotshot. When they asked him sexual questions, he got all excited. I bet he had a hard-on during the interview. He said, "Oh yeah, I saw a different girl every day for two months straight, and gave them two grand at a time in cash." That's a complete lie. He never, ever paid cash. He always wrote checks. Good thing they never bounced. I think his career is over. That guy is the biggest loser.

Billy Idol would get so fucked up and high, he'd want girls to shove everything in sight up his butt. I don't think a girl gets too much pleasure out of that, to be honest. Plus, he wouldn't even pay. Billy Idol was my groupie. He would hang out where I was. I found him repulsive.

13.

PLAYBOY: What are the ideal features for one of Heidi's girls?

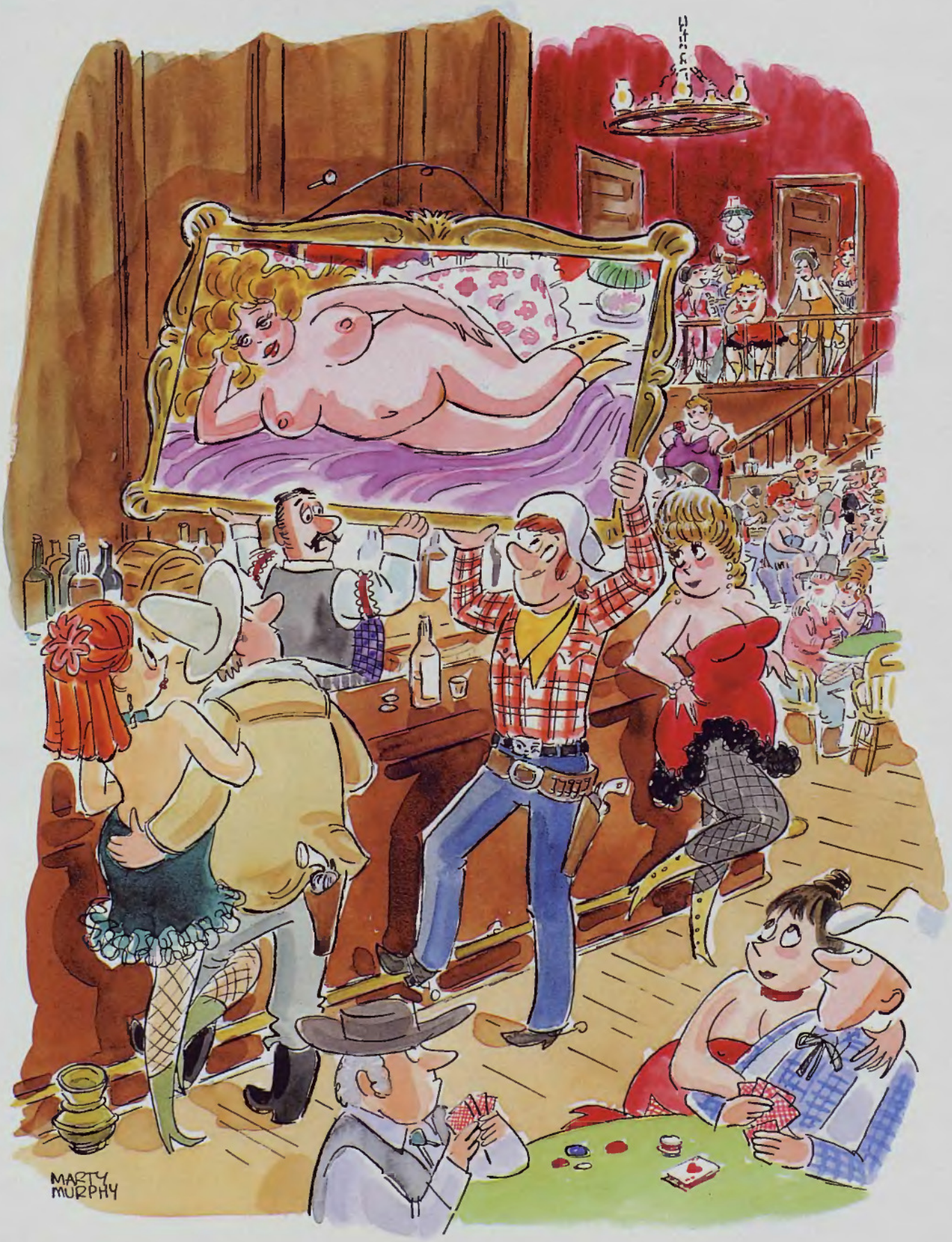
FLEISS: A hard body is ideal. It doesn't matter what kind of hair, what size tits. Just a beautiful face and a hard body. Every man has something that turns him on. Some guys say, "I must have a girl in red high heels and those fingernails, and a garter belt." Some guys say, "Tell her to come in jeans and tennis shoes." I like older men; everyone knows that's my preference.

14.

PLAYBOY: You used to live with international financier Bernie Cornfeld. What's the most romantic thing someone with millions of dollars can do for a woman like you?

FLEISS: Some of the châteaus in weird parts of France and Switzerland have been converted into restaurants. We'd have dinners there: a 12-course meal with wines so old they're from before George Washington's time. I've experienced things that some people will never get to do. I remember waking up in Bernie's castle and looking out a window that some king once looked out of. Those are things you never forget. I

(continued on page 149)



"Maybe it's none of my business, cowboy, but for another dollar and a half, you could take a <u>real</u> girl up to your room."

ATLANTA
1996

THE *Women* OF ATLANTA

the olympic heats just got hotter

IT'S NO SURPRISE that the seal of the city of Atlanta features a phoenix under the motto RESURGENS. More than any other American town, the Big Peach is forever rising and revising. Atlanta has given us cotton and peanuts, Martin Luther King Jr. and Gladys Knight, CNN and Coca-Cola. It has brought us Georgia Tech football and the world champion Braves. It has given us Rhett and Scarlett, Ted and Jane and *Designing Women*. And, of course, this summer, Atlanta hosts the 100th Olympiad, a first not only for the city but also for the American South. Naturally, we couldn't let the occasion pass

Welcome to Atlonta, home of the 1996 summer Olympics and volleyboll goddess Lisa Dresio (opposite), who represents the 12th generotion of her family to be born ond roised in the Atlonto suburb of Marietto. Liso is a model, but she'd love to be a comedion. (We must say we odmire her stand-up.) Lying down on the job (above) is actress-model Liso Ann Brown, who intends to be the next Shoron Stone.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

without doing what we do best: celebrating the city's glorious women. Athletes toss javelins—we shoot rolls of film. Let the games begin.

This past March, PLAYBOY sent Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda to Atlanta—a city that was founded 159 years ago as a railroad terminus. We had to beg him to come home. Over several days, Wayda met and photographed nearly 100 women, all of them bona fide belles. Featured on these pages are the 13 who best capture the excitement, charm and sensuality of Atlanta. Ladies, you get the gold.

Violet Haze (above) majored in biology and modeled for album covers. Now she wants to be a sex therapist. Florida-born Cheryl Axley (right) is bent on being a wife and mom. "I grew up a preacher's kid," she confesses, "and look at me now." What irks Georgia peach Erika Snyder (far right)? "People with no values, and the national debt." Erika is a philosophy buff who wants to "inspire the masses." Done.

GEORGIA

Tammy Brown (opposite) knows thot the reol way to a mon's heort is through his head: She wants to be a psychiatrist. Say hey to Tiffany Schoder (below), o cot fanatic whose list of life's essentiols includes "sensitive boyfriends." Stopping Atlonta troffic is Tomi Lynn West (above), who insists on "unconditional hoppiness in life." Mississippi native Robyn LaRocca (right) is into red wine ond bubble boths. Her shot here: a true belle ringer.

Cathrine Nalan (left) comes from a large Southern family—"the kind where everyane knaws everyone else's business." Behind closed doors she likes curling up with "a goad science fictian novel." And, haly cow, check aut Tammy Bristow and Christi Nicole Taylor (below). Tammy (left) says she enjoys "doing bay things," such as motorcycling and karate, while Christi is a pushover for thase warm, romantic summer nights. Finally, meet horsewaman and Texas model Natalie Albarado (appasite), who informs us that she spends half the year in Atlanta. And where is she the ather six months of the year, yau ask? Unfartunately, she wan't say—but we're certain that you'll be laoking.

deathlock *(continued from page 58)*

He told Team Foxcatcher: "I am the Buddha of the East and the Dalai Lama of the West!"

success was a tribute to natural ability, more-recent triumphs spoke to effort and technique. Veteran wrestling coach Stan Abel called Dave Schultz and his brother Mark, also an Olympic gold medalist, "the Michelangelos of wrestling." But Dave was more. He was a cheerful, clever, unassuming man with a theatrical sense of fun.

Yet, in the end, du Pont shot Schultz because of his insolence. No matter how bizarre and menacing the heir became, Schultz and his family continued to live on the lush du Pont estate, which John du Pont called Foxcatcher, in Newtown Square, a suburb of Philadelphia. Du Pont had bankrolled a state-of-the-art wrestling facility on the grounds, where the wrestlers of Team Foxcatcher depended on John's largesse, Dave as much as any of them. So Schultz persevered. He ignored du Pont's threats. He even toyed with John's delusions. Schultz insisted he could handle the 57-year-old. He told a friend, wrestling coach Greg Strobel, that John "has the emotional maturity of a 12-year-old."

Schultz wasn't alone in this game. USA Wrestling was just as determined to keep du Pont's money coming. His millions had elevated American wrestling from the perennial second tier to world dominance. So his outrages were called eccentricities. In March 1995 du Pont expelled three black wrestlers—Kanamti Solomon, John Fisher and Olympic gold medalist and national champion Kevin Jackson—from his Team Foxcatcher because of the color of their skin. Three months later, USA Wrestling accepted du Pont's annual $400,000 contribution without a peep. Du Pont was an embarrassment, but a rich one.

"Everybody played the game," says Solomon. "You had to treat John du Pont like he was the greatest wrestler on earth. You didn't question it. It was hilarious and pathetic. We had to watch this stuff, watch him wrestle, listen to his speeches. The man didn't know the first thing about wrestling."

Enamored with his ridiculous nickname, "the Golden Eagle of America," he became it. Behind a locked door in the Foxcatcher training center, du Pont would climb a ladder into a thicket of twigs and branches and perch, like a bird. "He locked the door and climbed into it, squatted down, tucked his hands up to his chest and flapped his elbows, looked down at me and said, 'I'm the Golden Eagle of America,'" says a business associate who saw the sanctum last year. "And, you know, with how gaunt he had become, and with that beaklike nose of his, he actually looked the part. It was so weird I just wanted to get out."

From early childhood, du Pont was lord of his estate. Now, in his mind, he ruled larger realms. He announced to Team Foxcatcher in a pep talk before a 1995 meet, "I am the Buddha of the East and the Dalai Lama of the West!" Nobody contradicted him.

Two days after Schultz was shot dead, when du Pont was seized by a SWAT team, he shouted, "You can't arrest me!" He was a confused, wasted man, as lost in fantasy as he was in his oversize Bulgarian team sweat suit. Draped around his neck, incongruously, was his laminated VIP pass for Atlanta Sports '95, last year's world freestyle wrestling championships (where Schultz, the national champion, finished fifth out of dozens of international competitors). Du Pont was unwashed and unshaven. His crewcut was gray. His long teeth were yellow from neglect. He looked ravaged and ancient, as if rescued from a prolonged nightmare. His pale skin was drawn thin over a bony frame, accentuating that nose, the projecting patrician beak like something from a savage cartoon of French aristocracy, where John had at one time proudly placed his roots.

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In a way he'd always looked out of place. He was an alien presence at the Santa Clara Swim Club in the Sixties, whose elite included Lynn Burke, Donna de Varona and Don Schollander. The three had been or would be Olympic gold medalists.

"He wasn't really such an elite swimmer," says George Haines, who coached the club. "Kids at that level are so focused, they don't like sharing lanes with swimmers who can't keep up. John had a good stroke and had the work ethic. But he was missing the X factor, whatever it is that makes a Schollander or a Mark Spitz."

John had grown up lonely and aloof, a skinny oddball lording over servants and groundskeepers on the vast estate, with his mother, Jean Liseter Austin du Pont. She was obsessed with breeding champions—Welsh ponies, beagles and flowers. John's father, William Jr., divorced Jean when their son was a baby and had little to do with the boy. William bred championship racehorses. John's childhood interests were lavishly indulged, but he was socially and emotionally isolated, obsessed with winning trophies, championships and titles. He seemed determined to turn himself into the object of his mother's pride and attention.

Haines felt sorry for du Pont. He saw a desperately lonesome, overgrown boy who lacked social skills. His acceptance of John was part kindness, part calculation. John, after all, stood to inherit millions. Within three years of joining the team, he was writing checks for $20,000 and covering one third of the club's travel budget—its biggest expense.

The swimmers learned to like John.

"It took a long time, but eventually we included him," recalls de Varona. "He rode in our car pools and came to our parties. We bought him ice cream because he never seemed to have a penny in his pockets. We teased him about being so slow. I felt a little sorry for him. Here was a man who could buy just about anything, but what he wanted was to be a great swimmer. He wanted what he could not have."

They all knew that John's Olympic dreams in the pool were hopeless. In 1964 Lynn Burke's father and Haines steered the heir toward the pentathlon, a five-sport event featuring swimming, riding, shooting, fencing and running. Anybody can run, Haines figured, and du Pont had become a better-than-average swimmer. He had grown up riding and shooting. If he could learn to fence, he'd have a chance. It was a small field. There were only about 25 athletes in America who competed. Few outside of military school had the means and time to train.

John charged into the pentathlon. Back at Foxcatcher he built a six-lane, 50-meter indoor pool with an elegant tile mosaic depicting the pentathlon events. He installed a shooting gallery and hired Lajos Csiszar, a Hungarian fencer, to teach him the foil. He assumed a punishing training regimen.

"He swam with us twice daily," recalls Frank Keefe, coach of a new swimming team at the du Pont estate.

"He ran four or five miles a day. He also spent a lot of time at the shooting range. He tended to push himself too hard. He would overtrain to the point where he would injure himself."

Impatient for a championship, he bought one. In 1965 he bankrolled a pentathlon championship in Australia, flew down and took first prize. It was a setup, says Keefe. "John sponsored the event so he could win it. It bothered

"I spent the night with a Swedish marathoner. He didn't make the finish line until seven o'clock this morning."

me that a guy with only modest ability could buy something like that."

Du Pont trumpeted his championship. He announced his plan to represent America in the pentathlon at the 1968 Games. The press swooned. Du Pont was the multimillionaire obsessed with Olympic gold. *Life* and *Look* did photo stories showing the spartan young heir in training. He looked like a star. He had a lean, well-muscled frame and a fashionably severe crewcut. For his cartoon strip *Steve Canyon*, cartoonist Milton Caniff created a square-jawed hero called Jay Newtown, based on John.

John was a good swimmer, a fair shot and he could ride. His running and fencing were poor. Yank Albers, a spokesman for the Modern Pentathlon Association, describes him as "a talented dilettante." In 1967, when du Pont underwrote the national championship and held it at his Pennsylvania estate, he finished near the bottom after eight contestants dropped out with riding injuries. The following year at the Olympic trials, he finished 21st in a field of 22. Only the top three made the Olympics.

Du Pont was 30. He would never be an Olympian on merit. But there was another way.

"Ours has always been a very poor sport," says John Russell, founder of the MPA. "But that changed when John got involved. He bought uniforms and flew me and the team to competitions in his private helicopters." Du Pont was elected vice president of the association and in 1976 was appointed to the Olympic pentathlon team as team manager, which meant he got the warm-up suit and gear and could pose for the team picture. He flew to the Montreal Games in his private jet.

"He must have been the loneliest guy in Montreal," said Bob Paul, longtime press spokesman and historian for the U.S. Olympic Committee. "He was there, basically, because he had the pentathlon program on his payroll. He didn't fit in, and he had nothing to do."

That was as far as the MPA would go. After two years of playing along with the heir, electing him to two terms as token vice president of the organization, du Pont was voted out. He promptly severed all ties to the sport.

His Olympic hopes dashed, du Pont began to drift and decline. When he lured George Haines away from Santa Clara, doubling his salary to coach the Foxcatcher swim team, Haines arrived to find his rich young friend was drinking heavily. John's mother was both worried about and frightened by her son. She pleaded with Haines to talk to him.

Du Pont wasn't a threat to just himself. Haines was fishing one afternoon on the estate pond with his 12-year-old son, Kyle, when John joined them.

"He was a terrible fisherman," says Haines. "He couldn't catch a thing. He didn't know what he was doing. Kyle was having success, so John got angry."

Du Pont blamed the flock of Canada geese that lived year-round on the pond. He pulled a .45-caliber pistol from his pants and opened fire.

"My son was standing between the geese and John," recalls Haines. "John was aiming right past him."

Haines gave du Pont a strong shove.

"Put that thing away," he said, "or I'm going to stuff it up your nose."

Du Pont put the gun away.

Haines went back to California with his family not long afterward.

Frank Keefe visited Foxcatcher in 1984 and found du Pont scrawny, inebriated and disheveled. He and members of du Pont's family, along with a doctor, confronted him.

"It was grueling," Keefe recalls. "It went on for six or seven hours. When I left that night he had agreed to go to the hospital the following morning. The next day I phoned to see if he had followed through. John picked up the phone. He hadn't gone. He lashed out at me viciously. He accused me of mishandling our friendship and betraying him. That was the last time we talked."

It was a turning point. Du Pont had worn out his welcome with Olympic swimming and the pentathlon. And he was losing touch with reality.

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In recent years, those who knew John du Pont wondered about one thing: Did he know? When he came out with one of his outrageous pronouncements, or pointed to a ghost on the wall or a Nazi in the trees, was he crazy or was it a game? He often punctuated his craziest behavior with a mischievous smile. One way of drowning shame is to embrace illusion, and on good days, maybe with the help of booze and prescription drugs, the fantasy feels real. Wasn't living for those moments, however false and fleeting, better than being a sick, rich old wreck everyone humored for his money?

In time, anything that punctured the fantasy provoked rage. Veteran wrestling coach Paul Kendall found that out. Working as an assistant coach at Foxcatcher, Kendall penned a short tribute to John, a paragraph of unqualified praise for a team press release. In it he called John "one of the greatest philanthropists of all time." John crashed into Kendall's office, balled up the release and threw it in the coach's face.

He launched a profane tirade, which reduced itself to one complaint: Kendall had called John a philanthropist.

"I'm not that," du Pont railed. "I am a sports psychologist! I am the head

"It took ten of us to give him a hand job last night."

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wrestling coach!"

Those he paid were expected to support the illusion. Dave Schultz and the wrestlers knew that, as did the small circle of employees and advisors who helped du Pont deal with an unending parade of supplicants—charities, schools, sporting groups, etc. Du Pont hid on his estate, and his use of alcohol and drugs worsened. He had accidents, such as falling down a flight of stairs and breaking his wrist, and a car crash that left him with injured knees and shoulders. A brief marriage to a physical therapist ended badly in 1984, when his wife accused him of beating her and threatening her with a gun.

Soon after his mother's death in 1988 he dismissed much of the longtime staff, and the estate's decline mirrored his own. The mansion, a replica of James Madison's Montpelier, became a sort of dormitory.

"The house was beautiful until Mrs. du Pont died. After that, everything went," said Marii Mak, a friend. Mak says du Pont was incapacitated by prescription drugs and alcohol for days at a time, unable to stand or speak coherently. The wrestlers humored him, and laughed behind his back. John spouted racist philosophy and talked about the presidency. He commissioned a likeness of himself, in a presidential pose, from Ronald Reagan's portraitist.

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His fear of being kidnapped shaped his dealings with the world. The estate that had been open in his youth was now ringed by a 12-foot fence topped with razor wire. John rarely ventured off of it. He was usually armed. He befriended local police, offering the use of his shooting range and loaning them his helicopter. In return, they gave him a badge, uniform and gun and let him drive around Newtown Square pretending he was a cop.

To those who had known him for years, du Pont was becoming paranoid and pathetic. But to the wrestling world, he was the messiah. "John turned the U.S. into the world's strongest wrestling power," says Wade Schalles, a former world champion who today writes about amateur wrestling in the *Wrestling Institute Newsmagazine*. "Years ago the U.S. always finished second or third behind the Eastern Bloc countries. It wasn't because they had better athletes; their state-sponsored programs allowed wrestlers to stay with the sport and develop their talent. The average age of the American team was 24. You wrestled through high school and then at the collegiate level. Then after graduating you might put in two or three years. After that you would retire. Also, Olympic freestyle is a different kind of wrestling. Guys who mastered the collegiate style would need years to reach that level in freestyle. But because there was no way to train and make a living, it was rare to see someone older than 24 or 25 with more than two or three years' experience in freestyle."

John changed that. His money made it possible for wrestlers such as Schultz, Bruce Baumgartner, Zeke Jones, Terry and Tom Brands, Tim Vanni, Kevin Jackson and others to make a long-term commitment. In the past decade the average age of the U.S. team has crept steadily higher—it is now close to 30. Schultz was 36 when he died.

Du Pont's first move into wrestling was a gift to Villanova University for an athletic center to be named after him. In return, Villanova started a wrestling program and appointed John head coach. He had no credentials. The experiment lasted only two years. Villanova killed wrestling in 1988, when embarrassment began to outweigh its benefits. One of du Pont's assistants accused him of making sexual advances. There were allegations of underage drinking among team members and violations of NCAA rules. And there were numerous sightings of the head coach soused on campus. Du Pont denied it all.

It didn't faze USA Wrestling or FILA. They welcomed John and his new Team Foxcatcher. John moved his wrestling program to his estate and recruited Schultz and other top athletes. He offered a generous monthly stipend, superb training facilities, travel expenses to tournaments, a home on the grounds and top-level coaching. Foxcatcher was named the first FILA international training center at its opening ceremonies in 1989. The sport honored him in all the usual ways, and then some. FILA presented John with its "gold star" in 1989. The next year he got the "diploma of honor," traditionally bestowed on Olympic gold medalists. He was the "team leader" for the 1992 U.S. Olympic freestyle wrestling team, so he got to pose once more as an Olympian. FILA minted a "super champion belt" and strapped it around his waist in 1994. But it wasn't enough. John, on the downslope of middle age, wanted to be a champion.

With world-class wrestlers humoring him daily, letting themselves get pinned, John believed he had what it takes.

"It was ridiculous," says Kanamti Solomon. "He would thrash around like a kid. He had this headlock—we called it the eagle lock—and whoever he did it to would holler, 'Oh no, not the eagle lock!' He would let go and pat the guy on the butt and say something like, 'Don't worry about it. If you work hard you can become a world champion like me.'"

Greg Strobel, a wrestling coach at Foxcatcher, found du Pont's capacity for deluding himself hard to believe: "He would bring me tapes of his practice sessions and I'd analyze them for him. When we watched other people's tapes John knew good stuff from bad. How could a guy this bright and knowledgeable watch himself on videotape and conclude that he was any good?"

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Most of the wrestlers found du Pont repulsive, but they encouraged his excesses. Some of the acts cited as evidence of du Pont's insanity were actually stunts intended to impress. When, for instance, du Pont drove his car into a pond on the estate, he was applauded by the team as a "wild man," much to his delight. Likewise, when he performed the stunt a second time weeks later, with FILA official Mario Saletnig in the backseat, it was a way to both impress the boys and scare Saletnig.

The wrestlers dubbed him "Junkyard Dog" to salute his wildness—and because he smelled so bad. Du Pont's heavy drinking and poor hygiene made him particularly rank on the mats.

Du Pont took offense. As an alternative, "the Golden Eagle of America" was proposed and promptly adopted—with snickers all around.

To test his wings, du Pont paid for a new international event, a masters world wrestling tournament. The idea was to lure old wrestlers back to the sport. The first of these FILA events was held in 1992 in Cali, Colombia. John waited in the wings until his karma was right, then the meet was halted and it was announced that the Golden Eagle of America was to wrestle. Du Pont emerged to a standing ovation, looking knock-kneed and ridiculous in a singlet, and assumed his place on the mat as his event was called. Interestingly enough, no one stepped up. And voilà! Du Pont was world champ by default. The name John E. du Pont was duly inscribed in international wrestling record books, and the "achievement" was noted in USA Wrestling's official team guide.

Trouble was, the masters event was popular. There were many capable old wrestlers longing to compete again. It was clear du Pont would actually have to wrestle to sustain this fraud. When du Pont was challenged at the world championships in Toronto in 1993, he quickly backed down, claiming injury.

"He was outraged," said one associate. "How dare someone show up to fight him at his tournament."

Things got worse in Rome the following year. A contestant showed up and du Pont wrestled and lost. Quickly. His personal photographer was chagrined. His assignment was to compile an album of the Eagle's triumphs. For most of this title match, the old man's spindly legs were in the air.

"John complained bitterly," the associate says. "He wasn't paying for a tournament so he could lose."

The next year, in Sofia, Bulgaria, du Pont won handily. Fans were coached to

cheer for du Pont, to throw flowers onto the mat. His white-haired opponent put on a good show. When du Pont was declared the winner, his teammates carried him around the arena.

"He actually thought he won," says Kurt Angle, a current world champion who attended the event. "He got very intense. We thought it was fun."

So did John. He insisted on scheduling the same event in Sofia again. He grew closer to Valentin Jordanov, a Bulgarian national champion who had moved to Foxcatcher.

Jordanov had helped arrange the tournament in Sofia and was gradually supplanting Schultz as the favorite son in Foxcatcher's stable. Du Pont even adopted Bulgaria as his ancestral home, finding bizarre reasons to relocate his well-known French ancestry to eastern Europe.

His mind made strange connections. Clocks in computers, microwaves, faxes and exercise machines were running fast, stealing seconds from his life, so electronic gadgets were disassembled, or burned. At the Cali masters world tournament, he was so worried about a terrorist attack that he wore a Bulgarian team uniform and demanded to be introduced with a Bulgarian name (even though everyone in the arena knew who he was). His real name was used only when the bogus gold was draped around his neck—to ensure it went into the record books correctly.

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Du Pont went beyond foolishness when he abruptly dismissed three black wrestlers from Team Foxcatcher. Kanamti Solomon, the team's exciting 22-year-old 105-pound wrestler, showed up one afternoon for his workout, and coach Strobel sent him packing. Solomon was shocked. Being cast out of Foxcatcher meant starting over from scratch. He managed to attend the NCAA tournament a month later because his mother withheld car and mortgage payments. At that event he learned he wasn't alone. Kevin Jackson, Foxcatcher's 180-pound wrestler, gold medalist in the 1992 Olympic Games and one of the mainstays of the U.S. team, was out too. Strobel had just given Jackson the news.

"Greg told me he was sorry, and that he didn't really have a choice," says Jackson. "He told me it had to do with this black thing, with du Pont's paranoia about death. He associated the color black with death. He had ordered the wrestlers to stop wearing black clothing. Greg had to get rid of his black Jeep. Du Pont didn't want anything black around him."

Also out was John Fisher, the country's number-two-ranked 136-pound wrestler. Du Pont did not accept calls from the three wrestlers. Solomon learned he had been replaced by Joe Ramsey, who was older, white and had a less impressive record. At the end of April, at the U.S. Nationals in Las Vegas, Solomon confronted du Pont as he was leaving the arena with Jordanov and Ramsey.

"He wouldn't stop to talk to me, so I followed them, shouting at them in English and Spanish, demanding answers," Solomon recalls. "I was shouting, 'Why did you kick me off? You promised you would get me through school! You promised you would help me get to the Olympics! What did I do?'"

Du Pont offered an enigmatic explanation: "Solomon, you can spell catsup with a C or with a K."

Then he pointed to the X in the name FOXCATCHER printed on his T-shirt and said, "The X is three letters from the end. KKK. Foxcatcher is run by the KKK now."

Du Pont laughed. Ramsey and Jordanov smiled, rolled their eyes and walked away. Solomon, Fisher and Jackson complained to Mitch Hull, USA Wrestling's national teams director. Surely the sport's top governing body wouldn't countenance this discrimination. Because Solomon was still on the way up (he made the national team on his own this year), it would be harder to prove the racial argument in his case, but nobody weighing merit would dismiss Jackson and Fisher. Both were at the top of the sport.

Hull advised them to take it up with the organization's Athletes' Advisory Committee. Nothing happened. USA Wrestling made no comment and took no action against John du Pont. In June, three months after the wrestlers were cut, the organization accepted du Pont's annual $400,000 donation as if nothing had happened.

USA Wrestling handled the matter with a swift bureaucratic two-step.

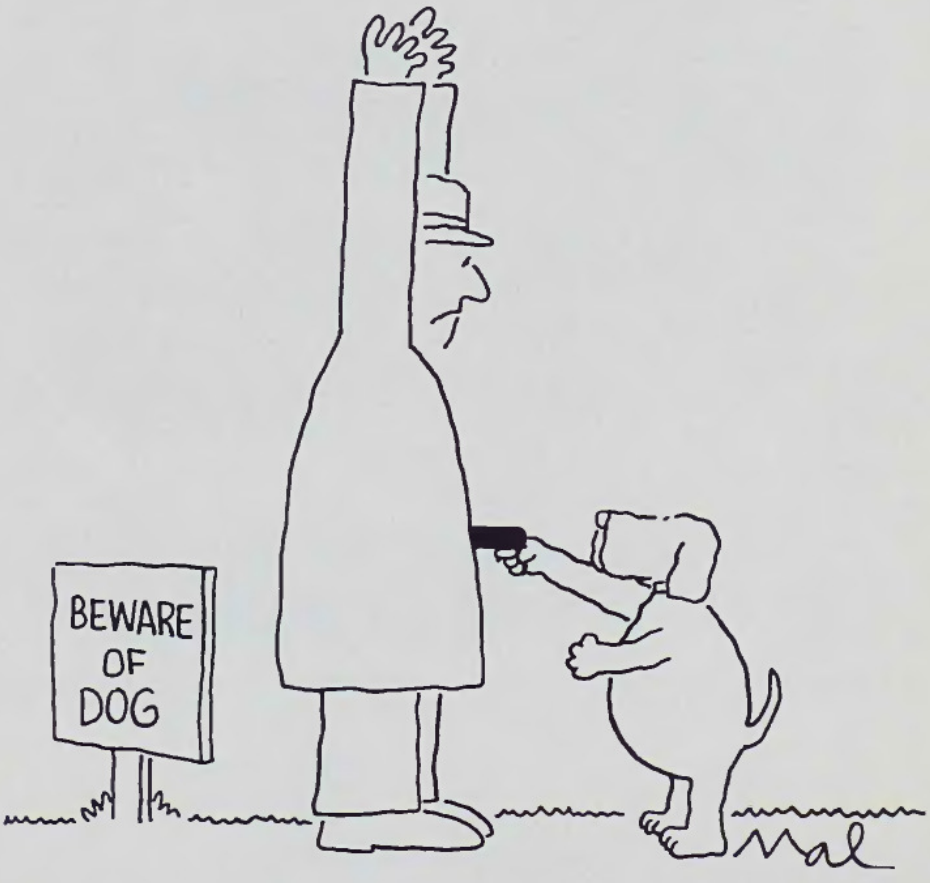
"We referred it to the Athletes' Advisory Committee for investigation," explains Larry Sciacchetano, the organization's president. "They looked into it and decided to recommend no action. If they had determined it was a racial thing, USA Wrestling's only option would have been to say, 'If we get another check from du Pont, we will have to decide what to do with it.' It's hypothetical, because they didn't decide it was racial."

"We heard that the steering committee was going to reassess the organization's relationship with John, so when the issue of the dismissed wrestlers came up at our November 16 meeting we decided to leave the matter to them," says Chris Campbell, who heads the advisory committee.

The steering committee was still "reassessing" when Schultz was killed.

"I don't think kicking out Kevin Jackson and the others had anything to do with ethnic considerations," says Sciacchetano. "It had to do with du Pont's associating the color black with death, which is weird, but not racist."

"Oh yeah?" responds Jackson. "The



idea that we were kicked off the team because of our skin color has some ethnic and racial overtones to me. The reasons for racism have always been pretty screwy."

Du Pont's move caused some soul-searching on Team Foxcatcher, but none of the black wrestlers' former teammates stuck their necks out.

"I really regret it now," says Kurt Angle. "What I did was, well, maybe not cowardly, but I acted like a puppet. If I could do it over again I would take a stand against what he did to Kevin, John and Kanamti."

There was no such soul-searching by USA Wrestling or FILA. They accepted every cent du Pont cast their way. Still, the heir worried about his standing with wrestling officialdom. Wade Schalles visited du Pont in the summer of 1995, researching a column for the *Wrestling Institute Newsmagazine*.

"I don't want you to say anything, Wade," du Pont told him, "but I have been chosen to be the Dalai Lama of North America."

"Really, John?"

"I'm planning a trip to Tibet to get the appointment. I don't want you telling anyone yet."

"Your secret's safe with me."

That afternoon du Pont was odd but charming. After the interview he walked the writer to his car and wished him well. But when Schalles got home just hours later, there was a profane message on his answering machine. Du Pont accused Schalles of setting him up, of planning to trash him in print.

Schalles dropped the story.

•

Du Pont's demons were circling. He saw ghosts in the mansion. One acquaintance encountered him in his library with blood running down his legs. He had been gouging "bugs" off his skin.

Du Pont continued to dismiss wrestlers. Former U.S. champion Dan Chaid, an eight-year resident, was ordered off the estate abruptly one afternoon, he says, with no explanation other than the machine gun du Pont pointed at him. Others left on their own.

Strobel took a job at Lehigh University in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. In the weeks before Schultz' murder, only a handful of wrestlers remained at Foxcatcher. Among them was John's newest favorite, Valentin Jordanov.

"John was developing this weird father-son thing with Val and seemed to be adopting Bulgaria as his national identity," says a business associate. "At the same time, America and Dave were on the outs."

Schultz was still the only person who dared challenge du Pont and who still tried to keep things real. Jordanov worked to please the heir, humoring du Pont's newfound Bulgarian pride so successfully that American wrestling officials anticipated that du Pont, despite lifelong superpatriotism, would soon shift his financial backing to that nation's team. Du Pont had spent the last world championships seated squarely in the Bulgarian camp.

Just days before the shooting, du Pont picked Jordanov as the team's new coach, telling one associate, "We can't give it to Dave."

Schultz was becoming the enemy. He chided John about his drinking and encouraged him to seek medical help. Schultz would cut short du Pont's tantrums, telling him, "John, you're acting like a spoiled child." No one had ever spoken to du Pont that way. Not as a child or as an adult. Schultz told friends that the heir had angrily ordered him off the estate five times over the course of the winter.

Late last year, du Pont went to the Schultzes' house in a stew, accusing Dave and Nancy of sheltering Dan Chaid. As he looked around, he fell and gashed his head. In an account local police found fanciful, du Pont claimed Chaid had assaulted him with a baseball bat.

Dave saw such things as annoyances.

"He still thought du Pont was harmless," says Chris Horpel, a wrestling coach and longtime friend. "He told me, 'He's unstable, he's eccentric, yes, but he wouldn't shoot anybody.'"

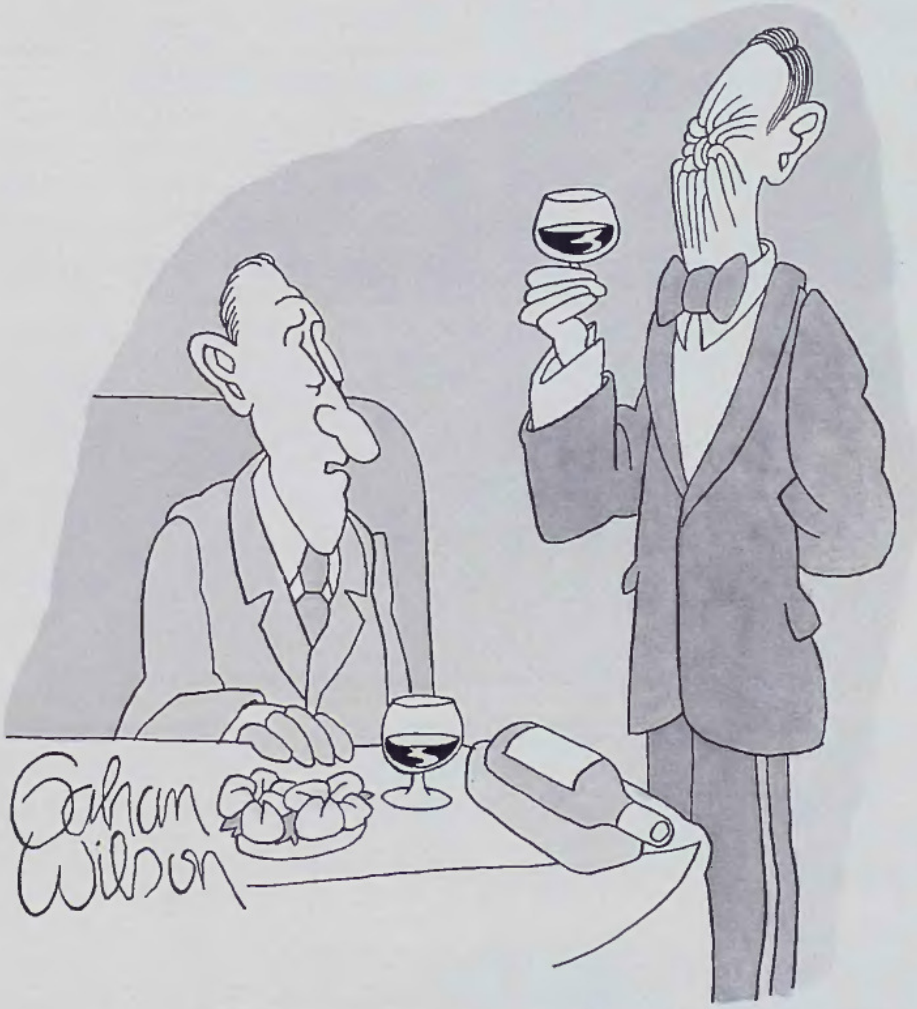
Horpel and others warned Schultz to leave. Friends offered to let the family move in with them temporarily.

Dave didn't think it was necessary.

The winter day Schultz was shot was Jordanov's birthday. A little party was held for him at the Foxcatcher training center. Du Pont didn't show, which was odd. It was the kind of event he ordinarily wouldn't miss.

Perhaps he was steeling himself for a desperate task. After all, something had to give. Foxcatcher was the center of du Pont's universe, and he was in charge. But here was Schultz, thumbing his nose, casting a shadow on the bright vision. In fact, his very stature belied the whole elaborate fraud. And if the supreme champion, the Golden Eagle of America, the Buddha and Dalai Lama, banished Dave Schultz from the garden and he wouldn't go?

What then?



"You see what I mean about the wine."

 (continued from page 84)

Everybody senses his uniqueness. The realization that he's different starts as soon as you see him.

unrecognized. "Around the ballpark, they know who you are," he says, "but you go a couple of miles up the road, dude, they got no clue."

Once, when asked why he doesn't do commercials or promote himself, Maddux explained why a wife (Kathy), a two-year-old daughter (Amanda), two dogs, one set of golf clubs with Mickey Mouse head covers and a lot of movie rentals constitute his idea of a perfectly organized life. "I like my time off. I like golf. I like to be with my family. I just like to get up and do nothing."

To say that Maddux' candor is disarming would be an understatement. For example, his teammates insist the one aspect of his character that's unknown is his humor. "He's very funny," says Atlanta manager Bobby Cox. "But it's hard to think of anything in particular." Teammates can't produce illustrations either. "They're just covering for me," says Maddux, not bothering to cover himself. "They won't give examples because you can't print any of it. With my sense of humor, the more disgusting something is, the funnier it is to me.

"My brother probably started it," he adds, meaning 34-year-old Mike, now a Red Sox pitcher. "You know how you look up to your big brother. If you see him doing something vulgar and enjoying it, you learn to enjoy it and appreciate it, too. We had a lot of fun seeing how vulgar we could be in front of our sister."

There's something truly special about Maddux. No, not his mooning. Everybody in baseball senses his uniqueness. The realization that he's radically different starts as soon as you see him. His shoulders slope. He has no muscles to speak of. When he jogs, his stomach sticks out in front of him. An average-size man who can't run fast or jump high and who does not possess a single knee-buckling pitch should not have the best back-to-back earned run averages for the past two seasons since Walter Johnson in 1918 and 1919.

"I can't believe a regular-size guy with the stuff he has can do what he's done," says teammate David Justice. "It shouldn't be possible." Or as another teammate says, "I just saw Greg in the training room. He's working out with his four-ounce weights."

Even beyond his poise on the mound and his spooky control, there's more to Maddux. His very core—his temperament, his approach to everything—mystifies and attracts those around him. He has a secret, though he may not know it or lay claim to it. Without trying, he's a guru. In something as simple as wind sprints, the whole team takes its cue from Maddux. With two dozen players spread across the outfield, Maddux lines up out by the warning track. Gradually, you realize his teammates cut their eyes toward Maddux to see when he'll begin his next 50-yard run. When he breaks, they all follow a millisecond later. Maddux doesn't look at anybody.

"It's not his job to lead the sprints. But it wouldn't surprise me if they pick up his rhythm. They watch *everything* he does," says Braves general manager John Schuerholz. "Wouldn't you?"

The baseball subculture delightedly testifies to this "something" about Maddux and loves to speculate about it. "They say you have to have a big ego to be a great athlete. He must be the exception that proves the rule. He sure doesn't need much from a manager," says Cox. "He just loves to watch the

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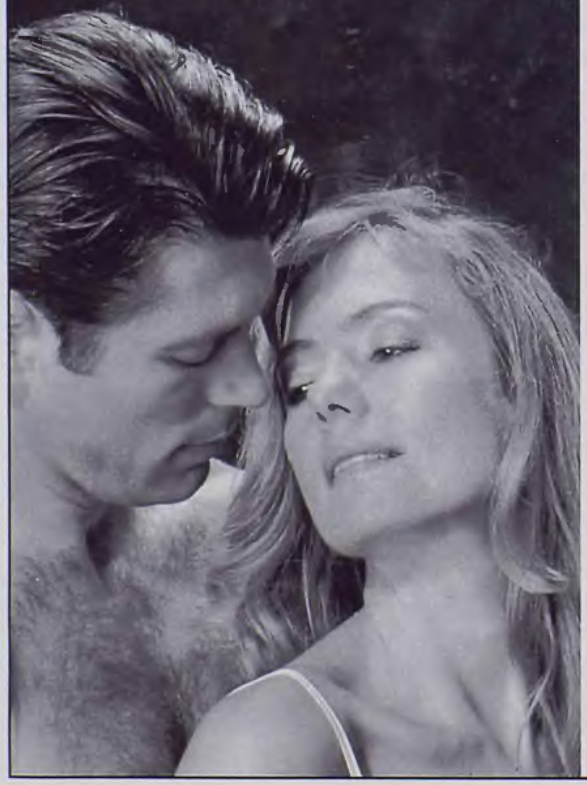

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game, learn the game and then play the game."

"These days, athletes have the reputation of being rich, spoiled babies," says the Braves' Tom Glavine, who's the only pitcher in the past five seasons with more wins (91) than Maddux (90). "Greg is so far on the other end of the spectrum. If you found the most arrogant ballplayer there is, then his opposite would be Greg.

"He's the best pitcher of our era. But if people could see how he acts around us, they'd be mind-boggled. He never gives the impression he thinks he's anywhere near as good as he is. That's what's so refreshing about him," says Glavine.

Last season, two of the Braves' front-office personnel were leaving the park. "Where you headed?" asked Maddux. "Burger King," they said. "Come with you?" asked Maddux. "He's got a $28 million contract, but it felt perfectly natural for him to come to Burger King with us," said the Braves employee.

"Off the field, he's like a kid in a man's body," says Rafael Palmeiro, a former Cubs teammate.

Maddux' pitching is simply the manifestation of something rare and probably enviable within him. Let's not push this too hard. It's a mean old world with lots buried deep. But he might be happy.

He actually says, without provisos, "I'm very happy with myself." He's not bragging. He simply applies the Golden Rule to himself. He treats himself as he would treat others. Since he's unfailingly generous to others, he's also kind to himself. He allows himself to be happy. Who would suspect that modernity's chimera—the unified sensibility—might be found inside a baseball pitcher?

If you try to make Maddux complex, you won't do justice to his simplicity. He's a sort of accidental wise man. When you listen to him talk, you'd swear he is doing a slacker's paraphrase of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Michel de Montaigne or Warren Buffett. Think of all those sensible passages you've underlined and thought, If only I could live like that. But, of course, I can't. I'm too screwed up. Maddux hasn't read the books. He might not understand them if he did. But, in some sense, he lives them.

Maddux has the guileless gifts of moderation and common sense that sometimes lead an innocent through the world's maze as if he were blessed. You want to grab him and say, "You've got something the world craves. And you don't even know you have it. That's really annoying." But you can't stay miffed at Greg Maddux. You just hope some of it rubs off.

•

Maddux likes to watch. He's the ultimate baseball fan. Nothing is more riveting to him than a three-hour ball game on a hot summer night. Baseball's most addictive charm is the illusion that, if you study the game and its people closely enough and long enough, you can almost live a split second in the future. Love of detail gives birth to a sixth sense.

Part of Maddux lore holds that, a couple of years ago, he warned teammates that a foul ball would be hit into the dugout on the next pitch. Four times that season he made his offhand prediction. Three times, the foul ball arrived. Anybody can, occasionally, call a home run one pitch in advance. What Maddux did is like calling the row and seat number in the bleachers.

A knack for observation runs in the Maddux family. After retiring from the military, Maddux' father became a part-time poker dealer at the MGM Grand in Las Vegas. Life in the casinos is all about one thing: keeping your eyes open. If you don't, your wallet will be gone or you'll be dealt to off the bottom. If you don't, you won't know what cards are out or who blinks when he bluffs.

"I'll go and watch him deal or join the game and give him a hard time," says Greg. "I'll say, 'He's not a good dad. He never deals me a winning hand.'" Then, Maddux watches to see how people take his remark. What's the spin? What's the count? What's the tendency? What does every gesture mean?

Since childhood, Greg has been accused of having an obscene amount of luck. His family nickname: Nate Luck. Yet maybe it's not all mere good fortune. By the third grade, Greg was the Maddux who won at Concentration, the memory card game. As an adult, he's a successful system blackjack player in the casinos and a dangerously observant poker player. His agent, despite his advanced degree, is hopeless against Maddux at *Jeopardy!* "Shallow men believe in luck," said Emerson.

Maddux won't talk about current players. But ask him about anybody who's retired. Then you'll see the level of observation that makes him great.

"If you could get Dale Murphy to miss one fastball," says Maddux, "then you could throw him change-ups."

Translated from the baseballese, this means Murphy was vain about his ability to hit the fastball. If he couldn't time the fastball, his confidence was under attack. If you snuck a fastball by him, he'd obsess on that one pitch until he proved to himself that he was back in sync.

"The only danger with Murphy was that one fastball. If you could get away with it—maybe up and in for a foul ball—then you could even throw a mistake change-up."

A mistake change-up is a mush ball that floats right down the center of the plate. Your grandmother could cream it. But if Maddux set up Murphy correctly, then he honestly felt he could throw the worst pitch on earth with impunity, with total confidence, and know that a man with 399 career home runs, two MVP awards and a shot at the Hall of Fame would strike out.

"Mike Schmidt was the same way, but with the slider," says Maddux. "If you could make him swing and miss at the slider just off the outside corner, then he would give up on the fastball away."

So, here's the ideal Maddux sequence to Schmidt: Start with a fastball on the low outside corner for strike one. Schmidt would probably take it because few sluggers chase the first pitch, especially if it's on the edge of the plate. That first pitch would logically set up the next: a hard slider. However, Maddux would aim it a few inches over the plate so it would resemble the previous fastball, but more tempting. Please swing: That would be Maddux' thought. Because if Schmidt did, then Maddux had him dead—not only on that pitch, but on the next one, too.

If Schmidt swung at that second-pitch slider, he couldn't hit it, because the pitch would end up out of the strike zone. And that would prey on Schmidt's mind. Early in Schmidt's career, he set humiliating strikeout records because he chased breaking balls low and away. That's why Schmidt would give up on the fastball after missing the slider. He wouldn't want to look bad twice in a row.

For the third strike, Maddux would throw a fastball that started out as though it would be an inch or two outside. But Maddux can make his fastball tail in or out a couple of inches in either direction. So, he would bend it back over the outside corner. And Schmidt, who hit 548 home runs, would take it for strike three.

"But I faced them only at the end of their careers, when their bats had slowed down," adds Maddux, not wanting to slight an opponent.

Last year in the playoffs, Maddux struck out Reggie Sanders, the Reds' best hitter, on a change-up with the bases loaded. However, it wasn't actually a change-up that fanned him. It wasn't even a pitch Sanders saw in that at bat.

"Early in the game," says Maddux, "I had thrown him a very good down-and-in fastball that he fouled off. He wouldn't have hit it that hard unless he had been looking for it. He cheated to get to it. That meant he was really aware of the fastball running in on him." In other words, the pitch Sanders coldcocked early in the game was really the pitch he feared.

What do you do next time you face him? You throw the pitch that, both in location and speed, is opposite to a fastball that runs into a righty's hands: a change-up on the outside corner. Maddux did. Sanders missed it by a foot.

Sometimes Maddux seems to be the only pitcher who's completely convinced of the difficulty—the near impossibility—of hitting a baseball consistently

"I think the patient needs more anesthetic, Doctor."

hard if it is thrown accurately and never twice in a row at the same speed.

"The hardest thing in the world, really, is to hit a baseball," says Maddux. "Even good hitters have to cut off half the plate. They look for the ball inside or outside. But they can't protect the whole plate. They can look for hard stuff or off-speed stuff. But they can't look for one and hit the other."

Perhaps Maddux' greatest insight into the suffering of hitters is that, for all practical baseball purposes, they're blind. The human eye is simply not good enough—either at judging speed or picking up spin—for a batter to hit a baseball consistently hard, unless it is thrown near the heart of the plate.

"You don't have to throw hard, because people can't judge speed, anyway," says Maddux. "We can go out on the freeway right now and we can't tell 80 miles per hour from 70 mph unless one car is passing the other. And if we stay there long enough, 70 mph starts to look like 40 mph. Your eye adjusts if it sees the same speed over and over. It's the same to a hitter. If he sees 95-95-95, it starts to look like 50 to him. Eventually, he can time it. You can be more effective throwing 90 to 80, and changing speeds with good location. In fact, you can be almost as effective working between 80 and 70."

Now Maddux is rolling. Nothing makes him happier than convincing himself of the most central truth in his job: He's the dealer, he's the house, he has the percentages on his side. All he has to do is use the cruel odds at the core of the game to torment the hitters into submission. He may be a little guy with glasses and no flashy pitches. But he knows something batters don't. He's found a method that renders them helpless. And he can do it over and over, year after year, just like his dad dealing stud. They'll never beat the casino. That Las Vegas confidence, his knowledge of the tricks of the game, gives him a chilly calm.

"You can pitch in and out, but you can also pitch back and forth," he says. By varying the speed on his fastball, he can make it arrive at the same spot a couple of feet sooner or a couple of feet later. "The hitter has only a three-inch sweet spot on the bat. If you can make the ball break just three inches, he can't see it if the break comes late. Nobody sees the ball hit the bat. They lose sight of it before that. It's late break, not amount of break, that matters. The closer you are to a moving object, the harder it is to see."

It's not just speed that stumps hitters. Few can pick up the rotation on the ball, either. Ted Williams said he could. Sometimes. "If hitters could recognize spin, everybody would hit .500," says Maddux.

But they can't. So they don't.

Maddux assumes, apparently correctly, that so long as his pitches break late, when they're less than ten feet from the plate, no living hitter has good enough eyesight to know what kind of pitch he's swinging at.

"Unless you help them, they don't know," Maddux says. "Don Sutton said to make sure all your pitches look the same when they're five feet out of your hand. Make everything come out of the same circle [i.e., the same release point] with the same arm speed. Make everything look the same. Then find ways to make the ball end up in different places and at different speeds. The more ways you can put it in more places at more speeds, the better. That's pitching."

No wonder those kids were bored watching Maddux. They were looking for big, breaking pitches—curves or split-finger fastballs that tumble. Maddux just wants that late, quick break. "If you want the pitch to break later, throw it harder. If you want it to break more, throw it easier," says Maddux. "It's just like bowling. If you want the ball to hook more, throw it easier. If you want a tighter line, throw it harder."

Maddux has the hallmark of the original thinker: He can simplify what others find complex. He sees the idea that runs through the welter of data.

For example, Maddux uses every part of the plate except the top of the strike zone. Even with his legendary control, he rarely tries to get a hitter to chase a high fastball, even if that's the batter's known weakness.

"Think about it," he says. "The only people who can pitch up successfully are the ones who, like Don Sutton or Nolan Ryan, have the big overhand curveball." The hitter fears that the curve will drop in for a strike, even though it starts well above the zone. So, watching for the dastardly curve, he mistakes the fastball for the hook and chases it.

"To get a hitter to chase bad pitches, you have to have two pitches that look the same, but one of them ends up a strike and the other one doesn't," says Maddux. "That's why Nolan Ryan could pitch higher than high. When I pitch up, I don't get swings. But guys such as Tom Glavine, Billy Swift and me, who have good sinkers and change-ups, can do the same thing at the bottom of the strike zone. We can pitch lower than low."

If Maddux starts you off with a four-seam fastball at the knees for a strike, what do you do when the next pitch is apparently identical? Will it be another fastball for a strike? Will it be the two-seam sinker that ends up at your shins, seducing you into a weak, lunging ground ball? Or will it be the change-up that never seems to arrive, then finishes at your ankles as you strike out foolishly?

Of all the many theories concocted by veteran pitchers in the past 20 years, Maddux seems to have culled from the best, or else discovered on his own. For example, at the end of his career, 288-game winner Tommy John explained that he had always "subtracted one ball" from the count posted on the scoreboard. He trusted his control so much that he didn't fear walks. Far more important, he wanted a mental edge over

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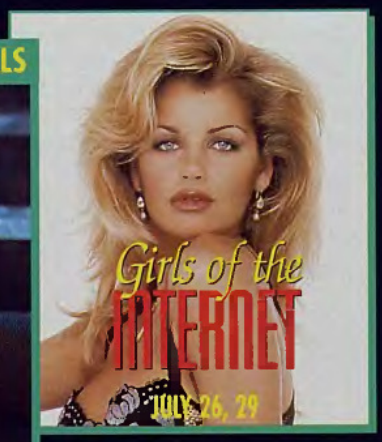

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the hitter. *They never knew the real count.* The count in John's head was the count that would inform the pitch selection. Even with the bases loaded and three balls on the hitter, John still pretended that he had only two balls on the batter. "But there's no base open," John was told. "Sure there is," he answered. "Home plate's open. It's only one run. A home run gives 'em four."

"I wouldn't be surprised if Greg does that, too. It feels that way," says Cox. "But sometimes it seems like he adds a ball to the count. On 0 and 2, he never wastes a pitch. He throws what other pitchers might throw on 1 and 2."

For decades, the Orioles have taught that the key to pitching is studying the hitter's reaction to the previous pitch. "If a hitter is late on a fastball on the outside corner and fouls it over the dugout, what do you throw on the next pitch? There's only one correct answer," says Baltimore pitching coach and Cy Young winner Mike Flanagan. "He's waiting, looking for a curve or change-up. That's why he's swinging so late. Well, if he can't get around in time on an outside fastball, then he sure can't get around on one on the inside corner. It takes longer to get the bat over the plate on the inside pitch. You have to clear your hips and get your hands in front of the plate. If they're late on your outside fastball, then always pound 'em inside."

Many teams construct elaborate game plans for pitching to the opposing lineup; the football mentality takes control. Big thinking is nice. Maddux is for it. But it's the little stuff that's crucial. "What you remember from facing hitters in the past, or from scouting reports, is a starting point," he says. "But the last pitch is 90 percent of it. You react to what you just saw. What's he trying to do? If his back foot gets pigeon-toed, is he trying to pull the ball? If his back foot is open, is he looking to go the other way?

"If he's up on the plate, it usually means he likes the ball in. If he stands off the plate, he likes it away. Seems like it would be the other way around, but it's not. That's getting way too smart," says Maddux, shaking his head disgustedly at getting carried away with analysis. "There's such a fine line between doing what you do best and going after a hitter's weakness."

Yes, that's an eternal baseball dilemma. Pitch from strength or to weakness? There's no answer. Except Maddux has an answer. "It's an easy decision," he says. "You pitch to weakness—even if it's not your strength—when it can't hurt you. Like if you have a lead or nobody is on base. And you pitch from weakness where it can't hurt you. I'm not a breaking-ball pitcher. If I use my curve in a big spot, I'll throw it in the dirt to see if he'll chase it."

On any subject except pitching, you couldn't drag a pithy phrase out of Maddux with pliers. But as soon as he talks about his art, it's all brand-new stuff and boiled to the nub.

To look at him, you'd hardly spot Maddux for a contrarian. But he is, to the bone. When the Braves travel, the other players use expensive, identical, team-issued suitcases. Maddux uses a battered bag covered with stickers. Hence, no aggravation. Nobody takes his bag by mistake. In baseball, where century-old orthodoxy coats every concept, Maddux sees a world where everybody else has lots of big stuff backward.

In a jam a pitcher is supposed to "reach back"—throw harder and call up that extra adrenaline. It's a test of manhood, right? Maddux calls it a crock.

"I lost enough games trying to put more on. Finally, I said, 'Maybe I ought to try to take more off.'" That was Maddux' first career breakthrough. His first two seasons, he was battered (8–18), sent back to the minors and considered a marginal prospect. "You get beat enough, eventually you change. I was pretty much forced to change," he says.

"Guys who are capable of putting more on, you can count on one hand—Dwight Gooden, Steve Avery. That's a special gift. I'm not physically capable of it. But everybody is capable of learning to take more off. Some do it better than others."

Maddux simply views his approach as an obvious response to raw necessity. Does the "take more off" philosophy require any special gift? "It takes a little more trust in yourself," says Maddux.

A little more trust? Yes, you could say that. Imagine you are Maddux. Let's see, the game and maybe the season are on the line. What should you do? You're tired. The bases are loaded. Barry Bonds is at bat. You've lost something off your fastball. Eureka, you've got it! You'll throw a fastball, but not a very fast one. Instead, you'll tail it away maybe another inch. And throw it in a great spot. Then come back with a change-up. But, remember, throw it even slower than normal to offer enough contrast to the fastball.

Maddux is sublimely indifferent to conventional wisdom. He rethinks every pitching proposition from scratch. "One man that has a mind and knows it can always beat ten men who haven't and don't," said George Bernard Shaw. Maddux certainly knows his mind, and he beats nine men at a time regularly. No pitcher throws as many fastball strikes on the inside corner as Maddux. It may be his greatest point of pride.

Maddux could always tail his fastball into righties, jamming them. But left-handed hitters drove him crazy. He could not attack the inside corner because he couldn't throw hard enough. He needed a pitch that would bear in to lefties, breaking their bat handles. The

"I did warn you this was to be a working vacation, dearest."

pitch is called a cutter, and when Maddux developed one four years ago, it transformed him.

"The biggest jump was when I learned to throw the cut fastball," he says. Since then, nobody else has won the National League Cy Young Award.

Pitching orthodoxy says that the outside corner belongs to the pitcher and the inside corner to the hitter. You should visit the inside corner, the saying goes, but nobody can live there. Well, the orthodoxy is wrong. Maddux knows it. "The game has changed," he says. "These days, you get more strikes on the inside and you get 'em out inside. Hitters used to concede the outside corner. But it was a different era back then. Pitchers still feel like they should stay away from the inside half."

They're wrong. The hitting theories of Charlie Lau and his disciples, such as Walt Hriniak, have permeated batting cages for 15 years. Big, strong hitters now stand off the plate, charge toward the dish as they stride, then pummel the ball on the outside half of the plate just as though they were extending their arms to drive a golf ball off a tee. The day of the dead-pull hitter is long gone. But pitching coaches don't seem to know it. Now, home run champions are alley hitters who get their candy from one power alley to the other. To get them out, you have to tie them up inside.

Many pitchers don't have the guts for the work. Modern hitters know that the fastball on the fists is their weakness, so, if you come in their kitchen, they threaten to visit the mound and beat you to a pulp with those fists.

In last year's Series, Maddux threw underneath Eddie Murray's hat, clearing both benches. That's Maddux. Charge the plate on him and you take your life in your hands. Even as a rookie he challenged hitters, even the biggest. Once, he stood on the mound and screamed at 6'5", 250-pound Dave Parker. In a Cubs meeting, he interrupted to ask the sign for the knockdown pitch.

Lots of pitchers study film of hitters. Maddux, however, even watches ESPN highlights to test his pet inside-outside theory. "Watch when they show all the home runs hit that day," he says. "The majority are from the middle away, not the middle in. The little guys still hit home runs on the inside pitches, but the big sluggers hit the outside pitch."

So, virtually every other pitcher has it backward. The inside half is the safer half. As they say on Wall Street, you can't make the real big money unless you have a different opinion—and it turns out to be right.

•

Celebrity has replaced wealth as the great American aphrodisiac. That's why Maddux stumps us. If he despised fame, like a grouch, then we might dismiss him as a crank. He can't handle it, we'd say, or he fears it. He doesn't want to admit how high he has climbed because he'd be twice as scared about the eventual fall. But that's not Maddux. When it comes to the modern religion of fame, he's neither a believer nor an atheist, nor even an agnostic. He's as peculiar as a man to whom the existence of God has never seemed to be an interesting question.

"I've never liked arrogant people," says Maddux. "When I got to the majors with the Cubs in 1986, I saw enough of it. I thought, I don't want to be like that. You watch people. You see who you want to be like. In that clubhouse, I wanted to be like Ryne Sandberg, Scott Sanderson and Rick Sutcliffe."

Not exactly three of a kind. Sandberg was classy but morosely silent, Sanderson a studious type and Sutcliffe a 6'7", red-bearded, hot-tempered, fiercely loyal good old boy. What they had in common was a realistic sense of themselves as normal people who happened to work an abnormal job.

"I grew up in a military culture where nobody is better than anybody else. Everybody lived in the same kind of house, just with a different number on the door," says Maddux. "We had discipline and all that. But we didn't go overboard about it. We were Air Force, not Marines or Army."

The incidents of his upbringing always seemed to help Maddux keep himself in perspective. He had a classic stage father. Dave Maddux was a fine fastpitch softball pitcher for 22 years and vowed that if he ever had sons, he'd do what Mickey Mantle's father did: teach them baseball from the cradle. Every afternoon at 3:30, Dave would take Mike and Greg into the backyard for two or three hours of baseball before dinner.

Because Mike is nearly five years older, Greg had the dual advantages of adult instruction and a big brother who beat the hell out of him and forced him to develop fast just to survive. Mike was bigger. Mike was the extrovert. Mike was a star at every level, headed to the majors in the game their father adored.

Greg had a choice: He could become a fierce competitor. Or he could be an exile from the male side of the Maddux family. Greg insists that "my parents were real good about letting us make our own decisions. One year I didn't play baseball at all." Believe that if you want. Or you can look at the evidence. Maddux competes at everything. All the time. From golf to Game Gear. When he goes to minor-league hockey games with Kathy, they even keep score of who wins the Name That Tune contest. Or, rather, Greg keeps a running score for the whole season.

"Greg is a playful perfectionist," says Braves coach Jimy Williams. That's a rare combination. Somehow, Maddux maintains a sense of relaxed fun while,

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simultaneously, being more focused and driven to succeed than almost anybody else.

"Sometimes he frustrates pitchers," says Glavine. "He'll throw a nine-inning, two-run game and talk about how bad he was and how lucky he was. We'll just look at him and say, 'We don't want to hear it.'"

The Dodgers once called Orel Hershiser "Bulldog" because the nickname matched his soul even though it contradicted his choirboy face. Maddux' nickname is Mad Dog. It seems incongruous to those who don't really know him. Yet it's completely appropriate to those who watch him compete every fifth day.

Even other successful obsessives—such as John Schuerholz—hold Maddux in awe. "He's so reliant on information that he's almost paranoid. He keeps the data on opposing hitters going into his memory bank constantly.

"This season he's working on how to hold men on base better. So few of them get on, of course. But Greg doesn't like to have vulnerabilities. If he decided to make that something he does better than anybody else, he would do it."

Maddux' effectiveness can't be separated from his playfulness. He doesn't grind himself to dust. "My dad never makes a bad thing into the worst thing that's ever happened in his life. I'm like that," says Maddux. "Some people dwell on everything and drag it out. Blow it off. Same with the good stuff."

What does Maddux do during the offseason, when some players are in winter ball or doing head-to-toe makeovers of their physiques? "I stay in Vegas and have fun," says Maddux. "I work out four times a week for about an hour and a quarter. That's it. I'd say I'm a hard worker, but not a real hard worker. Not nearly as hard as people make it out."

If you're a huge success in America, then you must be a workaholic. It's a rule. But Maddux isn't. So there. Cope with it. The next time the boss says the competition is rising before dawn, tell him you and Maddux are sleeping in.

In everything, Maddux travels light. His idea of fashion is a new pair of sweatsocks. Lord knows what kind of clunker he'd drive if it weren't for Kathy. "That's why you get married," he says. "So there's somebody to say, 'Honey, let's go for a test-drive.'"

Like Brooks Robinson, and perhaps no other Hall of Famer of the preceding generation, Maddux has such a clean, sharp perception of himself as a dignified common man that his self-image is accepted as reality by everybody around him.

If you want to see his hackles rise just a bit, ask him why, if he's really what he seems to be, he lives in Las Vegas, the phoniest city on earth.

"It's my home. I grew up there. I have family and friends there. It's the people I know in the city that make the city for me," he says, as close as he gets to defiant. "People think Las Vegas is the Strip—a bunch of lights, a lot of gambling, drinking and prostitutes. It's not like that. We got parks, Little League, churches, theaters, Denny's—all the things other cities have. The Strip is an extra bonus. We have the best entertainment in the world. If you want to go to the park and feed the ducks with your kids, you can do that. But if you have insomnia and want to knock out the grocery list at three A.M., they'll have a slot machine in the store."

No matter how much he accomplishes—and a pitcher with a 151–94 record on his 30th birthday has about a 50-50 shot at 300 wins—it's doubtful that Maddux' profile will grow appreciably with the years. Virtue bores even those who have it.

"That's just the way it is," says Maddux of the human preference for chocolate ripple with walnuts over plain vanilla. "When I'm watching *Sports Center* and see linebacker Bryan Cox, I enjoy his interviews. They're different, controversial, emotional. Sometimes negative things are entertaining. If I were a producer and had an interview like that or a guy saying nice things about everybody, I'd run the one that was more entertaining, more of a story."

As the greatest players age or set records, they become central symbols of their sport, even if their performance has slipped a notch. They often pay the game back by becoming public icons at the expense of their personal privacy. Cal Ripken Jr. is already a public statue.

Would Maddux ever play the role that, in recent years, has been handled with such forbearance by Nolan Ryan and now by Ripken?

"Cal's in a different league. This guy was baseball for the last two or three months of last season. The only good coming out of the game was Cal. I know, as a player, I appreciated it," says Maddux. "If I had my choice, no, I really would not want that kind of fame. I'm not saying it would be that bad. But if I had a choice I would probably prefer that it not happen."

He's reached the point where the only way to avoid it is to stop going 19–2, the best season percentage in history, and winning the Cy Young every year.

•

Maddux probably isn't in the Hall of Fame yet. Four years of perfection is incredible. Make no mistake, in baseball terms a 75–29 record with an ERA of 1.93 is a working definition of perfection. But fans forget quickly. Jim Rice had three years in the Seventies when he

"Remember how executions used to be before we all started taking Prozac, Warden?"

was to hitting what Maddux is now to pitching. His eyes went bad; he'll never get a sniff of Cooperstown. For six straight years in the Eighties, Don Mattingly was as good as Stan Musial. But he got old fast. He's beloved. But he'll never merit a bronze plaque.

The distinction that Maddux can claim already is that, in his prime, he was the most effective right-handed pitcher—relative to his league and his era—since Walter Johnson. Maddux is the only pitcher since the Big Train (in 1912 to 1915) whose ERA (1.93) has been less than half of the league's ERA (3.96). In other words, Maddux has been twice as efficient as the league during the past four years.

Decency demands that Maddux not be compared to Koufax at his peak. From 1962 to 1966, Koufax went 111–34, compared with Maddux' strike-abbreviated 75–29 record. Also, Koufax won every ERA title and averaged 289 strikeouts a season.

Still, Maddux has reached a point where he wins most comparisons to any Tom Seaver, Jim Palmer, Bob Gibson, Bob Feller or Steve Carlton you can name. True, Maddux strikes out only about 198 men per 162-game season. But no dominant starter since Christy Mathewson (pre–World War One) has matched Maddux' control. In 1994 and 1995 Maddux went 35–8 with just 54 walks in 53 starts.

We should appreciate Maddux now because, with the right injury, he could lose his almost mythical control within the strike zone. And that's the core of his craft. Game after game, he can pinpoint two different fastballs on both halves of the plate, and also throw change-ups for knee-high strikes. Sometimes, he can even work his will over his curve and slider, too. Without that command, as it's now termed, he'd be Nolan Ryan without a fastball.

You can't find anybody in baseball who's ever seen a pitcher who had better control of more pitches in different parts of the strike zone than Maddux. Even as great a pitcher as Jim Palmer will tell you that the only pitch he was fairly sure he could locate within a couple of inches was a fastball on the outside half of the plate. He was never completely comfortable pitching in tight or throwing curves for strikes or putting a change-up in a specific quadrant of the plate. He approximated.

"I considered it an honor to face him. It was really a pleasure," says Bobby Bonilla, who, as a Pirate and a Met, faced Maddux for many years. "He has this ability to think like you're thinking. It's almost like he's playing a game with himself. You might not get one good pitch to hit in a whole game.

"He claims he pitches off the last pitch? There's something to that," says Bonilla. "But don't forget that first pitch:

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

PLAYBOY expands your purchasing power by providing a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 18, 28, 74–77, 102–105 and 157, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

WIRED

Page 18: "Supersonic Surfing": **High-speed access to the Net:** *Integrated Services Digital Network*, for information contact your local phone company. From *DirecPC*, 800-DIREC-PC. From *DirecTV*, 800-347-3288. "Telenetting": **Computer TV systems:** By *Gateway 2000*, 800-846-2000. By *Mitsubishi*, 800-332-2119. By *Zenith*, 847-391-8100. By *Thomson*, 800-336-1900. "Answer the TV!": **Videophone** by *Casio*, 800-YO-CASIO. "Wild Things": **Personal digital assistant** by *U.S. Robotics*, 800-881-7256. **Pager** by *Motorola*, 800-892-3068. **Computer disk storage units** by Stuart Karten Design, from Ring King Visibles, Inc., 800-553-9647. Reliable Computer Products and Accessories catalog, 800-735-4000. Highsmith Microcomputer Products, 800-558-2110.

STYLE

Page 28: "New Colors on the Block": **Sweaters:** By *Matthew Batanian*, at Camouflage, NYC, 212-691-1750 and Barneys New York, NYC, 212-826-8900. By *Wilke-Rodriguez*, at Bloomingdale's and Neiman Marcus stores. By *Richard Edwards*, at Charivari, NYC, 212-333-4040. By *Austyn Zung*, 800-866-6989. By *Nicole Farhi*, at Moda, Pittsburgh, 412-681-8640. "In the Dust": **Khakis:** By *Dickies*, 800-336-7201. By *Columbia Sportswear*, 800-MA-BOYLE. By *Nautica*, at Nautica Store, NYC, 212-496-0933 and Newport Beach, CA, 714-720-0630. By *Ralph Lauren*, at Macy's and Dayton-Hudson stores. By *Calvin Klein*, at Bloomingdale's and Neiman Marcus stores. "Hot Shopping: Atlanta": *Wish*, 404-880-0402. *The Junkman's Daughter*, 404-577-3188. *Stratosphere Skateboards*, 404-521-3510. *Throb*, 404-522-0355. *Criminal Records*, 404-215-9511. "Clothes Line": **Suit** by *Donna Karan*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, Neiman Marcus and Barneys New York stores. **Tie** by *Giorgio Armani*, at Giorgio Armani boutiques. **Shoes** by *Doc Martens*, 800-866-9815. "The Postgame Show": **Muscle soaks** by *Olbas*, 215-925-3336. From *Decleor*, 800-722-2219. By *Klaus Heidegger*, 800-KIEHLS-1. By *Calvin Klein*, at department stores. By *Philosophy*, 800-LOVE-151.

OLYMPIC PRIDE

Page 74: **Tank top** and **boxing pants** from *Polo Sport by Ralph Lauren*, 800-775-7656. **Tank top** by *Nautilus*, at Nordstrom stores. **Pants** by *Champion*, at Sports Authority, Champs and Foot Locker stores. Page 75: **Warm-up jacket** by *Guess Activewear*, at Macy's and Guess stores. **Tank top** by *Discus Athletic*, 800-2-DISCUS. **Cross trainers and running pants** by *Nike*, 800-344-NIKE. Page 76: **Crewneck** by *DKNY*, at Bloomingdale's, NYC, 212-705-2000 and select Neiman Marcus stores. **Leggings** from *Nautica Competition*, at Dillard's, Fort Worth, 817-921-5347 and Kaufman's, Pittsburgh, 412-232-2549. Page 77: **Tank top** by *Nike*, 800-344-NIKE. **Leggings** by *Tommy Hilfiger*, at Bloomingdale's, NYC, 212-705-2000. **Jersey and shorts** by *Pearl Izumi*, 800-328-8488. **Sneakers** by *Nike*, 800-344-NIKE.

THE REAL STUFF

Pages 102–105: **Boxing gloves** by *Ringside, Inc.*, P.O. Box 14171, Lenexa, KS, 913-888-1719. **Mountain bike wheel** by *Spinergy, Inc.*, 45 Danbury Rd., Wilton, CT, 203-762-0198. **White-water canoe** from *Perception, Inc.*, 6211 Ridge Dr., Bethesda, MD, 800-KAYAK-96, ext. 777. **Javelin** by *Nemeth*, from M.F. Athletics, 11 Amflex Dr., Cranston, RI, 800-556-7464. **Fencing mask and saber** by *Leon Paul* from George Santelli Inc., 465 South Dean St., Englewood, NJ, 201-871-3105. **Rifle and ammo** from *Gunsmithing Inc.*, 208 B West Buchannon, Colorado Springs, CO, 719-632-3795. **Bow** by *Hoyt*, 543 North Neil Armstrong, Salt Lake City, UT, 800-366-4698. **Arrows** by *Easton*, 5040 West Harold Gatty Dr., Salt Lake City, UT, 801-539-1400. **Jumping saddle** from *Miller Harness Co.*, 117 East 24th St., NYC, 800-553-7655.

ON THE SCENE

Page 157: "Golf, Anyone?": **The Coach, Right Link and Mirror** from *Golf Training Systems, Inc.*, 3400 Corporate Way, Suite G, Duluth, GA, 800-772-3813. **Head Freezer and Cast Away club** from *Golf Around the World*, 564 Greenway Dr., North Palm Beach, FL, 800-824-4279. **Missing Link** from LeMala International, 2608 Torrey Pines, Fort Worth, TX, 800-981-LINK. **Swing Thing and Back to Back club** from *Swing Thing*, P.O. Box 1006, Moorpark, CA, 805-529-7236.

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strike one. That's the one that makes him so good. Seems like he's always ahead of you. His first pitch could also be the last decent pitch you see. So don't wait too long up there."

For four seasons, Maddux has painted the black, lived on the long end of the count and expanded the plate so mercilessly that hitters feel as if they're defending a manhole cover, not a 16-inch-wide dish. Six-time batting champion Tony Gwynn says Maddux has improved so radically that the terms of their confrontation have reversed. Once, Gwynn owned Maddux. Now, if a time at bat were played for life-and-death stakes, Gwynn admits he'd probably be dead.

Because Maddux has never missed a start, even in high school, and because he fields his position with such Gold Glove quickness that he seems an unlikely candidate to be maimed by a line drive, it's easy to assume that Maddux can stay in his blessed zone indefinitely.

However, when other major leaguers watch a man on such a fantasy run, they tend to see a beautiful ice sculpture melting in the sun. They assume such a blend of youth, health, confidence and luck can't last. Usually, it doesn't.

Maddux knows that the record book says that, pretty soon, he'll regress to the historic mean of his own career. From 1988 to 1991 he was 67–46 with a 3.24 ERA. Even if he stays healthy, Maddux will return to that form. But will it happen soon? Or in 2000? He says he doesn't care.

"I've gotten more out of this game than I ever dreamed. I'm on extra credit already," says Maddux. "I don't feel like I have the right to ask for more.

"I feel like I owe the game. It doesn't owe me. And I know I enjoy it more now than five years ago. I'll probably appreciate it more every season."

See, he pulls you in, this apotheosis of the average man, this decent, modest craftsman as athlete. He is all of us. Sort of. Yet he generates from his own experience, and lives out, the underlined passages that we just read. "There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be to boil an egg." "Not being able to rule events, I rule myself." Emerson, Montaigne, Maddux? You can't be sure. Maybe he's more than a pitcher.

"Sooner or later he's not going to win the Cy Young Award and people will say, 'What's wrong with Greg Maddux?' That's not fair," says Glavine. However, even Glavine senses that Maddux may be granted an uncommon kind of clemency in a culture that loves to raise up its celebrities and then dash them.

"His type of personality goes a long way," says Glavine. "Here's a guy who's so humble and so in tune with what he's doing that it's hard to find people who are waiting for him to fail. He's such an ordinary guy that everybody enjoys his success."

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Greg Maddux, the ordinary guy, baseball's patron saint of moderation, is throwing between starts. His workout includes almost as many full-speed pitches as a complete game. He never changes expression, never says a word. Pitch after pitch nips a corner or dances just off the edge. Everything breaks late. Everything looks like everything else until the last split second. Lay the philosophy and the encomiums aside. Think of him as the dealer, the house, the sharp-eyed Vegas lifer who knows the trick of three-card monte. His confidence is absolute. The odds are with him. You need luck to beat him. He needs nothing. "Nate Luck" is a con. If he executes correctly, sooner or later you will go home in a barrel. Last year. Next year. Maybe for a long time.

In his entire workout, Maddux throws only two truly bad pitches in 100. Once, he holds on to a fastball too long. It bounces in the left-hand batter's box. Maddux breaks his silence. "Shit," he screams. Much later, he bounces a change-up in front of the plate. "Fuck," he bellows like a rifle shot.

Afterward he is asked if, perhaps, the playful perfectionist is a bit too hard on himself. Two bad pitches, two explosive curses? What hidden fires are these? After all, in hours of interviews he has barely said a swearword.

"There are a lot of shots in golf I can't hit, but I try to hit them anyway. The frustration is not there, because I'm still learning. But I really know how to do this. I'm not just hoping to get it where I want it," Maddux says, the playfulness receding, the commonsense, common-man philosopher completely absent and the Mad Dog poker-dealing competitor surfacing fast.

"Let the other guys do it half-assed."

"The modern dress was fine, but at times the gangsta rap was hard to follow."

Amateur Porn

(continued from page 82)

spoken to a rutting male. It can mean, "Oh, that rhythm is different." Or "Oh, you've reached some new place in me." Or, more fundamentally, "Oh. I'm feeling pain, give me time to evaluate it. Hold on. Is this bad pain or good pain?" Her "yes" signals, "OK, continue to the next 'oh' spot." "Yeah!" means "continue at cruising speed." It wouldn't surprise me to learn that our English word yes came down from some archetypal female's exhalation of pleasured breath. Which would explain a lot about the French.

(7) *Women in amateur porn can't catch a break.* They fight the gag reflex for 15 minutes, trying to turn his luncheon meat into hard Nerf—then, as a reward, they get ramrodded by it. Though they may grease up beforehand or during a break, never is lubrication of any sort made available on camera. Vaginal wetness for porn women has the same symbolic weight as erections have for porn men: Without either, he or she cannot be authentic. So delicate pink tissue frays and the female orgasm is as rare as an arctic fox. Worse yet, no woman can look sexy (or even just coordinated) climbing out of pantyhose.

(8) *Women in amateur porn don't know how to give head.* I take that back: Women *in general* don't know how to give head. Accept this axiom: The more imaginative and resourceful a woman is with hand or mouth, the less likely it is her man will achieve climax. No points for creativity. The male choad is wired to accept in and out strokes, period. A vagina doesn't kiss or lick or nibble. Such deviations are pleasant enough, but they have nothing to do with sump-pumping sperm up. They distract and annoy eventually. Which is why—out of more than 100 blow jobs I saw—most ended with simple male masturbation. In the rest, well, Mr. Organ held his poor partner by her hair and ground out secret rhythms in her constricted throat. I know it isn't pretty to say, but in fellatio, the female mouth is a receptacle, not much else. For men blow jobs derive their emblematic power either from domination or love (or both), depending on the state of your relationship.

(9) *Women don't really want an orgasm between the eyes.* I mean, can you blame them? And yet, ke-rist, almost every groin-locking sequence in porn ends with a come facial. Believe me, no matter how eager they may claim to be, all women register some reflexive frisson of disgust when reproductive jism has clotted up their lip gloss: God, those are his motile cells, his brine shrimp, on my face. Why then, I thought, was this peculiar and inorganic sexual act chosen as the signature event for all porn? Well, yes, a male has to dig up some sperm, otherwise the tryst is not consecrated. But on the face? Maybe that globbed, thick clam sauce is meant to mask the female partner, depersonalize her and remove further consequence: After all, she wasn't worth propagating with. The whole arrangement just isn't civil. And I disapprove of it.

(10) *Most women have no idea what male sexuality is about, and vice versa.* Why should they? God, in his infinite peevishness, created two absolutely opposite sets of sexual expectations.

(a) The female, who can have multiple orgasms in one encounter and be satisfied until next Boxing Day.

(b) The male, who can have one dang orgasm per dang encounter and who won't be satisfied until every day is Boxing Day.

Imagine these thought balloons rising above your standard act of copulation.

HER: He says he's horny, but then he makes me suck him off right through *Jeopardy!* before he's hard and then he withholds until I'm sore and I've got to make believe I'm Nympho Nanette down here, otherwise he'll pout tonight and won't walk the dog.

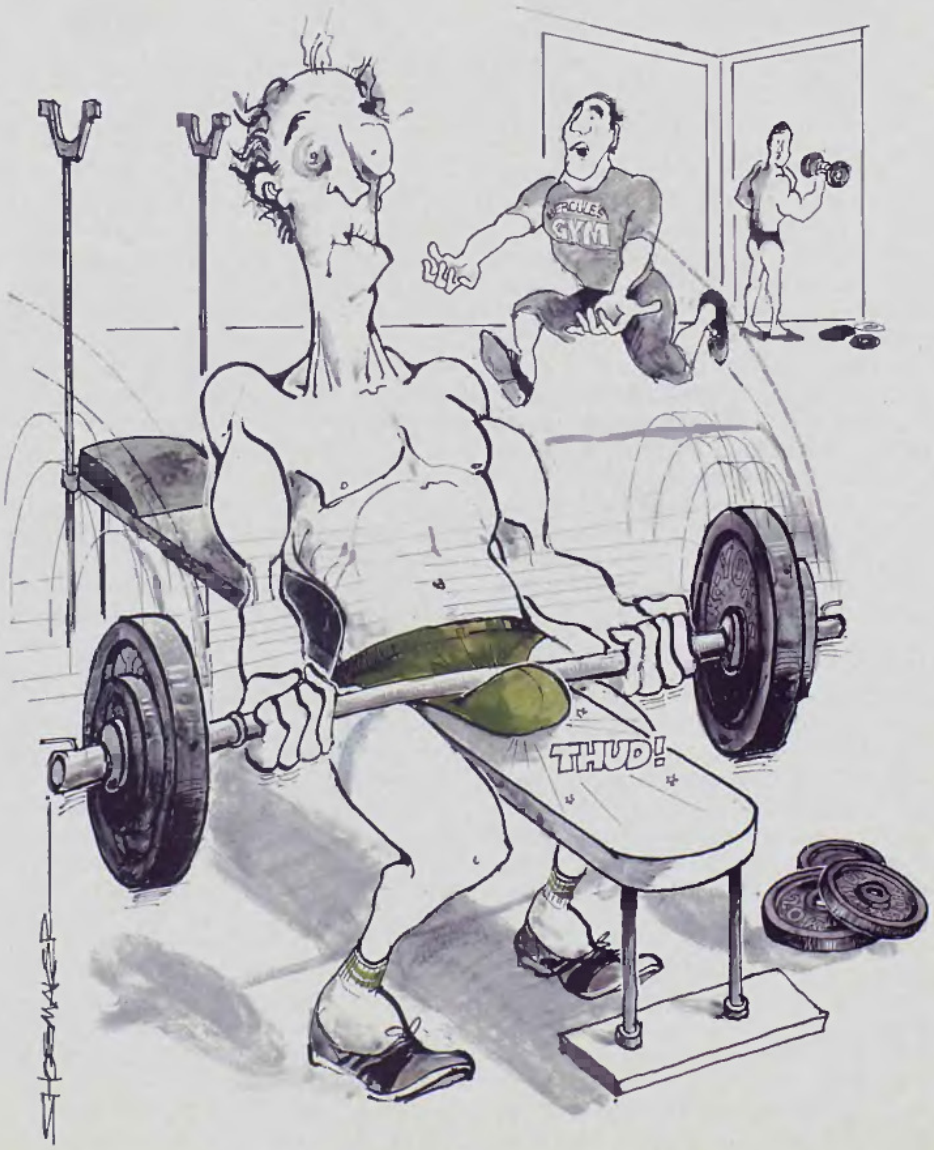
HIM: Look at her, that's three times she's come already while I'm doing all the work up here and by the time she's through my sensitivity will be past its peak and I'll have an orgasm that's like a moth's death.

It's a wonder that any children at all are born.

(11) *When a loving couple does get in sync—as will now and then occur in amateur porn—nothing outside of maybe Chartres Cathedral at dawn is more wholly transcendent: Gender has been overcome and they are one animal complete. Amen.*

All right then, let's say Esmerelda and you qualify as one of those transcendent couples. Sex at home is so supercharged that Standard Power and Light had to install an antisurge device. You want recognition for your hard work and maybe some lucre for your filth. What to do? One or more of three things:

(a) *Know what you're getting into.* An industry insider points out the obvious: "First of all, remember that public tape is public information, and consider that your co-workers, your mother and your



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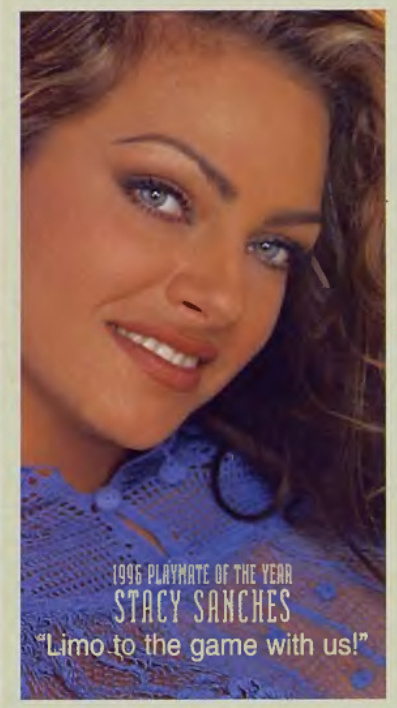

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neighbors may see you. Be comfortable with that or don't do it."

(b) *Get into the swing of things.* Amateur porn, as we now know it, was invented about a decade ago. Video cameras became affordable (18 percent of us own one today), and members of the swing set, particularly in San Diego, had begun to make contact with one another through tape. One swinger, Greg Swaim, started duplicating and trading cassettes. On that modest premise he founded Homegrown Video in 1983—the first amateur-porn mail-order house. Now under Tim Lake's management, Homegrown (800-544-8144) will accept any legal sexual material. A'Mature Video (800-397-4780) offers its own compendious swing magazine wherein you can search for your co-star. One better than that is Amateurs in Action by Metro (800-394-7298), which is essentially a swap magazine on tape connected to some sort of voice-mail service. And then there's A&B Video (800-526-8618), whose owner wrote, "Our actors are swingers or couples who range in age from 19 to 72. Our lady in AB #30 is 72 years old and once was Al Capone's favorite stripper, working under the stage name 'the Body.'" Americana like that would go well with your Ethan Allen barstool.

(c) *Try the sexual equivalent of a vanity press.* According to Homegrown, Esmerelda and you can pull down as much as $20 per minute and not leave your bedroom. Here are some cinematic pointers. Stay natural, don't play to the lens: For us it may be porn, but for you it's love. One stationary vidcam is still acceptable, but competition has, uh, stiffened, so try getting a neighbor to film your wife's Amateur Open in tight focus. Bondage, golden spray and animal participation are un-American or something, but well-lit, well-miked gynecology is patriotic and essential. Most firms pay up front, though some also offer a 15 percent royalty option on gross box office. But cash aside, why are so many otherwise "normal" men and women displaying their intimate software? Zita, age 26, secretary, said in *Adam Presents Amateur Porn* magazine, "Sex tapes are a place where I'm free to express myself. I like to suck cock, and I enjoy how I look doing it."

Zita has hit on a revealing line of thought. Remember this: Professional porn is made for an audience, amateur porn is made for the performers. "I like to suck cock, and I enjoy how I look doing it." Zita has learned how she can be a voyeur during her own sexual experiences, and that is quite a titillating point of view—as the first madam to install mirrors on her brothel ceiling knew well enough. But a reflection is stuck in present time. Your VCR image, by contrast, can be recollected and reviewed at some later moment of tranquility. (Sex is a confining exercise: In the commonplace missionary position, for example, neither participant sees much beyond face and chest.) Moreover, there is no climax in amateur porn—or, rather, there can be an infinite number of climaxes. Men aren't restricted to one orgasm per act. And women can no longer withhold. Just press rewind and play, rewind and play. For once, at least in a symbolic way, you control both yourself and that other aspect of you, the partner.

The truth inheres: No matter how rich or handsome or libertine we may be, there remains one provocative and atavistic sexual act that no *Kama Sutra* has ever described. Men and women cannot make love to themselves, and cannot close the circuit on their sexuality. I don't judge whether this is good or bad. Yet, through amateur porn and through the control we have over it, men and women have learned to objectify their own bodies, and this seductive self-exploitation will no doubt continue well into the future. We are, after all, in the virtual reality era. How long before we can computer-generate a female me, a male her—and pursue both through artificial space and the heated psyche. In time some woman-man will sue herself-himself for sexual harassment.

SHAQUILLE O'NEAL *(continued from page 54)*

In eighth grade, while everybody else was getting in trouble I started sleeping with my basketball.

My dad drove a truck when he was off duty, and he even shined shoes. I didn't want them to think I was a disgrace, and I felt like they did think that. And I wanted them to love me. So I thought, How can I make them smile at me? And how can I get the stuff other kids have? I started studying, brought home Bs and Cs and my dad started being nice to me.

PLAYBOY: As you grew up, did you hate your father? Did you rebel?

O'NEAL: Never. Kids rebel because they don't respect their parents. I didn't like getting beat, but I respected him. And there was something else: He was never going to give up. Even when I was rowdy, doing everything wrong, I knew one of us eventually had to give up, and I knew my dad would never, ever give up.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any particularly warm memories?

O'NEAL: Yes. After I got a whupping, I had to go to my room for an hour. When I came out there would be cookies and ice cream on the table. He was telling me it was over. I caused the situation and deserved what I got, but it was OK now. It was over. That's how the Sarge taught me cause and effect.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever have a birds-and-the-bees talk with him?

O'NEAL: Sure did. I was about 11. He used to fall asleep on the couch watching *Benny Hill*, and I'd sneak out and look at the titties. One night he woke up and caught me. So pretty soon he gets out our *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and shows me the parts of the anatomy. I didn't know the words, only the bad ones. I'd never heard "penis" and "vagina." He came out with them sounding just like a drill sergeant. That's my dad.

PLAYBOY: Of course, he's really your stepdad. You paid him a tribute in a rap song on *Shaq-Fu, Biological Didn't Bother*, saying you consider him your true father. How did you find out the truth?

O'NEAL: My mother told me about my biological father when I was five. I said, "Where is he?" She said, "He was no good. So I left, and I met the Sarge." I thought about that for a while, then I said, "That's cool." I've never met my biological father. He tried to meet me. The team was in Chicago when a guy told me he saw my father on TV. I asked Mom why the Sarge was on TV and she said, "No, it was your biological father." He wanted to contact me. I think he wants money. I mean, he could have called from the time I was zero to 20. He lives in New Jersey where all my relatives are; he could have met me if he'd wanted to.

PLAYBOY: Ever feel a genetic debt to him? The Sergeant's a big man, but he's no giant.

O'NEAL: My size is from my mother's side. My great-grandfather Johnny was a farmer in Dublin, Georgia, and he was 6'10". I have a grandma who's 6'4". My mother's brother is 6'7". Tall people.

PLAYBOY: Is your biological father a big man?

O'NEAL: Don't know. I've never seen him.

PLAYBOY: Not even during his media blitz? You see everything else on TV.

O'NEAL: I didn't see it!

PLAYBOY: All right, we'll get back to the game. When did you find basketball?

O'NEAL: Eighth grade. My knees got better. I started watching games on TV, wanting to be Dr. J. While everybody else was getting in trouble I started sleeping with my basketball, dribbling the sidewalks doing my Dr. J. moves. In the winter I'd walk to the gym in the snow. This gym was only ten minutes away, but when it snowed hard you could barely get there. I'd get up, put on

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my dad's gloves and his Army boots and walk an hour to get there.

PLAYBOY: And you were an instant star.

O'NEAL: I was lousy. The soldiers I played with were a lot older and they'd be yelling, "You're 6'7" and you're horrible! You'll never play. You might as well join the Army." But I kept playing. Finally I stopped being clumsy when I was 15. That's the first time I got my name in the paper. We won the U.S. Army European tournament, and people said, "He might be pretty good."

PLAYBOY: The base was an American island in Germany. Did you get used to that?

O'NEAL: It was strange. Some of the people didn't want us there. They would sneak on the base and paint all the vehicles blue as a protest. Once I took an Army bus to a base in Czechoslovakia, and they were waiting, throwing eggs and bottles and sticks. It wasn't racial because I saw blacks in the crowd—half-blacks, anyway, from the times black soldiers would sneak off the base and party. I didn't get it—they didn't want us, but we were protecting them.

PLAYBOY: After your stepfather was transferred to San Antonio, you led Cole High School to a 68–1 record over two years. We hate to quibble, but what happened on your bad night?

O'NEAL: I got four fouls in the first two minutes. When I came back in at the end, we were down by one. I shot two free throws with five seconds left in the game. Missed them both. That's the only time I ever cried.

PLAYBOY: During the game the white players from Liberty Hills High School yelled racist taunts at you.

O'NEAL: No. Who says?

PLAYBOY: It's true, isn't it?

O'NEAL: Well, yes, a lot of racist comments. "Go back to Africa." The N word. But losing hurt more.

PLAYBOY: You seem cautious about your choice of words. Why would you avoid talking about racism?

O'NEAL: It doesn't do any good.

PLAYBOY: How about corruption? What offers did you get from college basketball recruiters?

O'NEAL: None. They had heard about the Sarge. They knew I would tell him and they would be in trouble. And anyway, that's like selling a piece of your soul. I worked in the summer for eight dollars an hour and had a Pell grant for about $1400 a year, so I was OK. I went to college all by myself, you know. June 16, 1989, my first day at LSU—that was the day I grew up.

PLAYBOY: There was a tornado in Baton Rouge that day.

O'NEAL: I was riding my bicycle when it hit. At first I thought it was just high winds. Then I saw the tornado coming down, right for me. I wasn't scared. It seemed like fun. I ran and ducked for cover and actually saw the tube of it going by—*whoosh*. That was the day I took a job at an industrial construction company. There wasn't anything going on, so I went up on the boss' roof—about 25 feet high—and jumped off.

PLAYBOY: You leaped off a two-story building? What did you land on?

O'NEAL: My feet.

PLAYBOY: Twenty-five feet is an exaggeration, isn't it?

O'NEAL: No, it's a house.

PLAYBOY: You could have died.

O'NEAL: You get hurt only if you think you'll get hurt. I landed right. It's easy—you just hit soft, drop and roll.

PLAYBOY: You said that you grew up at LSU——

O'NEAL: I lost my virginity there. I had my last fight. A football player and a basketball player were fighting over a girl, and I went to break it up. The football guy thought he was bad so he hit me. I hit him and then we had 100 football players against us 12, the basketball team, and we did all right. I came out markless. I'm no martial artist yet, but I'm so big and powerful—let's just say I can punch a hole in a wall. With ease.

PLAYBOY: Any other college highlights?

O'NEAL: One day I wake up, I'm rubbing sleep out of my eyes, and there's Dr. J. standing over my bed. He was at LSU to give a talk. He took me to breakfast. He didn't have a lot of advice or anything, and I wasn't asking a bunch of questions. It was just that he was there, he wanted to see me. I'll never forget that.

PLAYBOY: Last winter you met some other heroes. Weren't you snowed in at a hotel with the cast of *Sesame Street Live*?

O'NEAL: Chillin' and singing in the hotel bar with Grover, Big Bird and Oscar. They were stuck there, too. I started singing "Sun-ny day . . . " and they joined in. Pretty soon we had the whole bar singing.

PLAYBOY: Grover was probably looped, but you don't drink, do you?

O'NEAL: Nah. I've seen what it does to people. Slobbering, falling down. I don't want to do that to my body. And you can party longer without it. Jordan's the same way—if you're out till two A.M. but you're not getting drunk, you won't be messed up the next day. On Christmas, New Year's and my birthday I'll have a glass of wine, but that's it. You want to know what my habit is? Miniature golf. We put in a real grass course in front of my house, but the grass died, so we're doing it over in Astroturf. My crew and I play for dinner or movie tickets. I generally win. You can tell Chi Chi Rodriguez or any of them to come to my house for goofy golf. I'm ready.

PLAYBOY: The president is a golfer. Maybe you two could bet Treasury bills.

O'NEAL: I met Bill. He has a good, firm handshake. I met Bush, too. Those guys have it hard because nobody's on their side. It's all criticism.

PLAYBOY: You met another heavyweight while he was in prison.

O'NEAL: I went to see Mike Tyson. Not to be political. I admire him as a fighter. I got into the prison and the guys looked so young. Some of them were younger than me. Tyson was bigger from doing push-ups. They wouldn't let him lift weights, so he was doing a whole lot of push-ups. He looked strong. We sat at a table and had a couple minutes of

"Look, when I put it on fast-forward, it looks like you were actually moving."

privacy. All he really told me was not to get in a place like that. "Stay out of trouble," he said.

PLAYBOY: You're uneasy talking about race. How has it affected you since the Liberty Hills game?

O'NEAL: It hasn't, not personally. But I saw what happened to Rodney King. I saw the policemen who beat him get acquitted and I couldn't figure it. I thought about a basketball saying: "The tape don't lie."

PLAYBOY: You had an encounter of your own with the LAPD.

O'NEAL: I was just driving in downtown L.A. about midnight. My stereo's loud but not that loud, and nobody's out there anyway. But I got pulled over. I guess they thought I was a hoodlum type—hat on backward, driving a nice Benz. So the cop starts yelling at me. "Where'd you get the car? Is it stolen?" I said, "No, I bought it in Beverly Hills. I paid $80,000 cash." He checked and since it was my car, all he could do was give me a ticket for my loud stereo.

PLAYBOY: LAPD racism again?

O'NEAL: The cop was black. I was surprised because I always expect people to be nice if I'm nice and respectful to them, but at the same time I knew where he was coming from. My uncle's a police officer. I know what he goes through on the job. There's a typical thing that happens: If you pull over ten guys today and eight of them are bad guys, acting crazy and maybe planning to shoot you, you expect the next guy to be crazy too. If I had that job I'd probably be yelling at everybody.

PLAYBOY: What if it had been a white cop? Would you be so understanding?

O'NEAL: I hope. I always try to think about all the consequences in anything that happens. You can't always do it. For instance, I slipped the other day. I did a Taco Bell ad—"I'm on fire"—with fire coming off me as I dunk. And I didn't think about burn victims. Now I'm hearing from them. This guy who represents burn victims says, "How could you?" I guess I screwed up. The special effects were so good I forgot everything else. Another time I messed up was when I bought a fur coat. I didn't think about animal rights groups. "Animal killer!" they called me.

PLAYBOY: Did they throw any red paint on you?

O'NEAL: They wouldn't do that. We'd be fighting all day.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of fighting, would you go to war for your country? Would you fight in Bosnia?

O'NEAL: No. And the reason is the same one Muhammad Ali had. Those people never called me Negro. And I also think it's a bad idea to fight on somebody else's turf. I've seen those Vietnam shows on TV, and that stuff is deadly. You're walking in the jungle, they got people in underground tunnels just waiting to reach

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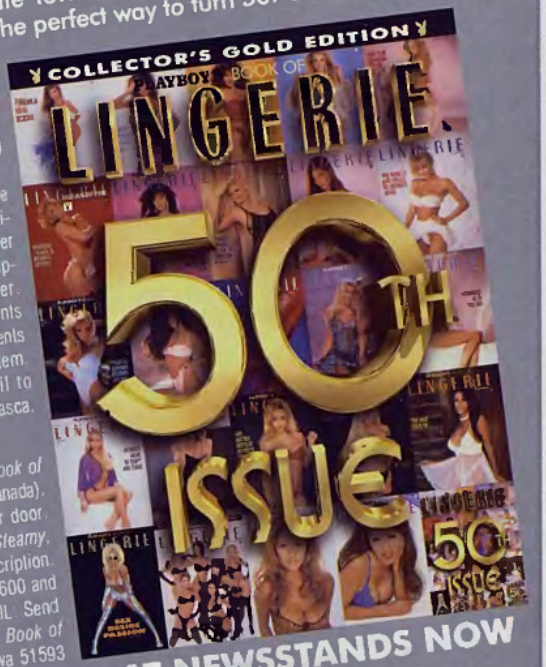

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out and *pow!*, you're dead. No thanks, it's not for me. Somebody wants to go to war, he can come to my house. I'll pop up from behind a couch and knock him right out.

PLAYBOY: Ali was more outspoken than you—he actually used the word nigger. He also went to jail to avoid military service. Would you?

O'NEAL: I won't go to war.

PLAYBOY: What would the Sarge think of that?

O'NEAL: Not much. The Sarge, oh yeah, he's war, war, war. He'd probably want me to fight, but I'm not a war man. I'm a lover, not a fighter.

PLAYBOY: Has he mellowed as he's gotten older and you've gotten famous?

O'NEAL: He has. But he knows what I know—good things came to me when I started listening to him. We don't talk about it, but he knows.

PLAYBOY: Do you say "I love you" to each other?

O'NEAL: Yeah. That's something we had to develop. He was the first to say it. It wasn't planned, it just happened one day. He came out with it. Now we can both say it.

PLAYBOY: What about kids of your own? Will you spank them?

O'NEAL: I'm definitely going to have kids. And they'll get a good old-fashioned butt-whupping when they deserve it. I might be even harder than the Sarge. But not on a little girl if I have one, because they can do that thing to you. They cry and you just fall over and give them whatever they want.

PLAYBOY: What's your proudest moment?

O'NEAL: When my mother and father call me and tell me they love me.

PLAYBOY: You're both simpler and more complex than you appear. You're a reformed JD turned faithful son turned worldwide celeb, a Disney genie who won't be 25 till next spring. What's your secret?

O'NEAL: Playing possum. I like people to think I can't do something. That's when I'll sit back and chill. And observe. You shouldn't give away all your secrets, not all at once, but I think I could be almost anything. I could play pro baseball, no question. I can hit and I throw real hard. I'd be like Randy Johnson, the Big Unit. Maybe I'd be the Bigger Unit. As far as basketball goes I may sign the next contract, play it out and that could be it for the NBA. I'd still have acting. I'd have the business world. I might want to just chill with my children when I have them. I'm just trying to be intelligent. In a few years it'll be somebody else everybody wants to see and talk with, not me. Even the sun don't stay hot forever, you know? That's why I'm doing all I can while I'm hot, so later I can sit back and watch somebody else do it.

PLAYBOY: You're nobody's shrinking violet.

O'NEAL: You know what it is? I don't like waking up on an off day and having nothing to do. It makes me uncomfortable. That's why I tell my agent, "Keep it coming. I'll tell you when I'm tired."

PLAYBOY: Ever want to be alone?

O'NEAL: Someday I'll take a vacation. But it won't be alone. I'll take my boys with me, because it's not safe if you don't. You've got to be careful. There are people out there who aren't right in the head. There are stalkers. I don't want to get shot by somebody who hates me because he's crazy.

PLAYBOY: When you're roaming around in your mansion late at night, when everyone else is asleep, what are you thinking?

O'NEAL: I thank God for blessing me. For helping me to not give up when people said I should just join the Army. Because I knew. I knew my hard work would pay off. And I'm still working. I raise my game every year. Last summer I worked on a hook shot and a turnaround. I took karate lessons, lifted weights to build my strength, because you need strength when guys are hanging on you, pinning down your arms. You have to be strong. And not scared.

PLAYBOY: You're still trying to fly.

O'NEAL: Remember that three-story building we passed? No way would I jump off it, because there was a concrete sidewalk below. But I thought about it. If there were water down there, a swimming pool, I'd go do it right now. Yeah, easily. No joke. I promise you I'd do it.

PLAYBOY: Why?

O'NEAL: For fun.

PLAYBOY: What does scare you? Death? Referees?

O'NEAL: Nothing.

PLAYBOY: Fess up.

O'NEAL: I told you I don't get scared.

PLAYBOY: Never?

O'NEAL: OK. When I was little I thought our house was haunted. I'd go to bed with the closet door open, and the clothes looked like they were making faces at me. But to beat fear you gotta face fear. I knew that even then. So one night I jumped out of bed, ran over and punched them. Then I slammed the door.

PLAYBOY: You weren't fearless after all.

O'NEAL: I was scared of frogs, too. I would watch this really big frog outside our house, and he scared me. The son of a bitch was just too slimy. Till one day I grabbed him, picked him up, squeezed him, just grossed myself out. Then I threw him back down.

PLAYBOY: A rough day for the frog. Did he survive?

O'NEAL: Yeah, he did. We both did.

"I hope you won't mind . . . I just had an orgasm."

HEIDI FLEISS

(continued from page 116)

remember the first time I saw Bernie's house, the Greyhall mansion in Beverly Hills. I said to another girl in the car, "Just show me who owns this house." Then I saw Bernie, this little man who looked like Santa Claus. I was like, "Ah! My life, easy street." Little did I know it was the roughest street I was ever going to travel. I was so young when I fell in love with him. I didn't quite understand sex. I was exposed to this world of private jets and helicopters and money. We're buying a hotel here, we're doing something else there. I went to homes that had staircases made of 24-karat gold. And soon it became normal. I guess I got into it so young that I got caught up and expected things to be like that forever. But after a while I got tired of Bernie's whole show. When I met Ivan Nagy and Madam Alex, they were the two creepiest, weirdest people I had ever met in my life. But in a real sick way I was fascinated by something other than Bernie's helicopters and jets and châteaus. The fascination with the bizarre made the transition easier. I had no idea that the consequences would be so severe or that I would become infamous. And still, kids come into my shop all the time and say, "You're my idol, Heidi. You're the coolest." When that happens I say, "No, I'm not. You be good. Don't do drugs. Stay in school. Listen to your parents." I don't know if I'm telling them the right stuff, but I try. I wouldn't want anyone to go to sleep at night and think of what I think of: prison. It's no way to live.

15.

PLAYBOY: Your relationship with the legendary Madam Alex—before you, she was the queen of Hollywood madams and you worked for her and learned the trade—was clearly volatile. Did she have any final words for you before she died?

FLEISS: "I love you, you're my baby." She kept crying, "Mommy, Heidi, Mommy," and when she did the hospital called me. I'd go and also sign T-shirts for everyone on the floor—the doctors, the intensive-care staff. They called me so much—I was about to start my federal trial and be put in jail for maybe up to ten years—that I finally told the hospital, "Look, I'm not even family." I did what I could. It was a weird love-hate relationship, but I guess I loved her more than I hated her. We had a bond that only she and I could share. She was wise. She was negative. In a sick way, I was the daughter she never got to abuse. Or she did abuse, maybe. I was there to the end.

16.

PLAYBOY: Your dad, who is a pediatrician, lectures against circumcision. Do you have a position on that issue?

FLEISS: When you think of it as a part of the body being cut off, it's strange and frightening. He's probably right. A man is probably born with a foreskin for a reason. I couldn't care less if a guy is circumcised. I've had sex with plenty of guys who weren't circumcised, and it was good sex.

17.

PLAYBOY: As a service to the American business community, tell us which management skills were most important in your former occupation: recruiting? accounting? matchmaking? How did you choose among job applicants? Who were the best clients: rock stars, movie stars, studio execs, athletes, retired athletes?

FLEISS: I didn't recruit. Girls came in droves, wanting to work for me. Sometimes I didn't know what to do, there were so many of them. Looks are an obvious head start. Also, you get vibes from the women who can do the work. Sometimes women thought they were tens and they weren't. Breaking the news was the hardest part. I never just came out and told them the truth. I would say, "I'm sorry, but I don't get requests for the sort of exotic beauty you have."

The men never gave me money, they gave the women money, so I was probably ripped off all the time on my percentage. A typical client was a wealthy guy who didn't have the time to go out and meet a "decent" girl. I was able to come up with decent girls and wealthy guys, and introduce them. What they did from then on was strictly up to them. Maybe they had wild sex, maybe they had no sex. Maybe they got married, maybe they didn't. One out of 40 times my matchmaking was off. I was just able to get it right.

I owned a nightclub with Victoria Sellers called On the Rox. We had parties. I'd meet a girl who, say, worked for a modeling agency. She'd take a trip for me, and afterward she'd tell a friend, "Guess what I did?" Instead of going, "Ooh, why'd you do that?" the friend would say, "Could I meet Heidi?" So all of a sudden—this is hypothetical, of course—I have 14 girls from a big modeling agency working for me. But it doesn't only go on there. It goes on at Beverly High and in Westlake.

I personally slept with everyone in the occupations you mentioned [*smiles*], but as a group the girls preferred men from Fortune 500 companies. The real moneymakers, the people who could change the economy. Old money. The money that's not going to go away. That's also the type of man the women would fall in love with. Someone like Charlie Sheen, of course, the women would have fun fucking the hell out of him and his friends, all those other little actors, but they knew that's all it was. In terms of

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sexual prowess, I would have to say that Jack Nicholson is a goddamn great lover.

18.

PLAYBOY: What's the worst time of the year in your former profession to take a vacation?

FLEISS: One year I thought, OK, Ramadan is coming up, I think I'll go to Hawaii. Ramadan is when Arabs don't eat, don't sleep, don't drink, don't breathe for 30 days or something. So I expected things to be slow. But for some reason, it was so damn busy I couldn't leave. If it wasn't the Arabs, it was the studio execs. Someone was going absolutely crazy.

19.

PLAYBOY: What's the fastest way to get a guy off?

FLEISS: Since it's all mental, it's probably a combination of giving him head and talking dirty. But it has to be the right kind of dirty. You have to know what turns on a particular guy to hit those fantasies. Maybe a guy fantasizes about having another guy watch him have sex. Maybe he likes to hear about how many men his woman has fucked, so she tells him about a prince and his entourage. But he has to remember that it's all made up, so afterward he shouldn't disrespect her for it.

20.

PLAYBOY: Tell us how to intensify the male orgasm.

FLEISS: You need another participant no matter what. [*Smiles*] That's why phone sex isn't bigger than just phone sex. You absolutely still need that warm body next to you.

"You knew I was a hopeless romantic when you married me."

SMALL BEERS

(continued from page 112)

named for Tony Faust, who owned the St. Louis Oyster House in the 1880s, not the guy who dealt with the devil. Augsburger Golden Beer is firm, with a dry, hoppy finish. Pabst's Andeker, a fuller gold in color, is smooth and well balanced. Henry Weinhard's Private Reserve is light, aromatic, flowery and crisp, with a touch of Oregon Cascade hops. Try these beers before a meal or with fish. Leinenkugel's Northwoods Lager is smooth and firm with a dry maltiness. Michelob Centennial is full-bodied, with a little more sweetness. Centennial was launched this year to mark the centennial of Michelob beer. Drink it with food, especially chicken or turkey.

DARK LAGERS

While golden lagers have been the most popular style of brew, dark lagers are rapidly gaining in popularity. These beers have a malty sweetness that marries well with chicken, pork or noodle dishes. Augsburger Dark, for example, has a malty and fruity flavor with a bit of roastedness. Leinenkugel's Winter Lager is a perfect fireside beer that hints of coffee flavors. Michelob Classic Dark is delicately balanced but on the light side. American Originals' Muenchener is slightly less dark but maltier, drier and full of complex flavors. It is made from no fewer than five types of malt and seven varieties of hops.

BOCKS

Bock is traditionally a richer and stronger dark lager. Celis Pale Bock out of Austin is produced by a brewery that's better known for its Belgian-style wheat beers. Pale Bock has a pinkish-amber color and an almost woody maltiness. Try it with chili. Leinenkugel's Genuine Bock from Wisconsin is darker, rich and malty with an aftertaste that hints of toffee. Augsburger Bock is mahogany in color, smooth and well balanced. The same label's Doppelbock is darker and smokier. Try it with a book at bedtime.

RED LAGERS

Most "red" lagers are made with a style of malt that creates almost bourbon-like flavors and a ruddy hue. Among them are Anheuser-Busch's sweet and malty Red Wolf and Elk Mountain Red Lager, which is aromatically more malty and hints of chocolate. (Try it with chicken mole.) Elk Mountain is named after the company's 1800-acre hop farm at Bonners Ferry, Idaho.

Leinenkugel's Red is smooth and sweet. Augsburger Red has both sweetness and acidity. Red River Valley Red Lager is a little drier and firmer. It takes its name from the Red River region of North Dakota, where America's brewers

look for the finest malting barley. In Texas, Salado Creek Amber Beer is a reddish Vienna lager packaged at Pabst's Pearl brewery.

ALES

Some state laws say ale must be at least four percent alcohol by weight, five percent by volume, but strength is not the real issue. The true defining characteristics are the fruity aroma and taste that come from a warmer fermentation. They make for a sipping beer, interesting and flavorful. Weinhard's golden Blue Boar Pale Ale is one of the lightest, belying its claims to being Irish in style.

Ballantine Ale is flowery and dry, and the same label's India Pale Ale is flavorful, hoppier and darker. Pabst also has a malty ale called Red Bone. Yes, there are reddish ales, too.

There is a sweet malt flavor to George Killian's Irish Red. This long-standing product from Coors was modeled on the Ruby Ale produced by the Killian family in County Wexford in the Fifties. Coors has another delicious entrant, creamy Nut Brown ale, in its Blue Moon line.

Elk Mountain Amber Ale is malty, with hints of chocolate and a fruitiness. Redhook has its hoppy Ballard Bitter India Pale Ale, named after a Seattle neighborhood, and its smooth, fruity Redhook ESB (Extra Special Bitter). Miller's financial interest in Portland, Maine's Shipyard brewery introduces a range of English flavors. Shipyard uses a Yorkshire yeast with distinctly citrusy notes. Look for Shipyard's spicy, coffeeish Longfellow Winter Ale or its stronger Prelude Christmas Ale.

PORTERS AND STOUTS

Porter was originally the more muscular style and stout was somewhat fuller-bodied (as the name suggests). These days, the terms overlap. The dark-brown, almost black, color does not indicate strength. It comes from highly roasted malts—hence those tangy flavors. Two startlingly assertive beers from the national brewers are good examples. Anheuser-Busch's American Originals has its licoricelike, smoky Black & Tan. It uses English ale yeast, as does Shipyard's peppery and dry Blue Fin Stout. Drink the stout with oysters. Coors' Sand Lot brewery at Coors Field (home of the Colorado Rockies), offers two stouts: the roasty Slugger's and the more rummy Strike Out. Redhook's Blackhook Porter hints of espresso. The brewery has also begun marketing a creamy, textured Double-black Stout, containing Starbucks coffee.

WHEAT BEERS

Wheat beer is tarter and more quenching than beer brewed from barley. Perhaps because wheat beer is a very old style, it is often served unfiltered, yeasty and cloudy and labeled with the German word *Hefeweizen*. Michelob Hefeweizen has a peach color and a flavor reminiscent of apples. Weinhard's Hefeweizen is paler and tarter. Redhook Hefeweizen is tart and orangy in flavor. (It also has a spicier brother brew made with rye.) Sand Lot's Wild Pitch Hefeweizen is orange in color and very cloudy, with lemon and clove notes like those commonly found in Bavarian wheat beers. Sand Lot also has a spicy-tasting Belgian "white" wheat beer. Most famous of the Belgian-style beers that are made in America is coriander-tinged Celis White.

FRUIT BEERS

They sound gimmicky, but they're not. Fruits have been used in beer since the Sumerians added dates to their brews. Berliners add a dash of raspberry syrup to their wheat beer. Belgian brewers use whole cherries. In recent years, Americans have used everything from cranberries to pumpkins. Some of these new brews, such as Leinenkugel's seasonal Berry Weiss, use a blend of fruits. Blue Moon has a cinnamon-tasting, seasonal Harvest Pumpkin Ale; and, year-round, a fresh-tasting Raspberry Cream Ale. The fragrance and tartness of raspberries work particularly well in beer. These are the pink champagnes of the brew world. Serve them with appetizers or fruit.

HONEY BEERS

Make an alcoholic drink from honey and you have mead. Use barley or wheat with added honey and you have a beer. Leinenkugel's flowery, creamy Honey Weiss is based on a light-tasting wheat beer. George Killian's Wildé Honey claims both Irish and French origins, hence that accent mark. The beer is copper colored, with the bouquet and flavor of light malt and clover honey. Blue Moon Honey Blonde Ale is deep gold, slightly sweeter and more fruity. Isn't honey supposed to be an aphrodisiac?

Save this one for Valentine's Day.

"Of course I'm hurt and disappointed, dear. It's just like the short putt I missed on number 13."

Urban Myths *(continued from page 78)*

The doctor gives her the bad news: She has broiled her insides and now will certainly die.

and decides to hasten the drying by putting the dog in her new microwave. The poodle explodes. There is a similar story about a woman who wants a fast tan and begins visiting a tanning salon—more frequently than the salon advises—to get one. In one version, the woman begins feeling woozy and goes to her doctor to find out why. In another, her husband tells her that she has a peculiar odor. In both the doctor gives her the bad news: She has broiled her insides and now will certainly die.

Based on sheer numbers, however, the most terrifying of all our fears are sexual. From the story of the man who slips his date some Spanish fly and later finds her impaled on the gearshift to the one about the honeymoon hotel that secretly videotapes couples for pornography, there are more legends involving sexual embarrassment, sexual compromise and sexual danger than any other subject. Now homophobia seems to have inspired a whole new cluster of tales.

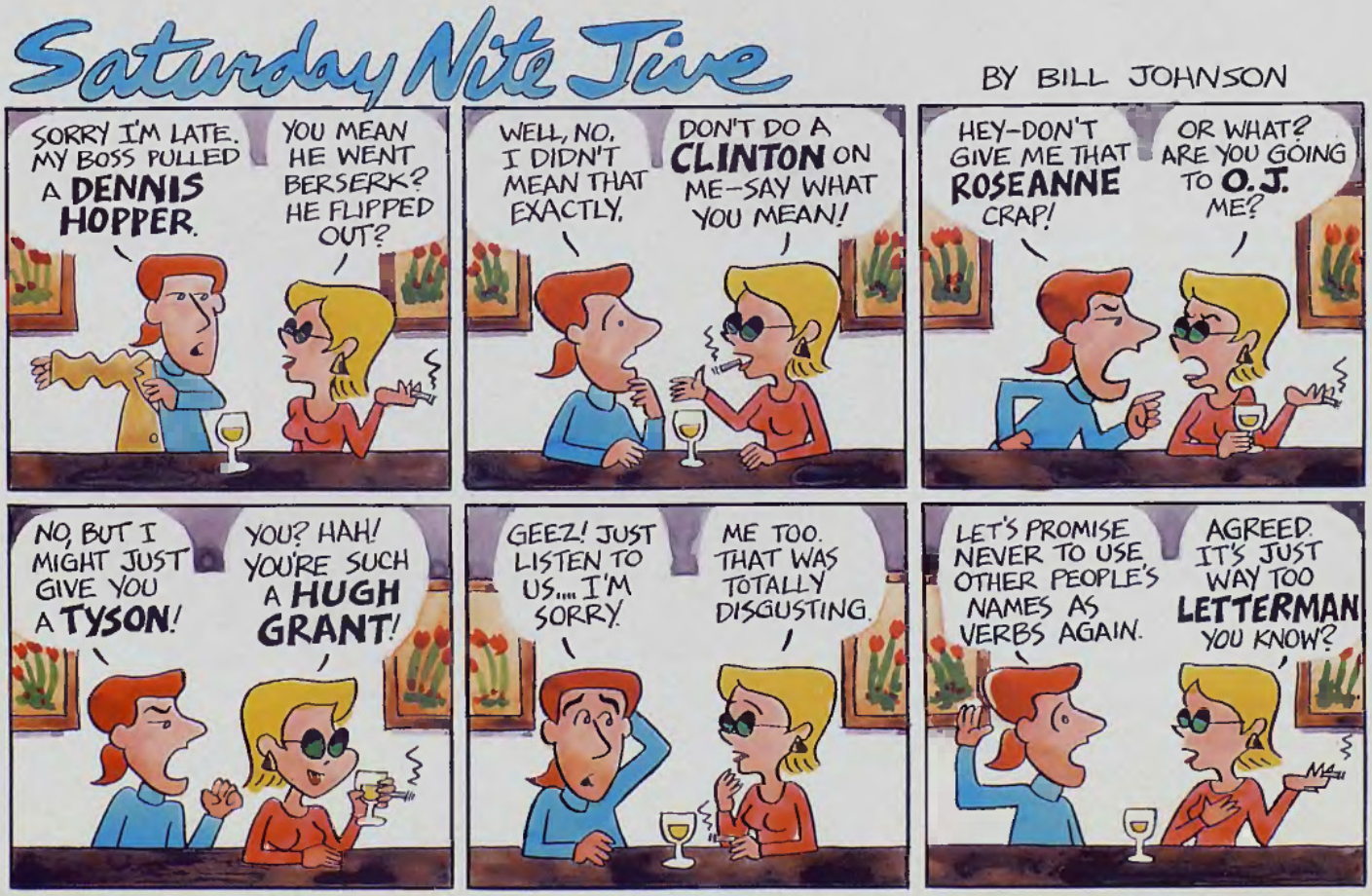
The most nakedly homophobic is the one, first appearing in the late Eighties, about the college student who goes to the doctor after feeling some rectal pain. At the end of the examination, the doctor tells the young man that he has obviously engaged in anal sex, but the man protests that he has not and is absolutely straight, though his roommate is gay. Concerned by the diagnosis, the student roots around his dorm room. He finds a bottle of ether among his roommate's effects and comes to the conclusion that his roommate has been drugging him while he sleeps and then having intercourse with him.

Another homophobic legend, this one dating from 1990, is the story of the gay man rushed to the emergency room. It seems that, using a plastic tube, he had inserted a live gerbil up his rectum to stimulate his prostate but couldn't extricate the animal once it was inside. The doctor must then perform a gerbilectomy. One variation of this tale that adds to its veracity actually puts a name on the hospital, Cedars-Sinai in Los Angeles, and on the victim, Richard Gere. Although she refers to Gere as "Jerry" to conceal his identity, California State University professor Norine Dresser discovered that Gere's name began to be linked to the legend about the time he resurfaced with an "unexpected hit" (*Pretty Woman*) and at a time when the actor had joked to a magazine writer about having performed some youthful indiscretion with a chicken.

Of all the contemporary sex legends, however, the ones that draw most powerfully on modern hysteria are those incorporating AIDS. In the most widely told AIDS legend, a recently divorced man meets a woman at a bar and winds up spending the night with her, making love repeatedly. In another version, the man and the woman continue seeing each other over the course of a month or so, though the woman insists that the man not drive her home. Either the next morning or one morning after a night of lovemaking, depending on the story, the man wakes up alone. He stumbles into the bathroom. There scrawled on the mirror in red lipstick he finds a message: WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF AIDS! It seems that the woman had contracted AIDS from a boyfriend and had vowed to avenge herself on every man she could.

•

One could, of course, go on to tell the legends about medical catastrophes, terrible accidents, police escapades, college anxieties—each adding to the miasma of dysfunction and paranoia. But while the themes of these stories are generally transparent and familiar, it is far less clear why people feel the need to relate them in the first place. Fairy tales at least help us conquer our amorphous childhood fears by projecting them onto tangible villains vanquished by heroes and


Saturday Nite Jive
BY BILL JOHNSON
SORRY I'M LATE. MY BOSS PULLED A DENNIS HOPPER.
YOU MEAN HE WENT BERSERK? HE FLIPPED OUT?
WELL, NO. I DIDN'T MEAN THAT EXACTLY.
DON'T DO A CLINTON ON ME—SAY WHAT YOU MEAN!
HEY—DON'T GIVE ME THAT ROSEANNE CRAP!
OR WHAT? ARE YOU GOING TO O.J. ME?
NO, BUT I MIGHT JUST GIVE YOU A TYSON!
YOU? HAH! YOU'RE SUCH A HUGH GRANT!
GEEZ! JUST LISTEN TO US.... I'M SORRY.
ME TOO. THAT WAS TOTALLY DISGUSTING.
LET'S PROMISE NEVER TO USE OTHER PEOPLE'S NAMES AS VERBS AGAIN.
AGREED. IT'S JUST WAY TOO LETTERMAN YOU KNOW?

heroines. Traditional folktales usually offer some moral instruction. But contemporary legends do neither. At best they are cautionary—wash your hair, watch what you bring back from Mexico, don't sleep around—but seem a rather weak foundation to sustain what is obviously so strong an institution.

It is more probable that contemporary legends aren't intended to provide us with a way to surmount the anxieties of modern life. They are intended to demonstrate to us that these terrors are so ubiquitous and inexplicable that we do not have any way to deal with them. Thus, we shouldn't bear any responsibility for them.

What intensifies the power of this awful, amoral vision of modern life is that, as the critic Digby Diehl once wrote, "at the time of the telling we believe the story to be true." Hypothetically, we can trace it to an eyewitness who told it to a friend who told it to a friend. Newspapers report these legends as if they were true. Radio talk shows discuss them as if they were true. Soon these stories enter the realm where their truth needn't be proved even in the face of logic.

Perhaps, though, our insistence on the truth of these legends is itself a form of revenge against the helplessness and lack of control the stories purvey. Whatever else contemporary legends are, they may be the last vestige of an oral folk culture that operates from the grass roots up. They are expressions of a culture generated by us rather than for us. As Roger Angell recently lamented in a *New Yorker* piece attacking debunkers:

> In a time when almost every fresh plot, exaggerated demise or weirdly victimized citizen seems to come to us from Buttafuocoland or from another TV cops serial or the latest sound-blasting, overweaponed movie release, let me hold on to whatever scraps come my way by word of mouth, from across the dinner table or while I'm waiting by the Xerox machine.

Angell expresses here not only the joy of authentic folktales but also the pride of authorship. These stories are ours. And if in telling them, embellishing them and reconfiguring them, we insist on their truth, that is only an author's prerogative in casting his spell. We want them to be believed as we half-believe in them ourselves. We do so not because we are manipulators or fools, but because in allowing us to transform our collective anxieties these contemporary legends grant us one of the few powers left to us in the anomic society they describe: the power to tell stories about our world.

In narrating our terrors, we console ourselves.

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

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Physical (continued from page 108)

Gina led Temple into stretching a length of oddly fire-engine-red rubber diagonally across his body.

here, Gina, every day?" Temple tried, in the exigency of the hot-pack collar, to keep his voice level, casual.

"Oh, eight, maybe ten a day. It varies."

"Eight! Ten!" Temple felt a stab of jealousy. He didn't want to think it was sexual jealousy. When he had arrived that morning he'd caught a glimpse of Gina's nine o'clock patient—at least he thought the guy was Gina's patient—a bearish young man of about 30 with sullen, handsome features, wearing a neck brace, walking unsteadily with a cane. Football player's physique, but the look in the poor bastard's eyes was not one you associated with the sport of football. Temple had looked quickly away, shuddering. "And do you work every day?"

Gina hesitated, as if the questioning was becoming too personal.

"Well—most weeks, yes. I don't like holidays. People need their therapy." She spoke almost primly.

"And what are your hours?"

Again she hesitated. Flat on his back, Temple could see the girl only obliquely: the dark hair, the set of her jaw. Was she frowning? Quickly she answered, "Monday-Wednesday-Friday, eight to one; Tuesday-Thursday-Saturday, one to six."

Temple said with forced exuberance, "That's symmetry!"

"What?"

Gina had removed the hot-pack collar—too bad!—and now Temple was sitting up, steeling himself against pain. Next came the dreaded neck side-bends: Retract chin, lower head slowly to the right shoulder, hold for a count of three, raise head, now the left shoulder, repeat, repeat. Gina's deft fingers were there to help, exerting pressure so that Temple could maintain the tremulous position. She hadn't really heard Temple's remark, and he didn't repeat it.

Just like Isabelle. Like any woman. If you get abstract with them too quickly they turn vague, uneasy. Even the most harmless, playful abstraction.

Temple had tried to stay away. He'd tried. Endured two wretched nights before giving in. The unpredictability of the pain, as well as its severity, had frightened him. And he'd discovered from examining the institute bill that where he'd been thinking *neck*, he ought to have been thinking *spine*. His official classification was *cervical spine strain*. That was sobering.

Next, on his stomach, sweating forehead pressed against a rolled towel. Temple felt chastened anew. One thing about the therapy unit—you were all body here. Attempting "push-ups" from the head: God, how clumsy! A rod of molten-white pain in his neck. He was dizzily aware of Gina's slender hips and thighs in the white slacks close by his elbow. She murmured words of encouragement such as one might murmur to a child being potty-trained.

Next on his back, panting. Winded like a horse. But not wanting to lose control entirely, Temple remarked he thought he'd seen Gina a few nights before—"out at the mall, at my theater?"

"Theater?" This attracted her attention. Like a lovely silvery fish rising to the bait.

"The Cinemapolis, out at the mall. I own it."

Gina was making detailed notations on her clipboard. Temple waited for her to respond, glance at him impressed. *Hey, you're somebody of importance after all.* Most people did, even those who should know better. Certainly, most women. As if, being a vendor of movies, Temple was associated with Hollywood glamour.

Gina said with a flicker of interest, unless it was merely a young person's politeness to an elder, "You own the Cinemapolis, Mr. Temple?"

"You could call me Larry, actually."

Gina led Temple into the next exercise, stretching a length of oddly fire-engine-red rubber diagonally across his body, shoulder to hip. It should have been easy, except each time Temple moved a jolt of pain illuminated his neck and upper spine like an X ray. He said, panting, "I—I've been doing a lot of flying lately. To L.A. and back. Sometimes business, sometimes personal. My former wife remarried and moved to Santa Monica." He heard those words with a kind of horror, as if they were issuing from a voice box. "Dr. Dunbar thought I might've picked up an airborne virus in a plane. A neck muscle was infected."

"That can occur." Gina spoke solemnly. *Occur* seemed purposefully chosen, a clinician's word, out of a textbook. She said, "Once the muscle spasms, if the tissue has been overstretched, it can take a while to heal."

Casually Temple asked, "How much of a while?"

"Oh, I wouldn't want to say."

"Weeks?" Silence. "Months?"

"Dr. Dunbar might have an estimate."

Temple had a quick sense of the position of a young therapist, an hourly-wage earner, in the hierarchy of the Saddle Hills Neck & Back Institute. Not for Gina to overstep her authority.

"It wouldn't be—years. Would it?"

Gina said in a lowered voice, though she and Temple were alone together, "Sometimes you see a person who can't hold or move his head normally? The pain is so severe?"

"Yes?"

"It might be someone who let the pain go for so long, not wanting to see a doctor—it can be too late."

"Too late?"

"To do much about the pain. You have to catch it in time."

Catch pain in time. Now there was a thought!

"This poor man who's my patient now," Gina said, "he let his back go for 20 years! Imagine. He thought it would go away by itself. Now it never will." Gina sighed. "I feel bad, there's so little I can do for him."

Absentmindedly she dabbed at Temple's flushed face where sweat ran in oily rivulets like tears.

•

There was Temple floating on his island of pain. Dazzling white sand. And him flat upon it, fearful of moving, in the arm-flung leg-flung posture of a child making a snow angel. The turquoise water lapped close by, but Temple couldn't get to it. There was a shape beside him, warm and nudging. One of those teases: They can touch you, but you don't dare touch in turn. Don't dare look.

Suddenly he was walking somewhere, approaching a door marked PAIN MANAGEMENT CENTER. *Asleep yet sufficiently awake to register skepticism. What did they take him for, a credulous asshole?*

•

It wasn't true that Gina had no last name. Right there on the bill her name was provided in full: GINA LAPORTA.

There were several listings for LaPorta in the telephone directory. G. LaPorta in Saddle Hills Junction. Sleepless, damned neck aching, Temple drove by night in his ghostly glimmering-white BMW past the address—a stucco-facade apartment building on Eldwood Avenue. He didn't park but slow-cruised around the block. Deserted night streets of a part of town he'd known only as a one-time potential investor in some condominium properties. (He hadn't invested, fortunately.) It wasn't like Temple to behave this way, like a lovesick kid, weird behavior. But he was curious about Gina. Just curious. Wondered if she was living with someone. The telephone directory didn't provide much help. He'd noticed a ring on her left hand, not a wedding band nor a conventional engagement ring, turquoise and silver. But these days you couldn't tell—she might be married. Might even have a kid. Physical life—what a mystery! More mysterious than money, even, Temple had discovered.

First birds singing already?—only 4:40 A.M. There were cars parked at the

curb on both sides of Eldwood Avenue, and Temple saw, or believed he saw, Gina's little canary-yellow Ford Escort among them. He'd found out from her, in a casual exchange, what kind of car she drove, and he'd checked it out in the institute parking lot, at the rear. Economy car, compact and cute. And Temple's regal white BMW easing past, the motor near soundless. Temple finished the lukewarm Molson he'd been gripping between his knees as he drove. Something melancholy about night ending before you were ready. Always a melancholy tinge to the eastern sky when you've been awake with your solitary thoughts all night. Cruising the block, circling just one more time.

•

"Have you been doing your exercises, Mr. Temple?"

"More or less, yes."

"Has the pain lessened?"

"Definitely."

It wasn't exactly a lie. If Temple didn't move abruptly, or crane his neck forward, as he had a natural tendency to do, in conversation with shorter people—especially attractive women—he scarcely knew the pain was there. Although, like a dial tone radiating up into his head, it was perpetually *there*. Too exuberantly he said, "I'm 1000 percent improved, Gina, thanks to you."

She blinked at him, startled, her face colored in faint, uneven patches, like sunburn.

"Well—maybe just 800 percent," Temple said wryly, rubbing his neck.

Before his appointment, Temple had wandered about the institute building. On the mezzanine floor he'd discovered a door marked SPORTS MEDICINE CENTER and, at the end of a corridor, another door marked PAIN MANAGEMENT CENTER. So it was real! He'd invented what was merely real.

Each time Temple stepped into the physical therapy clinic its dimensions became smaller, friendlier. On his first visit, he'd been confused by the mirrors that lined most of the walls and suggested an infinity of gleaming nightmare machines and hapless, anonymous people. But there were in fact just 25 machines, sleek stainless steel and black. There were six large mats on the polished tile floor, kept spotlessly clean. There were nine tables in the open clinic—more precisely, as Gina called them, plinths. There were racks of dumbbells, yellow and blue plastic balls of varying sizes. There was the shimmering aqua pool beyond the glass partition Temple looked through with longing. But Dunbar hadn't prescribed for him any swimming therapy, yet.

Of course, Temple was beginning to recognize certain of his fellow patients and guessed they were beginning to recognize him. No names here at the clinic, just faces. And symptoms. It seemed to Temple he'd been in therapy for weeks, months! In fact, it was only Monday morning of his second week.

At the reception desk he'd glanced anxiously about, not seeing Gina at first. Then he saw her doing paperwork at a desk. She looked up and smiled, and his heart lifted. This morning a ceramic barrette in her thick mahogany-dark hair and the turquoise ring prominent on her finger.

Temple's therapy began with the usual stretching and massage. Temple lay flat on the padded table—plinth—which he found almost comfortable now. He said, "The secret of happiness I think is to simplify your life, you know? My life has become simplified in recent years. When you're married and things are offkilter, life can be, well, complex." A pause. It was as if Temple's voice issued from his throat of its own capricious volition. "You're engaged, Gina?"

"Engaged? No."

"That ring."

"It isn't an engagement ring. Just a ring." Gina laughed sharply as if Temple had pushed too far. She retreated to the other side of the plinth. "Now sit up, Mr. Temple, please. We'll do neck rotation, three sets of ten." Neck rotation! When Temple flinched at the pain, Gina said reprovingly, "This time rotate in the direction of the pain. Into the pain. It should centralize, or decrease. *Try*." He tried. He didn't want to disappoint her. His face was flushed like a tomato about to burst. He said suddenly, "You've helped me so much, Gina. You've given me hope."

Gina murmured, quite embarrassed, "Well."

Again, on his back. Then on his stomach, forehead pressed against a rolled towel. Through a haze of pain he heard himself say, unexpectedly, "My ex-wife is *ex*. I mean literally. She has died." How strange that sounded, like an awkward translation: *She has died*. Temple amended, "I mean—she's dead. Isabelle is dead now."

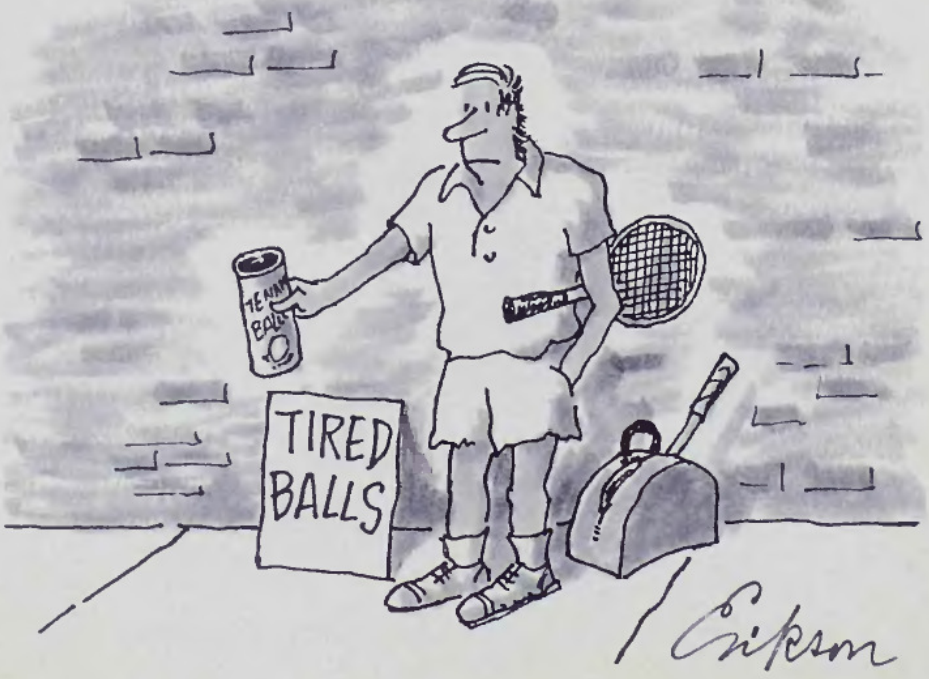
There was a blank, systolic moment. "I'm sorry," Gina said.

Temple said, "Thank you." He was going to say *I miss her* but instead said, as if it were a subtle, comic refutation of Gina's solicitude, "The alimony payments ended years ago"—an awkward joke, if it was a joke. It fell upon Gina's somber silence.

•

The therapy continued. Again, Temple was sitting up. It was crucial for him to maintain perfect posture, yet, oddly, the pain seemed to be pushing him out of alignment. He repeated, tasting the words, "My wife is dead. I could have gone to the funeral, but I wouldn't have felt welcome. Ex-wife, I mean. In fact, it's a double-ex. Gone first, and then dead. Pancreatic cancer. It's hard to believe a woman like that—you'd have had to know her. *I* couldn't believe when I first heard. Next, she was in the hospital. I mean, by the time I heard, she was already in. I flew out to see her, but——" What the hell was he saying? Why? His manner was affable, sane, matter-of-fact, as if he were discussing a business deal; crucial for the other party to know that things were under control. It was the first time he'd uttered the remarkable words *My wife is dead*.

He was saying, with an air not of complaint but wonder, "My 20-year-old son is a dropout from Stanford and he's in a drug rehabilitation center in La Jolla—I



think. He hasn't spoken to me in five years except to ask for money." Temple laughed to show he wasn't at all hurt, nor even much surprised.

Again Gina murmured, "I'm sorry," not knowing what else to say, frowning and looking away from Temple, picking at a reddened bump on the underside of her chin.

"*I'm* sorry," Temple said. "But I don't let it affect my outlook on life."

Next was the hot-pack collar, tight around his neck as he could bear. The eerie sensation of floating: feeling pain drain from his neck and skull like needles being extracted from flesh. Temple began to speak expansively, like a levitating man. A crisis had been met, and overcome. "Gina, suppose a man were to come into the clinic here, as your patient. He came three times a week as his doctor prescribed, and he was desperate to get well, and you got to like him—not just feel sorry for him, I mean, but like him—and he liked you; and he asked was it possible you might see him sometime, outside the clinic, where he wasn't a patient and you weren't his therapist? What then?"

Gina didn't reply at first. She'd moved out of Temple's line of vision, and he had only a vague, blurry sense of her. "Is this a made-up story, or what?" She laughed sharply.

Temple said, "I'll continue. This man, your hypothetical patient—actually, he'd seen you, without knowing your name, of course, before he became your patient. Once at the mall, possibly, or downtown—and at a property in the Junction, on Eldwood Avenue, that he'd been looking into as an investment. Isolated, accidental times. He wasn't looking *for* you, just happened to *see* you. And a few weeks or months later he develops a mysterious neck pain, and his doctor prescribes physical therapy, and he walks into the clinic and sees you—just by chance. And he's excited, and anxious. He wonders, Is a patient allowed to request a therapist, not knowing her name, or is that against regulations, would it be perceived as unprofessional? So he doesn't say anything, but he's assigned to you anyway! And he thinks—oh God, he thinks—if, if only——" Temple paused, breathing quickly. He was concerned too much adrenaline might be flooding his veins.

Gina, out of sight, remained silent. Temple believed he could hear her quick, shallow breathing.

"Hey, it's only a story," he said. "You're right, Gina—it's made up."

Gina said quietly, "Excuse me, Mr. Temple."

She left the room, shut the door. In a paroxysm of embarrassment, unless it was mortal shame, Temple lay as motionless as a man fallen from a great height, in terror of testing whether he can move. Gina had gone to get the clinic manager! She had gone to inform Dunbar!

Steaming water coursed through the choking-tight collar. The hydrocollator, as it was called, $35 per session, was timed to run for 15 minutes. Temple shut his eyes. He was doing the dead man's float. Close about him was the dazzling blinding-white-sand island and the shimmering turquoise water, and he seemed, in his misery, to be enveloped by each simultaneously. *What a way to treat a man who loves you. Crazy for you, and what did I ever get out of it?*

He must have slept. Didn't hear the door open behind him, or close. There came Gina's deft cool fingers against his neck, undoing the collar. She had returned, as if nothing had happened? Therapy would continue, as if nothing had happened? "Forgive me—I got a little carried away," Temple said. Gina was helping him sit upright. He was dazed, dizzy. The heat of the collar had spread through his body. Now came neck sidebends, and more pain: Retract the chin, lower head toward right shoulder slowly, hold one-two-three; relax, return, repeat with left shoulder. Three times, sets of ten. There came Gina's steady hand on the side of his head, pressing gently downward, when Temple faltered. Zigzag bolts of pain shot upward into his skull, downward into his chest. You'd almost expect jeering, blipping sounds to accompany them, as in a kid's video game. Gina cautioned, "Retract your chin farther, Mr. Temple. You can hurt yourself in this exercise if you don't."

Temple was thinking: She had gone away, and she'd considered his story. She was an intelligent young woman who could make the distinction between fiction and life, fable and fact. She could see that Temple was a worthy man. Obviously well intentioned, decent. Possibly a troubled man, but it was nothing he couldn't handle. (Was it?) If she had been a normally curious young woman, she might have noted her patient's address on the paperwork, might even have noticed his BMW, made certain calculations. You wouldn't blame a woman—investments have to be worth the risk. Gina could foresee, surely, Temple's kindness? His affection and desperation in about equal measure? She could foresee—but Temple's vision began to blur, as in a dream rising abruptly to daylight, about to go out.

Temple lay another time on his back, winded. Gina resumed her position behind him, massaging the neck and upper shoulder muscles that were knotty and gnarled as aged tree roots. He shivered with pain and hoped she wouldn't notice. He didn't want to disappoint her. Hesitantly he opened his eyes, and there was Gina's flushed face above him, upside down. Strain lines at her eyes, her mouth pursed. Skin heated with emotion, and she'd picked the tiny bump on the underside of her chin to bleeding. Maybe she wasn't as young as he'd thought. Thirty? Or more? He smiled happily, and it seemed to him that Gina smiled—anyway, almost. "Be serious, Mr. Temple," she said severely, fingers digging into his flesh. "You're in pain."

"You have a tremendous amount of anger, but nobody really gives a shit."

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GOLF, ANYONE?

It's a matter of record that golfers get more tips than a stockbroker's barber. But there used to be a sane shyness that kept them from exposing themselves to gadgets and gawkers. Not anymore. These days, swing-speed deficiency or an unstraight left arm are such threats to a golfer's social standing that many are willing to part with shag bags of gold in the search for self-improvement. Accommodating this frenzy is an industry of quick fixes. If you're the sort of golfer who can't sleep for memories of a yanked five-iron, you may find deliverance in one of the training aids pictured here, from a $25 gizmo designed to keep your head straight to a $350 coach for your swing. We just wish we could stop playing around with this stuff long enough to go out and play a round.

MARC HAUSER

The Coach, a David Leadbetter product (at center) is a training aid designed to develop a proper swing. It works this way: You stand on the platform and grasp a handle attached to a movable steel arm. The arm rotates in an arc like a real club does and is linked to a pulley that creates tension and resistance as you swing. The result: Your hands are forced through the impact area at just the right plane needed for a correct pass at the ball. Price: about $350 from Golf Training Systems. On our golfer's arm is the Right Link, another Leadbetter product from Golf Training Systems that perfects position at the top of the swing (about $50). Both the Head Freezer ($25), a device that clips onto a golfer's cap (it lets you see parallel reference lines), and the Cast Away ($110), a hinged club that helps stop casting, are from Golf Around the World. In our man's left pants pocket is the Missing Link ($40), an invention that perfects a putter's pendulum swing. In his right pocket is the Swing Thing ($80), which helps develop a smooth and rhythmic swing. Also from Swing Thing is the Back to Back ($40), a ball-headed club that helps you maintain the right plane in your swing. Last, the Mirror from Golf Training Systems, at rear left (about $30), features a vertical crosshair that enables you to see subtle swing characteristics.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 141.

Hot Spots

BRITTNIE FOUNTAINE has modeled for *Muscle* magazine, Mary Kay cosmetics and Toyota and has appeared on TV on *Renegade* and *Silk Stalkings*. She knows a leopard can't change her spots. That's just jungle fever.

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Don't Fix This Rust

From the hot San Diego scene, RUST rides the melody train, and *Bar Chord Ritual* shows off the results. They are proud to call their sound "regional rock." We prefer to call it coast to coast.

© MCA/UNIVERSAL RETINA, LTD

Famous Amos

TORI AMOS' *Boys for Pele* has gone gold. She sold out her North American tour and added *MTV Unplugged* to her résumé in June. She's making history.

© ERIC ROBERTS

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Twain's Mark

Grammy winner SHANIA TWAIN's CD, *The Woman in Me*, has already sold 6 million copies. Shania wants to be known as a lyricist. Write on.

© ANDY PEARLMAN

Catrina's Undercover

Do you recognize CATRINA FALBO? She appeared in *Playboy's Girls of College* video and was featured on cable's *Silk Stalkings*. Let's hear it for basic black.

Between a Rock and a Soft Place

Look for BONNIE DUNCAN in 1997 and 1998 bikini calendars from Pictorial Publications. She schmoozed Montel Williams on his talk show, but you'll have to make do with only the visuals.

Your Mother Should Know

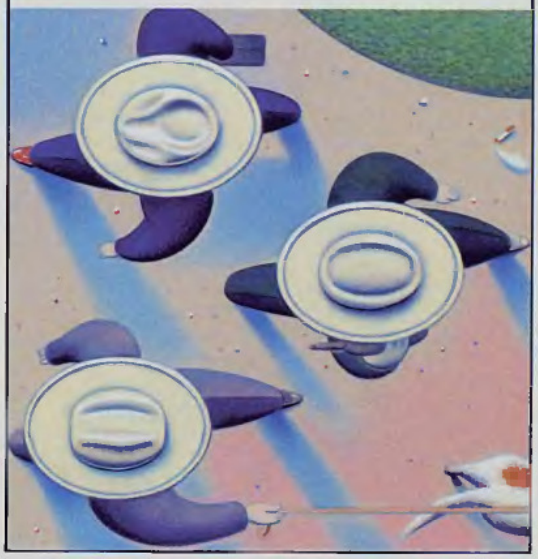
It's not every day a musician gets to gig with his mom, but SEAN ONO LENNON and his band, Ima, hit the road with YOKO to do a short club tour in support of *Rising*. Critics and fans both gave a thumbs-up.

LOVE GLOVES FOR SALE

Faithful readers of PLAYBOY will recognize the beautiful hazel-eyed blonde in the inset photo at left as Carol Vitale, one of our most popular Playmates. Carol has found time, while hosting her own cable television show, to design Daring Dainties, "the first lingerie that frees your hands to speak the powerful and beautiful silent language of love." Available in one-size-fits-most, Daring Dainties are made of sensual stretch lace and can be worn as palm gloves or with the separate "finger flirts." Colors include burgundy, black and white. The price: $17. To order, phone Carol's company, CV Productions, at 800-922-8760 if you're in the States or 310-273-8760 if you're calling from overseas.

THE LAST STRAW IN HATS

"The only hat for all seasons and all reasons" is how the Rio Grande Hat Co. markets its gambler, Western and fedora palm-leaf hats handwoven by the Maya Quiche Indians of Guatemala. The hats are soft and flexible, and you can change their shapes simply by wetting them. There's a leather band around the inside and a black cloth band on the outside, and sizes range from 6⅝" to 7½". The price: $40. To order, call 800-544-4057.



HEADS FOR BOBBING

Who wouldn't want to see Marilyn Monroe's head bob up and down? You'll no doubt get a different kick from the Three Stooges. Sports Accessories & Memorabilia Inc. has produced more than 100 eight-inch hand-painted ceramic bobbing-head dolls in limited runs of 3000. SAM offers a variety of sports, entertainment and political bobbers. The aforementioned MM is $49, the Three Stooges set is $150 and Newt Gingrich is available for $49. His head, of course, bobs no. And, if none of these grab you, there are also the Marx Brothers, the Lone Ranger, Babe Ruth and Santa Claus. Call 800-483-2643 to order.

IT'S ALL ROCK AND ROLL

Art and rock and roll have been dancing together since the Sixties, when the Beatles and the Rolling Stones first produced dramatic album covers. Now Musicom International offers limited-edition lithographs (on acid-free paper) of famous LP cover art. The 26½" x 22½" Stones logo (pictured here) sells for $198 framed. Twelve lithos of Beatles albums cost $1440 unframed. Call 800-219-MUSIC to order or to obtain a free catalog.

POUR US SOME BLUES

If you like the blues, then you're going to love Longoria Cuvée Blues, a 1993 vintage California vino from the Santa Ynez Valley that blues fan and winemaker Rick Longoria created by blending cabernet franc grapes with merlot ones. Longoria's graphically original wine label has the kind of energy you feel when B.B. King is cooking with Lucille or when Buddy Guy is wailing on his ax. Price: about $20 a bottle. Check the stores or ask for it at your favorite blues club.

TWO FOR THE ROAD

Before the automobile, bicycles were the chosen means of personal transportation in America (excluding the horse, of course). Now that bikes are back you can take a ride through the history of the two-wheeler with *The American Bicycle*, a coffee-table book by Jay Pridmore and Jim Hurd that showcases the best and wildest domestic bikes, including the 1952 Roadmaster Luxury Liner pictured here. Call 500-443-6817 to order for $34.

THE BODY TEASE BEAUTIFUL

The Body Tease is a funky cover-up decorated fore and aft with a rendering of a spectacular female body in a bikini. It's the perfect garment for your girl at the beach, and no doubt she'll also want to wear it in the bedroom (from a distance and by candlelight, it looks surprisingly realistic). Colors include teal and pink, and the cotton-and-poly material dries fast and is wrinkle-free. The price: $34; call 888-BODY-TEASE. Yes, a sexy man's version is in the works.

THE LATEST BEEF

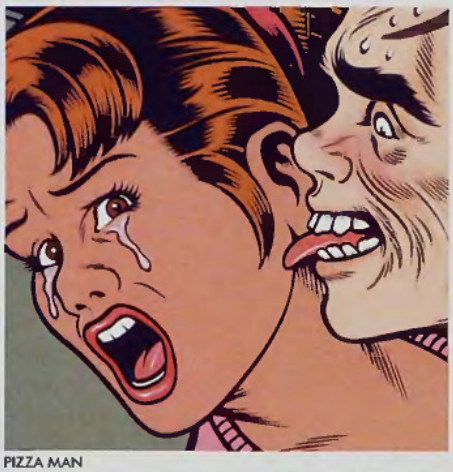
The Filet Gram Party Pak is a barbecue picnic in a box that includes everything but the ants. For $79 (plus shipping), you get four aged filets mignons (other cuts are available), baking potatoes, a portable grill, charcoal, matches, utensils, plates, napkins, an oven mitt and more. And for an additional $28, surf can be added to your turf in the form of lobster tails. Call 800-FOOD-TO-GO for the details.

GOT YOU COVERED

"The magazine cover is to the 20th century United States what cave paintings were to prehistoric man," say Steven Heller and Louise Fili, co-authors of *Cover Story: The Art of American Magazine Covers 1900–1950*. And the friendly corner newsstand was a gallery for some of the country's leading artists, illustrators and cartoonists. Check out more than 200 examples in Chronicle Books' $18.95 softcover. Phone 800-722-6657 to place an order.

NEXT MONTH

SEPTEMBER'S COMING



PIZZA MAN

EYE-OPENING DISCS

TINY TOWNS

SPECIAL PREVIEW ISSUE—IT'S FALL AND WE HAVE THE INSIDE TRACK: THE MOST EXCITING TRENDS IN **CARS,** PLUS THE FUTURISTIC STUFF THAT'S HERE TODAY. THE NEW ELEGANCE IN **FASHION** THAT FEATURES LUSCIOUS SHIRTS, TIES AND MOD SWEATERS, **DIGITAL VIDEO DISCS** THAT WILL CHANGE YOUR VIEW OF ENTERTAINMENT FOREVER AND THE LATEST RAGE, **CIGARS**—THE WORD ON ETIQUETTE, HUMIDORS AND PLAYBOY'S OWN NEW SMOKE

NICOLAS CAGE—IS THE OSCAR WINNER AS CRAZY AS HE ACTS? **DAVID SHEFF** GETS THE DOPE ON COPPOLA FAMILY VALUES, CAGE'S GOOD FRIEND JIM CARREY AND, WELL, THAT COCKROACH THING IN THE SEPTEMBER INTERVIEW

SMALL-TOWN GIRLS—A PICTORIAL SALUTE TO THE GREAT BOUNTY TUCKED AWAY IN THIS NATION'S HAMLETS. REMEMBER, GOOD THINGS COME IN SMALL PACKAGES

PIZZA MAN—HOLD THE PEPPERONI, THIS SUPERHERO'S NOT TAKING ANY SAUCE FROM THE MOB—CRIME FICTION BY **LUCIUS SHEPARD**

SURPRISE PICTORIAL—AS A TREAT TO GET THE SEASON OFF RIGHT, WE PRESENT ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN A CANDID LAYOUT. DON'T EVEN ASK. OUR LIPS ARE SEALED

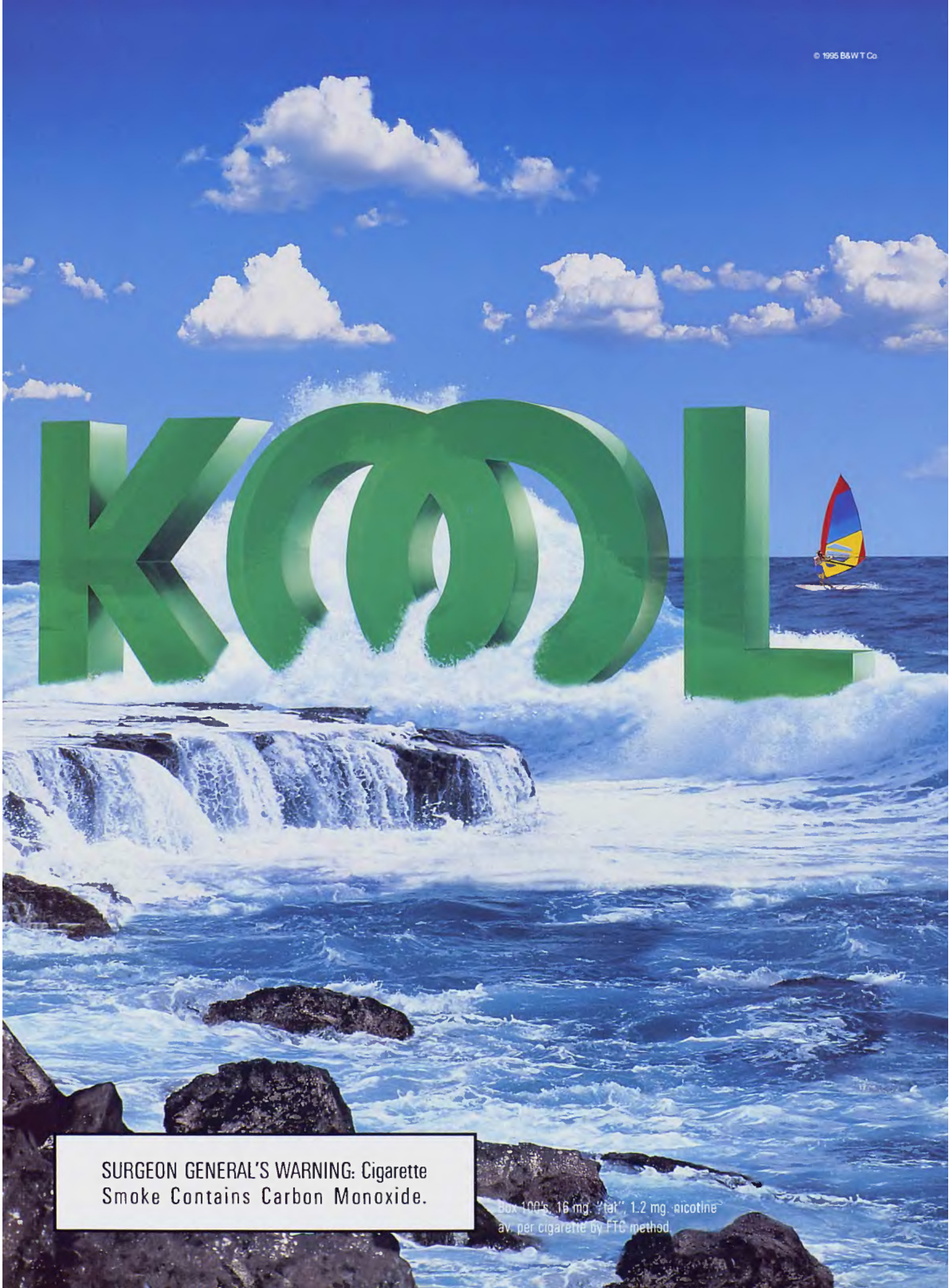
JUSTICE, MILITIA STYLE—WHILE MONTANA FREEMEN HELD THEIR STANDOFF WITH THE FBI, OUR REPORTER WAS HANGING OUT WITH ANOTHER GROUP—JUDICIAL VIGILANTES. AN INSIDE REPORT ON COMMON-LAW COURTS BY **T.C. BROWN**

THE BABES OF "FRIENDS"—IT'S TV'S HOTTEST NIGHT, BUT, OH, THE DECISIONS. PHOEBE? RACHEL? MONICA? NEW YORK GOSSIP COLUMNIST **A.J. BENZA** PLAYS THE ULTIMATE DATING GAME

JANEANE GAROFALO—THE DRY AND SLY QUEEN OF COMEDY REVEALS A FEW TRUTHS ABOUT CATS, DOGS AND UMA THURMAN—AND WHY SHE BOUGHT PUSSY SCENTED UNDERPANTS. A TRULY OUTRAGEOUS 20 QUESTIONS WITH **DAVID RENSIN**

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST—OUR GRIDIRON SAGE, **DANNY SHERIDAN,** NAMES THE YEAR'S BEST AND WORST OWNERS AND REVEALS WHO'S GOING TO DOMINATE THE NFL THIS SEASON

PLUS: THE GREAT DANES BEHIND BANG & OLUFSEN, A **MISS SEPTEMBER** FOR INDIAN SUMMER, SURPRISE NEWS FROM THE ADVISOR, AND PLAYMATE LEGEND **PATTI MCGUIRE**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